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MODERN IRISH POETRY.

THE Irish Celt is sociable, as may be known from his proverb, "It is better to be quarreling than to be lonely," and the Irish poets of the nineteenth century have made songs abundantly when friends and rebels have been at hand to applaud. The Irish poets of the eighteenth century found both at a Limerick hostelry, above whose door was written a rhyming welcome in Gaelic to all passing poets, whether their pockets were full or empty. Its owner, himself a famous poet, entertained his fellows as long as his money lasted, and then took to minding the hens and chickens of an old peasant woman for a living, and ended his days in rags, but not, one imagines, without content. Among his friends and guests had been Red O'Sullivan, Gaelic O'Sullivan, blind O'Heffernan, and many another, and their songs had made the people, crushed by the disasters of the Boyne and Aughrim, remember their ancient greatness.

The bardic order, with its perfect artifice and imperfect art, had gone down in the wars of the seventeenth century, and poetry had found shelter amid the turf smoke of the cabins. The powers that history commemorates are but the coarse effects of influences delicate and vague as the beginning of twilight, and these influences were to be woven like a web about the hearts of men by farm laborers, peddlers, potato diggers, hedge schoolmasters, and grinders at the quern, poor wastrels who put the troubles of their native land, or their own happy or unhappy loves, into songs of an extreme beauty. But in the midst of this beauty was a flitting incoherence, a fitful dying out of the sense, as though the passion had become too great for words, as must needs be when life is the master and not the slave of the singer.

English-speaking Ireland had meanwhile no poetic voice, for Goldsmith had chosen to celebrate English scenery and manners; and Swift was but an Irishman by what Mr. Balfour has called the visitation of God, and much against his will; and Congreve by education and early association; while Parnell, Denham, and Roscommon were poets

but to their own time. Nor did the coming with the new century of the fame of Moore set the balance even, for his Irish melodies are too often artificial and mechanical in their style when separated from the music that gave them wings. Whatever he had of high poetry is in 'The Light of Other Days,' and in 'At the Mid Hour of Night,' which express what Matthew Arnold has taught us to call "the Celtic melancholy," with so much of delicate beauty in the meaning and in the wavering or steady rhythm that one knows not where to find their like in literature. His more artificial and mechanical verse, because of the ancient music that makes it seem natural and vivid, and because it has remembered so many beloved names and events and places, has had the influence which might have belonged to these exquisite verses had he written none but these.

An honest style did not come into English-speaking Ireland until Callanan wrote three or four naïve translations from the Gaelic. 'Shule Aroon' and 'Kathleen O'More' had indeed been written for a good while, but had no more influence than Moore's best verses. Now, however, the lead of Callanan was followed by a number of translators, and they in turn by the poets of Young Ireland, who mingled a little learned from the Gaelic ballad writers with a great deal learned from Scott, Macaulay, and Campbell, and turned poetry once again into a principal means for spreading ideas of nationality and patriotism. They were full of earnestness, but never understand that, though a poet may govern his life by his enthusiasms, he must, when he sits down at his desk, but use them as the potter the clay. Their thoughts were a little insincere, because they lived in the half-illusions of their admirable ideals; and their rhythms not seldom mechanical, because their purpose was served when they had satisfied the dull ears of the common man. They had no time to listen to the voice of the insatiable artist, who stands erect, or lies asleep waiting until a breath arouses him, in the heart of every craftsman. Life was their master, as it had been the master of the poets who gathered in the Limerick hostelry, though it conquered them not by unreasoned love for a woman, or for native land, but by reasoned enthusiasm, and practical energy. No man was more sincere, no man

had a less mechanical mind than Thomas Davis, and yet he is often a little insincere and mechanical in his verse. When he sat down to write he had so great a desire to make the peasantry courageous and powerful that he half believed them already "the finest peasantry upon the earth," and wrote not a few such verses as

"Lead him to fight for native land,
His is no' courage cold and wary ;
The troops live not that could withstand
The headlong charge of Tipperary"—

and to-day we are paying the reckoning with much bombast. His little book has many things of this kind, and yet we honor it for its public spirit, and recognize its powerful influence with gratitude. He was in the main an orator influencing men's acts, and not a poet shaping their emotions, and the bulk of his influence has been good. He was, indeed, a poet of much tenderness in the simple love-songs 'The Marriage,' 'A Plea for Love,' and 'Mary Bhan Astór,' and, but for his ideal of a fisherman defying a foreign soldiery, would have been as good in 'The Boatman of Kinsale'; and once or twice when he touched upon some historic sorrow he forgot his hopes for the future and his lessons for the present, and made moving verse.

His contemporary, Clarence Mangan, kept out of public life and its half-illusions by a passion for books, and for drink and opium, made an imaginative and powerful style. He translated from the German, and imitated Oriental poetry, but little that he did on any but Irish subjects has a lasting interest. He is usually classed with the Young Ireland poets, because he contributed to their periodicals and shared their political views; but his style was formed before their movement began, and he found it the more easy for this reason, perhaps, to give sincere expression to the mood which he had chosen, the only sincerity literature knows of; and with happiness and cultivation might have displaced Moore. But as it was, whenever he had no fine ancient song to inspire him, he fell into rhetoric which was only lifted out of commonplace by an arid intensity. In his 'Irish National Hymn,' 'Soul and Country,' and the like, we look into a mind full of parched sands where the sweet dew has never fallen. A miser-

able man may think well and express himself with great vehemence, but he cannot make beautiful things, for Aphrodite never rises from any but a tide of joy. Mangan knew nothing of the happiness of the outer man, and it was only when prolonging the tragic exultation of some dead bard that he knew the unearthly happiness which clouds the outer man with sorrow, and is the fountain of impassioned art. Like those who had gone before him, he was the slave of life, for he had nothing of the self-knowledge, the power of selection, the harmony of mind, which enables the poet to be its master, and to mold the world to a trumpet for his lips. But O'Hussey's Ode over his outcast chief must live for generations because of the passion that moves through its powerful images and its mournful, wayward, and fierce rhythms.

“ Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the untamable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.”

Edward Walsh, a village schoolmaster, who hovered, like Mangan, on the edge of the Young Ireland movement, did many beautiful translations from the Gaelic; and Michael Doheny, while out “on his keeping” in the mountains after the collapse at Ballingarry, made one of the most moving of ballads; but in the main the poets who gathered about Thomas Davis, and whose work has come down to us in ‘*The Spirit of the Nation*,’ were of practical and political, not of literary, importance.

Meanwhile Samuel Ferguson, William Allingham, and Aubrey de Vere were working apart from politics; Ferguson selecting his subjects from the traditions of the bardic age, and Allingham from those of his native Ballyshannon, and Aubrey de Vere wavering between English, Irish, and Catholic tradition. They were wiser than Young Ireland in the choice of their models, for, while drawing not less from purely Irish sources, they turned to the great poets of the world, Aubrey de Vere owing something of his gravity to Wordsworth, Ferguson much of his simplicity to Homer, while Allingham had trained an ear, too delicate to catch the tune of but a single master, upon

the lyric poetry of many lands. Allingham was the best artist, but Ferguson had the more ample imagination, the more epic aim. He had not the subtlety of feeling, the variety of cadence of a great lyric poet, but he has touched, here and there, an epic vastness and naïveté, as in the description in 'Congal' of the mire-stiffened mantle of the giant specter Mananan mac Lir, striking against his calves with as loud a noise as the mainsail of a ship makes, "when with the coil of all its ropes it beat the sounding mast." He is frequently dull, for he often lacked the "minutely appropriate words" necessary to embody those fine changes of feeling which enthrall the attention; but his sense of weight and size, of action and tumult, has set him apart and solitary, an epic figure in a lyric age.

Allingham, whose pleasant destiny has made him the poet of his native town, and put 'The Winding Banks of Erne' into the mouths of the ballad singers of Ballyshannon, is, on the other hand, a master of "minutely appropriate words," and can wring from the luxurious sadness of the lover, from the austere sadness of old age, the last golden drop of beauty; but amid action and tumult he can but fold his hands. He is the poet of the melancholy peasantry of the West, and, as years go on, and voluminous histories and copious romances drop under the horizon, will take his place among those minor immortals who have put their souls into little songs to humble the proud.

The poetry of Aubrey de Vere has less architecture than the poetry of Ferguson and Allingham, and more meditation. Indeed, his few but ever memorable successes are enchanted islands in gray seas of stately impersonal reverie and description, which drift by and leave no definite recollection. One needs, perhaps, to perfectly enjoy him, a Dominican habit, a cloister, and a breviary.

These three poets published much of their best work before and during the Fenian movement, which, like Young Ireland, had its poets, though but a small number. Charles Kickham, one of the "triumvirate" that controlled it in Ireland; John Casey, a clerk in a flour mill; and Ellen O'Leary, the sister of Mr. John O'Leary, were at times very excellent. Their verse lacks, curiously enough, the oratorical vehemence of Young Ireland, and is

plaintive and idyllic. The agrarian movement that followed produced but little poetry, and of that little all is forgotten but a vehement poem by Fanny Parnell and a couple of songs by T. D. Sullivan, who is a good song writer, though not, as the writer has read on an election placard, "one of the greatest poets who ever moved the heart of man." But while Nationalist verse has ceased to be a portion of the propaganda of a party, it has been written, and is being written, under the influence of the Nationalist newspapers and of Young Ireland societies and the like. With an exacting conscience, and better models than Thomas Moore and the Young Irelanders, such beautiful enthusiasm could not fail to make some beautiful verses. But, as things are, the rhythms are mechanical, and the metaphors conventional; and inspiration is too often worshiped as a Familiar who labors while you sleep, or forget, or do many worthy things which are not spiritual things.

For the most part, the Irishman of our times loves so deeply those arts which build up a gallant personality, rapid writing, ready talking, effective speaking to crowds, that he has no thought for the arts which consume the personality in solitude. He loves the mortal arts which have given him a lure to take the hearts of men, and shrinks from the immortal, which could but divide him from his fellows. And in this century, he who does not strive to be a perfect craftsman achieves nothing. The poor peasant of the eighteenth century could make fine ballads by abandoning himself to the joy or sorrow of the moment, as the reeds abandon themselves to the wind which sighs through them, because he had about him a world where all was old enough to be steeped in emotion. But we cannot take to ourselves, by merely thrusting out our hands, all we need of pomp and symbol, and if we have not the desire of artistic perfection for an ark, the deluge of incoherence, vulgarity, and triviality will pass over our heads. If we had no other symbols but the tumult of the sea, the rusted gold of the thatch, the redness of the quicken-berry, and had never known the rhetoric of the platform and of the newspaper, we could do without laborious selection and rejection; but, even then, though we might do much that would be delight-

ful, that would inspire coming times, it would not have the manner of the greatest poetry.

Here and there, the Nationalist newspapers and the Young Ireland societies have trained a writer who, though busy with the old models, has some imaginative energy; while the more literary writers, the successors of Allingham and Ferguson and De Vere, are generally more anxious to influence and understand Irish thought than any of their predecessors who did not take the substance of their poetry from politics. They are distinguished too by their deliberate art, and by their preoccupation with spiritual passions and memories.

The poetry of Lionel Johnson and Mrs. Hinkson is Catholic and devout, but Lionel Johnson's is lofty and austere, and like De Vere's never long forgets the greatness of his Church and the interior life whose expression it is, while Mrs. Hinkson is happiest when she embodies emotions, that have the innocence of childhood, in symbols and metaphors from the green world about her. She has no reverie nor speculation, but a devout tenderness like that of St. Francis for weak instinctive things, old gardeners, old fishermen, birds among the leaves, birds tossed upon the waters. Miss Hopper belongs to that school of writers which embodies passions, that are not the less spiritual because no Church has put them into prayers, in stories and symbols from old Celtic poetry and mythology. The poetry of "A. E.," at its best, finds its symbols and its stories in the soul itself, and has a more disembodied ecstasy than any poetry of our time. He is the chief poet of the school of Irish mystics, in which there are many poets besides many who have heard the words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," and thought the labors that bring the mystic vision more important than the labors of any craft.

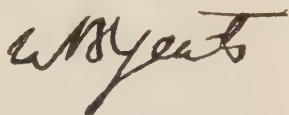
Mr. Herbert Trench and Mrs. Shorter and "Moirá O'Neill" are more interested in the picturesqueness of the world than in religion. Mr. Trench and Mrs. Shorter have put old Irish stories into vigorous modern rhyme, and have written, the one in her 'Ceann dubh Deelish' and the other in 'Come, Let Us Make Love Deathless,' lyrics that should become a lasting part of Irish lyric poetry. "Moirá

O'Neill " has written pretty lyrics of Antrim life; but one discovers that Mrs. Hinkson or Miss Hopper, although their work is probably less popular, come nearer to the peasant passion, when one compares their work and hers with that Gaelic song translated so beautifully by Dr. Sigerson, where a ragged man of the roads, having lost all else, is yet thankful for "the great love gift of sorrow," or with many songs translated by Dr. Hyde in his 'Love Songs of Connacht,' or by Lady Gregory in her 'Poets and Dreamers.'

Except some few Catholic and mystical poets and Professor Dowden in one or two poems, no Irishman living in Ireland has sung excellently of any but a theme from Irish experience, Irish history, or Irish tradition. Trinity College, which desires to be English, has been the mother of many verse writers and of few poets; and this can only be because she has set herself against the national genius, and taught her children to imitate alien styles and choose out alien themes, for it is not possible to believe that the educated Irishman alone is prosaic and uninventive. Her few poets have been awakened by the influence of the farm laborers, potato diggers, peddlers, and hedge schoolmasters of the eighteenth century, and their imitators in this, and not by a scholastic life, which, for reasons easy for all to understand and for many to forgive, has refused the ideals of Ireland, while those of England are but far-off murmurs. An enemy to all enthusiasms, because all enthusiasms seemed her enemies, she has taught her children to look neither to the world about them, nor into their own souls, where some dangerous fire might slumber.

To remember that in Ireland the professional and landed classes have been through the mold of Trinity College or of English universities, and are ignorant of the very names of the best Irish writers, is to know how strong a wind blows from the ancient legends of Ireland, how vigorous an impulse to create is in her heart to-day. Deserted by the classes from among whom have come the bulk of the world's intellect, she struggles on, gradually ridding herself of incoherence and triviality, and slowly building up a literature in English which, whether important or unimportant, grows always more unlike others;

nor does it seem as if she would long lack a living literature in Gaelic, for the movement for the preservation of Gaelic, which has been so much more successful than anybody foresaw, has already its poets. Dr. Hyde has written Gaelic poems which pass from mouth to mouth in the west of Ireland. The country people have themselves fitted them to ancient airs, and many that can neither read nor write sing them in Donegal and Connemara and Galway. I have, indeed, but little doubt that Ireland, communing with herself in Gaelic more and more, but speaking to foreign countries in English, will lead many that are sick with theories and with trivial emotion, to some sweet well-waters of primeval poetry.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "W. B. Yeats". The script is cursive and fluid, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.



IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.

THE history of Ireland and of the Irish people dates from a very remote antiquity; indeed, its beginnings are lost in the twilight of fable, but its language, as Mr. Douglas Hyde says, "has left the clearest, most luminous, and most consecutive literary track behind it of any of the vernacular tongues," excepting the Greek.

Linguistically speaking, the Celtic people are a branch of the great Aryan race. The Irish are part of a vast Indo-European family which countless ages ago spread to the West over a great part of Europe. The Gaelic language has roots which go far down toward the parent stock; its literature, consequently, is of the utmost interest and value to those who seek to read the riddle of the past and to push back the horizon of knowledge concerning it. The reader will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that the Irish fairy tales and folk stories are among the oldest of those of any of the European races. "Of all the traces that man in his earliest period has left behind him" says Mr. Douglas Hyde in his '*Beside the Fire*,' "there is nothing except a few drilled stones or flint arrowheads that approaches the antiquity of these tales."

And although they have many counterparts in other languages, which would seem to indicate a common origin in the far off past, notably in Oriental folk lore, the spirit of the race is enshrined in them in a more characteristic and striking degree, perhaps, than in the fairy tales and folk lore of any other country. This is doubtless due to their preservation in the ancient Gaelic; to the fact that the wandering bard has lingered longer in Ireland than elsewhere, and to the fact that the professional story-teller, although fast disappearing, is not yet entirely extinct in that country.

Story-telling has always been a favorite amusement of the Celtic race. In ancient times the professional story-tellers were classified, and were called, according to their rank, *ollaves*, *shannachies*, *filès*, or *bards*. Their duty was to recite old tales, poems, and descriptions of historical events in prose or verse at the festive gatherings of the

people. They were especially educated and trained for this profession, which was looked upon as a dignified and important one, and they were treated with consideration and amply rewarded wherever they went.

It is recorded how the story-tellers used to gather together of an evening, and if any had a different version from the others, they would all recite theirs and vote, and the man who had varied would have to abide by their verdict. In this way stories have been handed down with such accuracy that the long tale of Dierdre was, in the earlier decades of the eighteenth century, told almost word for word as in the very ancient MS. in the Royal Dublin Society. In one case only it varied, and then the MS. was obviously wrong—a passage had been forgotten by the copyist. But this accuracy is rather in the folk and bardic tales than in the fairy legends, for these vary widely, being usually adapted to some neighboring village or local fairy-seeing celebrity.

While the Irish fairy tales and folk tales are among the oldest in the world, they are also the most numerous and diversified. Although the same personages figure in them over and over again, many collectors have classified their chief figures more or less. The following will give an idea of the main grouping :

There are "the Sociable Fairies," who go about in troops, and quarrel and make love much as men and women do. They are land fairies or Sheoques (Ir. *Sidheog*, "a little fairy"), and water fairies or Merrows (Ir. *Moríadh*, "a sea maid").

The *Sheoques* haunt the sacred thorn bushes and the green raths or royalties—those little fields circled by ditches, and supposed to have been ancient fortifications and sheepfolds. Many a mortal they have said to have enticed into their dim world. Many have listened to their fairy music, till human cares and joys drifted from them and they became great seers, or "fairy doctors," or musicians, or poets, like Carolan, who is said to have gathered his tunes while sleeping on a fairy rath! or else they died in a year and a day, to live ever after among the fairies. These *Sheoques* occasionally steal a child and leave a withered fairy, a thousand or maybe two thousand years old, instead.

The *Merrows* sometimes come out of the sea in the shape of little hornless cows. In their own shape, they have fishes' tails and wear a red cap, called in Irish *cohuleen driuth*. The men among them have green teeth; green hair, pigs' eyes, and red noses; but their women are beautiful and sometimes prefer handsome fishermen to their green-haired lovers.

Among "Solitary Fairies" is the *Lepricaun* (Ir. *Leith bhrogan*, i. e. the one shoemaker). He is seen sitting under a hedge mending a shoe, and whoso catches him can make him deliver up his crocks of gold, for he is a miser of great wealth; but if you take your eyes off him he vanishes like smoke. He wears a red coat with seven buttons in each row, and a cocked hat, on the point of which he sometimes spins like a top. In Donegal he goes clad in a great frieze coat.

The *Cluricaun's* (Ir. *Clobhair-cean*) occupations are robbing wine cellars and riding sheep and shepherds' dogs the livelong night, until the morning finds them panting and mud-covered.

The *Gonconer* or *Ganconagh* (Ir. *Gean-canogh*, i. e. love-talker) is a creature of the Lepricaun type, but a great idler. He appears in lonely valleys, pipe in mouth, and spends his time in making love to shepherdesses and milk-maids.

The *Far Darrig* (Ir. *Fear dearg*, i. e. red man) is the practical joker of the other world. He presides over evil dreams.

The *Pooka* (Ir. *Pùca*, a word derived by some from *poc*, a he-goat) also is of the family of the nightmare. His shape is usually that of a horse, bull, goat, eagle, or ass. His delight is to get a rider, with whom he rushes through ditches and rivers and over mountains, and whom he shakes off in the gray of the morning. Especially does he love to plague a drunkard; a drunkard's sleep is his kingdom. At times he takes more unexpected forms than those of beast or bird. When it rains in Ireland at the same time that the sun is shining it is a sure sign that the Pooka will be out that night.

The *Dullahan* has no head, or carries it under his arm. He is often seen driving a black coach, called "coach-abower" (Ir. *Coite-bodhar*), drawn by headless horses. It rumbles to your door, and if you open it a basin of blood is

thrown in your face. It is an omen of death to the houses where it pauses.

The *Lcanhaun Shee* (Ir. *Lcanhaun sidhe*, i.e. fairy mistress) seeks the love of men. If they refuse, she is their slave; if they consent, they are hers, and can escape only by finding one to take their place. Her lovers waste away, for she lives on their life.

The *Far Gorta* (man of hunger) is an emaciated fairy that goes through the land in famine time, begging and bringing good luck to the giver.

The *Banshee* (Ir. *Bean-sidhe*, i.e. fairy woman) is a sociable fairy grown solitary through much sorrow. The name corresponds to the less common *Far Shee* (Ir. *Fear sidhe*), a man fairy. She wails, as most people know, over the death of a member of some old Irish family.

There are also the "House Spirits": the *Water Sherie*, a kind of wili-o'-the-wisp; the *Sowllh*, a formless luminous creature; the *Pastha* (*piastbestia*), the lake dragon, a guardian of hidden treasure; and the *Bo men* fairies, who destroy the unwary; and there is the great tribe of ghosts, called *Thivishes* in some parts.

Representative stories of each of these groups will be found in the writings of those who have made it their business to collect and retell the fairy tales and folk lore of the country, and we have, under the heading of "Fairy and Folk Tales of Ireland, anonymous," brought together a few of the typical stories to which no names are attached.

And there is fairy poetry as well, of which not a little is to be found in the works of the Irish poets from William Allingham to William Butler Yeats. But it is not so abundant as one might expect. The ancient myths and legends and the half-mythical history of Ireland and her manifold wrongs and sufferings seem to have appealed more to the Irish poetical spirit.

The very first collections of fairy tales and folk tales are of course to be found in the old Chap-books. "They are," says Mr. W. B. Yeats, "to be found brown with turf smoke on cottage shelves, and are, or were, sold on every hand by the peddlers, but cannot be found in any library of this city of the Sassanach (London). 'The Royal Fairy Tales,' 'The Hibernian Tales,' and 'The Legends of the Fairies' are the fairy literature of the people."

Of a certain volume of the 'Hibernian Tales,' Thackeray writes pleasantly in his 'Irish Sketch Book,' remarking: "So great is the superiority of the old stories over the new, in fancy, dramatic interest, and humor, that one can't help fancying that Hibernia must have been a very superior country to Ireland."

"These Hibernian novels, too," he continues, "are evidently intended for the hedge-school universities. They have the old tricks and some of the old plots that one has read in many popular legends of almost all countries, European and Eastern; successful cunning is the great virtue applauded; and the heroes pass through a thousand wild extravagant dangers, such as could only have been invented when art was young and faith was large. And as the honest old author of the tales says they are suited to the meanest as well as to the highest capacity, tending both to improve the fancy and enrich the mind, let us conclude the night's entertainment by reading one or two of them, and reposing after the doleful tragedy which has been represented. The 'Black Thief' is worthy of the Arabian Nights, I think—as wild and odd as an Eastern tale. . . . Not a little does it add to these tales that one feels as one reads them that the writer must have believed in his heart what he told; you see the tremor, as it were, and the wild look of the eyes as he sits in his corner and recites and peers wistfully around lest the spirits he talks of be really at hand." And after telling us the Chap-book version of the story of 'Hudden, Dudden, and Donald,' and of "the Spaeman," he says: "And so we shut up the hedge-school library, and close the Galway Nights' Entertainments; they are not as amusing as Almack, to be sure, but many a lady who has her opera box in London has listened to a piper in Ireland."

It is significant of how Ireland's contribution to English literature in every department has been ignored by the English, and in consequence by the entire literary world, that in the two great collections of Chap-books made by the elder and the younger Boswell, which are now in the library of Harvard University, there are scarcely any of Irish origin, though England and Scotland are fully represented; and yet during the period covered by these collections, as these remarks by Thackeray and W. B. Yeats would indi-

cate, her output of this literature was as large as, if not larger than, that of either England or Scotland. If it had not been for a certain purchase made by Thackeray at Ennis when on his tour through Ireland, and for a certain rainy day in Galway about 1840, the English people would probably never have known that the Irish people had their Chap-books from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century as well as the people of almost all other European countries.

The systematic collection of Celtic folk tales in English began in Ireland as early as 1825, with T. Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.' Among the novelists and tale-writers of the schools of Miss Edgeworth and Lever folk tales were occasionally utilized, as by Carleton in his 'Traits and Stories,' by Lover in his 'Legends and Stories,' and by Griffin in his 'Tales of a Jury Room.' These all tell their tales in the manner of the stage Irishman. Patrick Kennedy, a Dublin bookseller, printed about one hundred folk and hero tales and drolls in his 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts,' 1866; 'Fireside Stories of Ireland,' 1870; and 'Bardic Stories of Ireland,' 1871. Lady Wilde has told many folk tales very effectively in her 'Ancient Legends of Ireland,' 1887. Mr. J. Curtin's 'Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland,' 1890, must not be forgotten. Douglas Hyde has published in 'Beside the Fireside,' 1891, English versions of some of the stories he had published in the original Irish in his 'Leahbar Sgeulaighteachta,' Dublin, 1889. Miss Mac Lintock has published many tales in various periodicals during the past twenty years; a period which has been remarkably fruitful in active workers in this hitherto comparatively untilled field. P. W. Joyce's 'Old Celtic Romances,' W. Larminie's 'West Irish Folk Tales,' P. J. McCall's 'Fenian Nights' Entertainments,' Seumus MacManus' 'Donegal Fairy Tales,' D. Deeney's 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland,' and many other books too numerous to mention are rich in material of this kind. But Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and W. B. Yeats have done more than all to reveal to us "the old weird world which sleeps in Irish lore." They know the people of Ireland thoroughly, and in their works they give us not only the folk and fairy tales of the people, but they make us feel

how entirely they enter into and pervade and influence their every-day lives.

One reason, perhaps, why the Irish people are as a rule so supremely gifted with the power of poetical self expression, why they are endowed with so rich and luxurious a fancy, is because for centuries they have been nourished on such a wealth of fairy tales and wonder stories as is exceeded by no other literature of the world.

Emerson says, "What nature at one time provides for use, she afterward turns to ornament," and Herbert Spencer, following out this idea, remarks that "the fairy lore, which in times past was matter of grave belief and held sway over people's conduct, has since been transformed into ornament for 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Faërie Queene,' and endless small tales and poems; and still affords subjects for children's story books, amuses boys and girls, and becomes matter for jocose allusion."

Sir Walter Scott also says, in a note to 'The Lady of the Lake': "The mythology of one period would appear to pass into the romance of the next, and that into the nursery tales of subsequent ages"; and Max Müller, in his 'Chips from a German Workshop,' says: "The gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demigods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and these demigods and heroes again become at a later age the principal characters of our nursery tales."

In just the same way many of the Irish folk tales are the detritus of the ancient bardic stories, and we can see this detrition in actual process in Ireland to-day, where the belief in the fairies and legends still exists in the minds of many of the older folks. As Lady Wilde says in her introduction to 'Irish Legends': "With the highly sensitive organization of their race, it is not wonderful that the people live habitually under the shadow and dread of invisible powers which, whether working for good or evil, are awful and mysterious to the uncultured mind that sees only the strange results produced by certain forces, but knows nothing of the approximate causes." And so Tirnan-og, the country of the young, the place where you will get happiness for a penny, so cheap and common will it be, is still devoutly believed in by many to whom Hy Braesil,

the Island of the Blest, is also something more than a name.

And it is not a little curious to note in this connection that, while the fairy tales of other lands have long been the natural literature of childhood, it is only in later years that even in Ireland itself her fairy tales, folk lore, wonder tales, and hero stories have figured in books especially made for young people.

The fairy tales and folk lore of Ireland should have a special interest not alone for Irish-Americans, but for that greater American nation which is being evolved out of the mixture of the blood of all the races of the world, to-day. We inherit, we are infused by, and we are transmuting into terms of national individuality, all the romance, all the culture, all the art, and all the literature of the past, of all the nations of the world.

And when this individuality shall have been achieved, we shall have a culture which will be distinctly American, we shall have an art which will be distinctly American, we shall have a literature which will be distinctly American.

There has entered, and there will enter, into the composition of this new and individual race, a greater infusion of the Celtic element than of any other, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the literature in which this element has been cradled, the literature to which the Celtic spirit responds most quickly and with the happiest results, should form part of the mental nourishment of our young people, in the form of the fairy tales and folk lore of Ireland.

We have given our children freely for the last two hundred years of the English Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tales, of the German, and even of the Norse fairy tales and romances—much of the content and idea of which is remote, and to which because of race-inherited feelings and tendencies, they cannot respond—while we have left unheeded the vast treasures which exist in Irish fairy literature, a literature which makes the strongest appeal to the largest ingredient in the composition of the new American race which is being evolved.

Chas. Welsh

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WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL DAUNT.

(1807—1894.)

WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL DAUNT, the able historical writer, was born at Fullamore, King's County, April 28, 1807, and died June 29, 1894. He was for some years associated with Daniel O'Connell in a secretarial capacity, and throughout his long life he was steadfast in his admiration for that great leader and in his intense hostility to English rule in Ireland.

His first published work was 'Ireland and Her Agitators,' 1845, which was followed by 'Hugh Talbot, a Tale of the Irish Confiscations,' 1846. In 1848 he issued his valuable 'Personal Recollections of O'Connell,' and in 1851 his 'Catechism of Irish History,' which was a text-book in Irish schools, and a novel entitled 'The Gentleman in Debt.' During the later part of his life he lived quietly as a country gentleman, but that he had not lost any of his early views is proved by his 'Essays on Ireland,' 1886, and his 'Eighty-Five Years of Irish History,' published in the same year.

After his death his daughter published in 1896, under the title of 'A Life Spent for Ireland,' his personal diary, a most entertaining volume, full of good stories and valuable side-lights on the history of his times.

REPEALERS IN PRISON AND OUT.

From 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History.'

O'Connell, on the evening of his incarceration, had exclaimed: "Thank God, I am in jail for Ireland!" He believed that Peel's false move tended to augment the strength of the national cause. All the prisoners dined together, and the party wore anything but a tragical air. They all enjoyed the exhilaration of spirits arising from a hope that, whatever inconveniences they might sustain, their imprisonment would accelerate the triumph of the cause that was nearest to their hearts.

They were for the first few days occupied with the bustle of fixing themselves in their new quarters. At last they settled down into something like their usual habits. Charles Gavan Duffy, the editor of *The Nation*; Doctor (afterwards Sir John) Gray, the editor of *The Freeman*; and Richard Barrett, the editor of *The Pilot*, found abundant employment superintending their several journals. The moments unoccupied by business they devoted to study,

or to taking exercise in the adjoining garden. Mr. Duffy, under the impression that the imprisonment would last a year, announced his purpose of reading through Carte's 'Life of Ormond,' in three folio volumes. Mr. Ray still exercised his supervision of the affairs of the Association. John O'Connell wrote his amusing and instructive 'Repeal Dictionary,' which appeared in the weekly press, and which I believe was subsequently published in a collected form. Steele read Kane's 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' and defaced the fair pages of the work with innumerable marks of admiration. Barrett was ready for fun,—frisk, joyous frolic of any sort, and more than once kept the incarcerated coterie in roars of laughter by attitudinizing and grimacing in a style that would have done honor to Liston. Two of the visitors played the short-armed orator; the comic force of the pathetic passages being much enhanced by a cambric handkerchief, which the gentleman who performed the action held to the weeping eyes of the gentleman who performed the eloquence. Nearly all the prisoners contributed to the pages of a *jeu d'esprit* called *Prison Gazette*, in which they quizzed each other and their friends with merry malice. In short, there never were prisoners who bore so lightly and joyously the hours of imprisonment, or whose deprivation of freedom was more soothed by the kind and sympathetic offices of friends.

They had access to two gardens. In one of these was a mound with a summer-house on the top. The mound they amused themselves by calling Tara Hill; the summer-house was termed Conciliation Hall. In the other garden they erected a large marquee, which they styled Mullaghmast, and in this marquee were received the numerous deputations who bore addresses to the "convicts" from the different quarters of the kingdom. I learned from a gentleman, who was present on one of these occasions, that O'Connell replied to the bearers of an address in the following words: "Tell your friends that my heart is joyful, my spirits are buoyant, my health is excellent, my hopes are high. My imprisonment is not irksome to me, for I feel and know that it will, under Providence, be the means of making our country a nation again. I am glad I am in prison. There wanted but this to my career. I

have labored for Ireland—refused office, honor and emolument for Ireland—I have prayed and hoped and watched for Ireland—there was yet one thing wanted—that I should be in jail for Ireland. This has now been added to the rest, thanks to our enemies; and I cordially rejoice at it.”

O'Connell, in the course of that day, was waited on by a party of American tourists. When they arrived, he was standing on the top of “Tara Hill.” They doffed their hats and remained at the foot of the mound until desired to walk up. “You are probably more visited here,” said one of them, “than if you were at large.” “Yes,” replied the *Liberator*, “and here I cannot use the excuse of ‘not at home.’”

The progress of Repeal during his imprisonment enchanted him. “The people,” said he, “are behaving nobly. I was at first a little afraid, despite all my teaching, that at such a trying crisis they would have done either too much or too little—either have been stung into an outbreak, or else awed into apathy. Neither has happened. Blessed be God! the people are acting nobly. What it is to have such a people to lead!”

He rejoiced especially over the excellent training of the Repeal Association; praised the young talent called forth by the movement, bestowing particular eulogy on Mac-Nevin and Barry.

“In the days of the Catholic Association,” said he, “I used to have more trouble than I can express in keeping down mutiny. I always arrived in town about the 25th of October, and on my arrival I invariably found some jealousies, some squabbles—some fellow trying to be leader, which gave me infinite annoyance. But now all goes right—no man is jealous of any other man; each does his best for the general cause.”

Speaking of his pacific policy, he remarked that it was a curious coincidence that the Conal of Ossian should say, “My sword hangs at my side—the blade longs to shine in my hand—but I love the peace of green Erin of the streams.”

The convicted patriots received numerous presents of fresh fruits and flowers. A patriotic confectioner presented them with two monster cakes. Mr. Scriber of

Westmoreland Street sent them seven musical-boxes to cheer their imprisonment; and it is said that, immediately on the arrival of the harmonious cargo, the prisoners evinced their satisfaction with more musical zeal than taste—by setting the seven boxes playing together.

Mr. Steele one day placed a stone which he dignified with the name of *Liach Fail*, or the Stone of Destiny, on the side of the mimic Tara Hill in the garden, calling on Duffy to doff his hat in honor of the august ceremony.

With these and similar helps and devices did the prisoners try to cheat the hours of that bondage which, under every circumstance of mitigation, must ever be oppressive to men of ardent minds and active habits. One day John O'Connell made some remark on the high, gloomy prison buildings, which excluded the view of the country from the dining-room. "I am better pleased," said his father, "that the view is excluded. To see the hills, and fields, and sea-coast, and to feel that you were debarred from the freedom of walking among them, were a worse affliction than to be deprived altogether of the sight. It would tantalize too much." . . .

On the evening of the 6th of September, O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners were liberated. About ten days previously his intimate friend, Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Eccles Street, had expressed to him the expectation that the law-lords would confirm the sentence, but that the prisoners would be liberated by the exercise of the Royal prerogative. "You must, in that event," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "be prepared with instant securities. How large is the amount of bail required?"

O'Connell had forgotten the amount, and descended to the Governor's office to inspect the book. Mr. Fitzpatrick speedily followed, and found O'Connell laughing heartily at the personal description annexed to his name in the book: "Daniel O'Connell—complexion good." The amount of bail was £5,000 (\$25,000) personally, and two securities at £2,500 (\$12,500) each. "But it is idle, quite idle to talk of it," said O'Connell; "there is not the least probability—not the smallest shadow of a chance of our being set free. No, my good friend, we shall suffer our full term."

In this conviction O'Connell continued until the even-

ing of the 6th. Two messengers from the Corn Exchange rushed simultaneously into the prison with the news, vociferating in such noisy rivalry that their tidings were for a long time unintelligible. At length one of them, perforce of better wind, shouted his comrade out of breath, and having reached the corridor leading to O'Connell's apartments, he continued to bellow, "I'm first! Where's the Liberator? I'm first!"

"What is it all about?" demanded Mr. Barrett, who was calmly perambulating the corridor.

"Only that you're free," cried Edmond O'Hagarty (the messenger). "I'm first! I'm first! Hurrah! Where's the Liberator? I'm first!"

They rushed into a drawing-room where O'Connell was seated between two ladies, O'Hagarty in his noisy delight still shouting, "I'm first! I'm first! You're free, Liberator! Thanks be to God for that same! The judgment's reversed."

"Bah! not true; it can't be true," replied O'Connell coolly.

"But it *is* true, Liberator." And the messenger showed him the placard which had been printed in London announcing the fact. He examined it attentively, and said to Fitzpatrick: "After all, this may be true," when doubt was dispelled by the sudden appearance of the attorneys for the defense. "On the merits," were the first words of Mr. Ford, who threw his arms round O'Connell's neck and kissed him. O'Connell wore his green velvet Mullaghmast cap, and Ford wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, oblivious in his ecstasy of the presence of the ladies. "On the merits," he triumphantly repeated; "no technicalities at all—nothing but the merits."

The news had now spread through the prison, and the other prisoners crowded to the drawing-room to learn their fate. There was a quiet sort of triumph, no boisterous joy amongst the traversers. In the course of the evening O'Connell said to my informant in a tone of deep solemnity: "Fitzpatrick, the hand of man is not in this. It is the response given by Providence to the prayers of the faithful, steadfast, pious people of Ireland."

It was near twilight when O'Connell left the prison to return to his home in Merrion Square. As he walked

along the streets, the people at first gazed on him in bewildered astonishment. They could scarcely believe the evidence of their eyes. Was O'Connell indeed free? They crowded round him to ascertain the fact; the crowds augmented; and by the time he arrived at the western end of Merrion Square, his friends were obliged to form a cordon around him to avert the inconvenient pressure of the delighted multitude. When he placed his foot on his own hall-door step, to re-enter the home from which he had for three months been iniquitously exiled, the popular ecstacy became uncontrollable. Cheer after cheer rose and swelled upon the air. The people gave vent to their wild delight in vociferous acclamations; every heart beat high with pride and triumph at the liberation of their venerated leader—not by ministerial grace or favor, but by the strict and stern vindication of that law which had been so nefariously outraged in the trial and conviction.

O'Connell appeared on the balcony and addressed the people briefly. He exhorted them to bear their victory with moderation. Let them, he said, demonstrate their fitness to rule themselves by the spirit of conciliation and friendliness with which they should enjoy their triumph.

On the next day (Saturday, the 7th of September) the liberated patriots passed in procession through the leading streets of the metropolis. It was a scene of indescribable excitement. When opposite the door of the old Parliament House in College Green, the cavalcade halted—O'Connell rose in his triumphal car, uncovered his head and pointed with significant emphasis to the edifice. Then arose a mighty shout from the surrounding thousands—again and again did O'Connell, looking proudly around him, repeat his significant gesture; again and again did the myriads who thronged the broad street upraise their glad voices in deafening cheers. It was like the roar of the ocean, that proud shout of a nation's triumph and a nation's hope.

KING BAGENAL.

From 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History.'

"Of manners elegant, fascinating, polished by extensive intercourse with the great world, of princely income, and of boundless hospitality, Mr. Bagenal possessed all the qualities and attributes calculated to procure him popularity with every class. A terrestrial paradise was Dunleckny for all lovers of good wine, good horses, good dogs, and good society. His stud was magnificent, and he had a large number of capital hunters at the service of visitors who were not provided with steeds of their own. He derived great delight from encouraging the young men who frequented his house to hunt, drink, and solve points of honor at twelve paces.

"Enthroned at Dunleckny, he gathered around him a host of spirits congenial to his own. He had a tender affection for pistols, a brace of which implements, loaded, were often placed before him on the dinner table. After dinner the claret was produced in an unbroached cask; Bagenal's practice was to broach the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, whilst he kept the other pistol *in terrorem* for any of the *convives* who should fail in doing ample justice to the wine.

"Nothing could be more impressive than the bland, fatherly, affectionate air with which the old gentleman used to impart to his junior guests the results of his own experience, and the moral lessons which should regulate their conduct through life.

"In truth, my young friends, it behooves a youth entering the world to make a character for himself. Respect will only be accorded to character. A young man must show his proofs. I am not a quarrelsome person—I never was—I hate your mere duelist; but experience of the world tells me there are knotty points of which the only solution is the saw handle. Rest upon your pistols, my boys! Occasions will arise in which the use of them is absolutely indispensable to character. A man, I repeat, must show his proofs—in this world courage will never be taken upon trust. I protest to Heaven, my dear young friends, I am advising you exactly as I should advise my own son.'

"And having thus discharged his conscience, he would look blandly around with the most patriarchal air imaginable.

"His practice accorded with his precept. Some pigs, the property of a gentleman who had recently settled near Dunleckny, strayed into an enclosure of King Bagenal's, and rooted up a flower knot. The incensed monarch ordered that the porcine trespassers should be shorn of their ears and tails; and he transmitted the several appendages to the owner of the swine with an intimation that he, too, deserved to have his ears docked; and that only he had not got a tail, he (King Bagenal) would sever the caudal member from his dorsal extremity. 'Now,' quoth Bagenal, 'if he's a gentleman, he must burn powder after such a message as that.'

"Nor was he disappointed. A challenge was given by the owner of the pigs. Bagenal accepted it with alacrity, only stipulating that as he was old and feeble, being then in his seventy-ninth year, he should fight sitting in his arm-chair; and that as his infirmities prevented early rising, the meeting should take place in the afternoon. 'Time was,' said the old man, with a sigh, 'that I would have risen before daylight to fight at sunrise, but we cannot do these things at seventy-eight. Well, Heaven's will be done.'

"They fought at twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he remained unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret, we may presume, as usual, by firing a pistol at the cask.

"The traditions of Dunleckny allege that when Bagenal, in the course of his tour through Europe, visited the petty court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke, charmed with his magnificence and the reputation of his wealth, made him an offer of the hand of the fair Charlotte, who, being politely rejected by King Bagenal, was afterwards accepted by King George III."

Such was the lord of Dunleckny, and such was many an Irish squire of the day. Recklessness characterized the time. And yet there was a polished courtesy, a high-bred grace in the manners of men who imagined that to shoot, or to be shot at, on "the sod," was an indispensable ingre-

dient in the character of a gentleman. Look at Bagenal, nearly fourscore, seated at the head of his table. You observe the refined urbanity of his manner, and the dignified air which is enhanced, not impaired, by the weight of years. You draw near to participate in the instructions of this ancient moralist. What a shock—half ludicrous, half horrible—to find that he inculcates the necessity of practice with the hair-triggers as the grand primary virtue which forms the gentleman!

A FACETIOUS IRISH PEER.

From 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History.'

Amongst those whom a descent of some half-dozen generations entitled to call themselves Irish, the greater number had so habitually looked on politics as a game to be played for the purpose of personal aggrandizement, that they had no conception of anything like political principle. There was a thorough moral recklessness about them which rendered them quite ready for any act of political desperation, provided it did not tend to enlarge the power of the people. Their personal habits necessarily fostered their recklessness. Their profusion and extravagance were great; and some of them—not a few—resorted to modes of raising the wind which showed that they mingled few scruples with their system of financial pneumatics. There was, withal, a strong dash of odd drollery in the brazen shamelessness of their expedients.

A curious specimen of this order of men was Lord M——y. His title was the result of some dexterous traffic in Parliamentary votes. His manners were eminently fascinating, and his habits social. He had a favorite saying that a gentleman could never live upon his rents; a man who depended on his rents had money only upon two days in the year, the 25th of March and the 29th of September. He accordingly left no expedient untried to furnish himself with money every other day too.

It chanced that when Lord Kerry's house in St. Stephen's Green was for sale, a lady named Keating was de-

sirous to purchase a pew in St. Anne's Church appertaining to that mansion. Mrs. Keating erroneously took it into her head that the pew belonged to Lord M——y; she accordingly visited his lordship to propose herself as a purchaser.

"My dear madam," said he, "I have not got any pew, that I know of, in St. Anne's Church."

"Oh, my lord, I assure you that you have; and if you have got no objection, I am desirous to purchase it."

Lord M——y started no farther difficulty. A large sum was accordingly fixed on, and in order to make her bargain as secure as possible, Mrs. Keating got the agreement of sale drawn out in the most stringent form by an attorney. She paid the money to Lord M——y, and on the following Sunday she marched up to the pew to take possession, rustling in the stateliness of brocades and silks. The beadle refused to let her into the pew.

"Sir," said the lady, "this pew is mine."

"Yours, madam?"

"Yes; I have bought it from Lord M——y."

"Madam, this is the Kerry pew; I do assure you Lord M——y never had a pew in this church."

Mrs. Keating saw at once she had been cheated, and on the following day she went to his lordship to try if she could get back her money.

"My lord, I have come to you to say that the pew in St. Anne's—"

"My dear madam, I'll sell you twenty more pews if you have any fancy for them."

"Oh, my lord, you are facetious. I have come to acquaint you it was all a mistake; you never had a pew in that church."

"Hah! so I think I told you at first."

"And I trust, my lord," pursued Mrs. Keating, "you will refund me the money I paid you for it."

"The money? Really, my dear madam, I am sorry to say that it is quite impossible—the money's gone long ago."

"But—my lord—your lordship's character—"

"That's gone too!" said Lord M——y, laughing with good-humored nonchalance.

I have already said that this nobleman's financial opera-

tions were systematically extended to every opportunity of gain that could possibly be grasped at. He was colonel of a militia regiment; and, contrary to all precedent, he regularly sold the commissions and pocketed the money. The Lord Lieutenant resolved to call him to an account for his malpractices, and for that purpose invited him to dine at the Castle, where all the other colonels of militia regiments then in Dublin had also been invited to meet him. After dinner the Viceroy stated that he had heard with great pain an accusation—indeed, he could hardly believe it—but it had been positively said that the colonel of a militia regiment actually sold the commissions.

The company looked aghast at this atrocity, and the innocent colonels forthwith began to exculpate themselves. "I have never done so." "I have never sold any." "Nor I." The disclaimers were general. Lord M——y resolved to put a bold face on the matter.

"I always sell the commissions in my regiment," said he, with the air of a man who announced a practice rather meritorious. All present seemed astonished at this frank avowal.

"How can you defend such a practice?" asked the Lord Lieutenant.

"Very easily, my lord. Has not your Excellency always told us to assimilate our regiments as much as possible to the troops of the Line?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Well, they sell the commissions in the Line, and I thought that the best point at which to begin the assimilation."

It is told of this nobleman, that when he was dying he was attended by a clergyman, who remonstrated with him on the scandalous exploits of his past life, and strongly urged him to repent. "Repent?" echoed the dying sinner; "I don't see what I have got to repent of; I don't remember that I ever denied myself anything."

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

(1814—1845.)

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS, born in 1814, was a native of Mallow, an historic and picturesque town, pleasantly situated on the north bank of the Munster Blackwater, in the county of Cork. Through his mother he could trace some kinship with the O'Sullivans, chiefs of Berehaven.

There was much in the scenery of his native place to awaken the poetic and patriotic feelings of the boy. The stern old walls of Mallow Castle had witnessed several sieges in the days when the Lords President of Munster held their court within its ramparts. Not far stands Kilcolman, where Edmund Spenser penned 'The Faërie Queene,' and near it is Newmarket, where John Philpot Curran was born and reared.

Davis from an early age exhibited a keen interest in the language, the history, and the antiquities of his country. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1836; and two years afterward he was called to the bar. Later on he joined the Repeal Association of O'Connell, a step which colored his whole after life and had influences far wider than his personal fortunes. The Repeal Association, powerful as it was in some respects, was in others very feeble. There attached to it, in the first place, the suspicion of being a sectarian body, a society which identified national with purely Catholic interests. The autocratic position of O'Connell, too, had had the effect of making the Association appear to be merely an arena in which he performed as a star. The adhesion of Davis to the body did much to remove these prejudices, and the result was that the new recruit was followed by several others of perhaps a better class than had hitherto joined O'Connell's Association.

In 1842 *The Nation* newspaper was founded: an event destined to bear most important fruits, literary and political, in the history of Ireland. Mr. (later on Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy was the editor, and Davis became one of the chief contributors. It was in the columns of this paper that the greater part of Davis' poems appeared, and his stirring words were among the most potent agencies in stimulating the revolutionary passions of the people. "I remember," wrote the Very Reverend Father O'Burke, "with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading Davis' 'Poems'; and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy; it would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benurb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the rising sun, melted before the Irish onset."

Davis soon formed a party in the Association, which aimed at objects and contemplated means to which the founder of the body was most vehemently opposed. In the middle of the struggle between the advocates of physical force—who came to be known as the Young Ireland party—and O'Connell, who believed in the omnipotence of constitutional agitation, Davis died, Sept. 16, 1845.



THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

It is impossible to describe the poignancy of regret with which the news of this premature and sudden close to a career of such bright promise was received. Extreme as were the political opinions of Davis, they were free from the least suspicion of sectarianism ; and this, together with the transparent purity of his motives and his splendid talents, made him admired by men of the most opposite principles. "Perhaps the best evidence of the potency and the nobility of his influence," says a writer in '*A Treasury of Irish Poetry*,' "was the fact that this sense of loss was overcome by the recollection of the ideals he had held up, and that his memory was honored by the undaunted pursuance of his work, and the maintenance of the pure and lofty ardor with which he wrought."

The great heart of O'Connell was deeply stirred when he heard of his young opponent's death. From Derrynane his habit was to send a long weekly letter, to be read at the meeting of the Association. This week his letter was very short—nothing but a burst of lamentation. "As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh ! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory be voted by the National Association. Never did they perform a more imperative, or, alas ! so sad a duty. I can write no more—my tears blind me."

"It was in his poetry," says a writer in '*A Treasury of Irish Poetry*,' "that he most intimately revealed himself. And though Thomas Davis was extraordinarily fertile in ideas and indefatigable in methodic industry, the best thing he gave to the Irish people was not an idea or an achievement of any sort, but simply the gift of himself. He was the ideal Irishman. North and south, east and west, the finest qualities of the population that inhabit the island seemed to be combined in him, developed to their highest power, and colored deeply with whatever it is in character and temperament that makes the Irish one of the most separate of races. The nation saw itself transfigured in him, and saw the dreams nourished by its long memories and ancestral pride coming true. Hence the intense personal devotion felt toward Davis by the ardent and thoughtful young men who were associated with him, and the sense of irreparable loss caused by his early death. He stood for Ireland—for all Ireland—as no other man did, and it was hardly possible to distinguish the cause from his personality."

FONTENOY.¹

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,

¹ The battle of Fontenoy, fought in Flanders in 1745 between the French and the Allies—English, Dutch, and Austrians—in which the Allies were worsted. The Irish Brigade fought by the side of the French, and won great renown by their splendid conduct in the field.

And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.

As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,

And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!

And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at even-tide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,

Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;

Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill;

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;

As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:

To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,

Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he said, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"

The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so
gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-
day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 't was writ could
dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-
thrown,—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—Like mountain storm, rush on
these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant
show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-
wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men be-
hind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish
broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 't is bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags
they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and
won!

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachaill*¹ for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me;
 For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the squires of the county could do.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away;
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 't was given to me;
 Oh! sure 't will be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbors think much of his skill,
 And Eoghan 's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.
 Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me.
¹ *Mo bhuachaill*, my bouchal, my boy.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three Hundred men and Three men.¹
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight:
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field, and fane;
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
"A Nation once again."

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark,
And passions vain or lowly:
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the greenwood tree?

¹ The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylæ, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.—*Davis*.

Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 't were to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf;—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
“He served his country, and loved his kind.”

Oh! 't were merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep.
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry.
Sing! oh! let me learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned

For slumbering slaves a home so grand.
 And long a brave and haughty race
 Honored and sentineled the place—
 Sing, oh! not even their sons' disgrace
 Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
 To triumph dashed each Connaught clan,
 And fleet as deer the Normans ran
 Through Curlieu's Pass and Ardrahan,
 And later times saw deeds as brave;
 And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
 Sing, oh! they died their land to save,
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Alas! and well may Erin weep,
 That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
 But hark! some voice like thunder spake:
 "The West's awake! the West's awake!"
 Sing, oh! hurrah! let England quake;
 We'll watch till death for Erin's sake.

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
 Stepping the mountain statelily—
 Though ragged her gown and naked her feet,
 No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
 Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes;
 The child of a peasant—yet England's proud Queen
 Has less rank in her heart and less grace in her mien.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
 A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
 And love and devotion and energy speak
 From her beauty-proud eye and her passion-pale cheek.

But, pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
 And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
 And her form and her step, like the red-deer's, go past—
 As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
 And she knew that I worshiped in passing her by.
 The saint of the wayside—she granted my prayer,
 Though we spoke not a word; for her mother was there.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
 But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills;
 And I whisper her softly: "Again, love, we'll meet!
 And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear, if you choose them:
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
 O your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
 Or saber and shield to a knight without armor;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you'll ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 O she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
 And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, " True lovers, don't sever! "

MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;
O she 's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

She 's not a dull or cold land;
No! she 's a warm and bold land;
O she 's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine!

O she 's a fresh and fair land,
O she 's a true and rare land!
Yes, she 's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

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MICHAEL DAVITT.

(1846 —)

MICHAEL DAVITT was born in Ireland, March 25, 1846. He was the son of the late Martin Davitt of Straide, County Mayo, and Scranton, Pa.; his mother was Mary, the daughter of John Yore, 21. Joseph, Mich. He with his parents was evicted in 1852; he began work in a Lancashire cotton mill in 1856, losing his right arm by machinery in 1857. He was employed as a newsboy, printer's "devil," and assistant letter-carrier successively. He joined the Fenian Brotherhood in 1865. He was arrested and tried in London for treason-felony in 1870, and sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude. He was released on "ticket-of-leave" in 1877; and with the late Mr. Parnell and others founded the Irish Land League in 1879. He was arrested on the charge of making a seditious speech the same year, but prosecution was abandoned.

He came to the United States to organize an auxiliary Land League organization in 1880. He was arrested shortly after his return in 1881, and sent back to penal servitude. He was released May 6, 1882; arrested in 1883, and tried under the law of King Edward III. for seditious speech and imprisoned for three months.

He was included in the "Parnellism and Crime" allegations, and spoke for five days in defense of the Land League before *The Times* Parnell Commission. He was first elected to Parliament for the county of Meath, while a prisoner in Portland Convict Prison, in 1882, but was disqualified by special vote of the House of Commons on account of non-expiry of sentence for treason-felony. He unsuccessfully contested Waterford City in 1891. He was Member of Parliament for North Meath in 1892, and was unseated on petition. He was returned unopposed for Northeast Cork in the same year, and resigned in 1893, owing to bankruptcy proceedings arising out of the North Meath election petition. He was returned unopposed for East Kerry and South Mayo in 1895, while in Australia, and resigned in 1899.

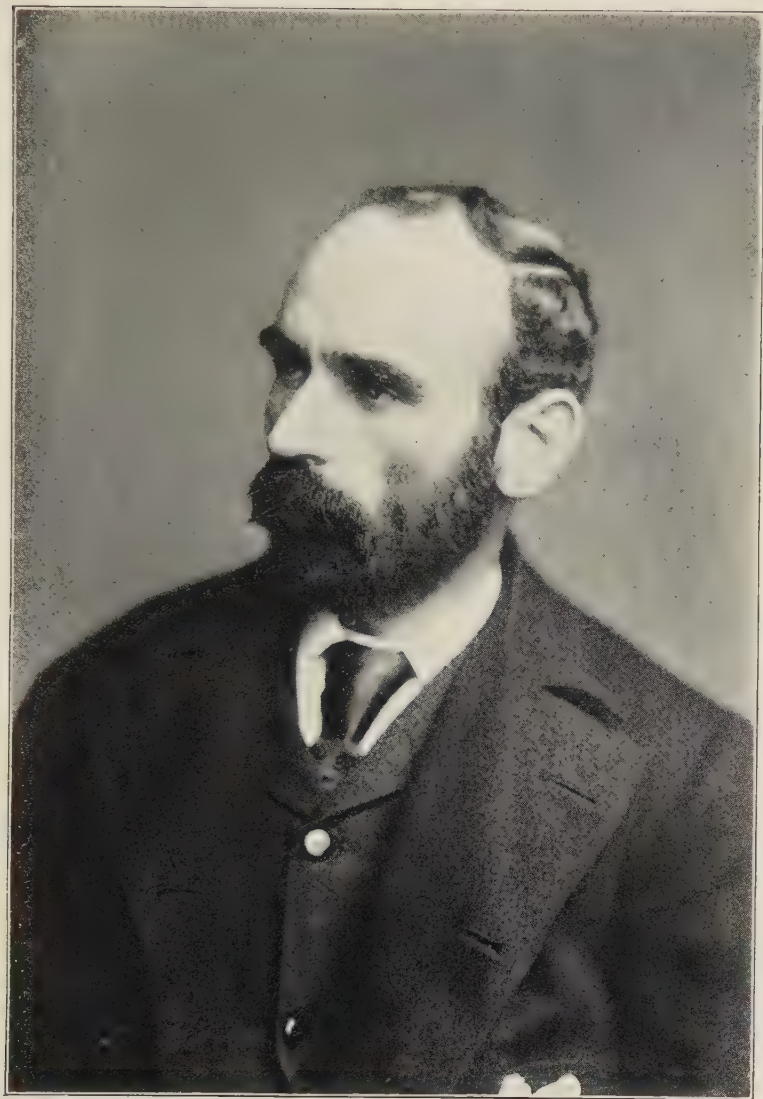
He traveled in the United States, Canada, Australia, Egypt, Palestine, France, Italy, Switzerland, and in South Africa.

His publications are 'Leaves from a Prison Diary,' 1884; 'Defense of the Land League,' 1891; 'Life and Progress in Australia,' 1898; 'The Boer Fight for Freedom,' 1902; 'The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland,' 1904.

HOW THE ANGLO-IRISH PROBLEM COULD BE SOLVED.

From 'Leaves from a Prison Diary.'

The question is frequently asked, "What will satisfy the Irish people?" And the answer is as frequently volun-



MICHAEL DAVITT

teered, "Nothing. Nothing will satisfy them but total separation—and that they won't get." It is an illogical way of answering such a question, but pardonable in an Englishman; and the impatience which it manifests is also strikingly characteristic. Your ordinary Englishman entertains the pretty conceit that English rule is of such a beneficent character that any people who do not tamely submit to it are to be pitied and—dragooned. While in particular, the Irish people, for their obstinacy in refusing to see any virtue in English rule in Ireland, "must be clearly made to understand," and "must be told once for all," that England will maintain her hold upon Ireland at all costs.

All this talk is indulged in really for the sake of concealing the chagrin which England experiences in consequence of the fact, revealed in recent years, that the people of Ireland have discovered how to make it more difficult for England to rule Ireland, than to govern all the rest of her vast empire put together. English statesmen, even now, are devising a middle course between things as they are, and total separation. They are casting about for a scheme which will combine the characteristics of modern statesmanship—a scheme, for example, which will involve as small a concession as possible to the demand of the people concerned, and have a fair chance of passing the House of Lords. Eminent statesmen have more than once challenged Irish public men to say what they want, but the required answer has not been forthcoming. There have been answers, but they have been too reasonable. English statesmen have not been able to offer upon them the comment, "We told you so, the thing demanded is utterly out of the range of practical politics, and, in point of fact, is absolutely out of the question." The answer really required is such a one as English statesmen can meet with a *non possumus*. And for this reason, English statesmen, I repeat, know that a substantial concession will have to be made to the genius of Irish nationality within the next few years. The demand for it is too strong to be resisted; for the Irish race have to be dealt with now.

If at home on Irish soil the people can "make the ruling powers uneasy" to such an extent as I have indicated, in

Westminster their representatives can clog the wheels of legislation and endanger the very existence of government by parliamentary methods; while abroad, in Great Britain, America, Australia, Canada, the exiled Irish have discovered how to operate on the flank, so to speak, by elevating the Irish question into the position of a national or colonial issue. Further, England's guilt towards Ireland is known and commented on all over the world. Further still, the real people of England—the working men of England—have of late been asking for the reasons why Ireland should be perpetually discontented, and the answers they have received, to the credit of their common sense, be it said, do not appear to have satisfied them. Respectable England is very angry; and, to conceal their annoyance at the inevitable, and to pave the way for a concession, English statesmen ask the question of Irish public men—"What do you want?" and require an answer to which they may return an emphatic "impossible." But this is only diplomacy. They only desire us to say how much we want, in order to say in reply how little they will give. They ask us to "formulate our demand," that they, in formulating their concession, may assure their opponents of its comparative innocence. Responsible Irish public men have declined to fall into the trap. And they have acted very wisely. For why should Irish public men show their hand rather than English Prime Ministers?

Apart altogether from considerations of this character, however, there are others of a distinctly Irish nature which the leaders of the National movement in Ireland have to take into account. The varying shades of National sentiment may not be ignored. Let us therefore analyze the degrees of intensity of Irish Nationalist aspirations.

We have first, the Extremists, those who believe that total separation from England is the only thing that would satisfy Irish genius or develop it properly. These include the most self-sacrificing Irishmen. They represent, in their aspirations for Irish liberty, those who have made the most illustrious names in Ireland's history. They include many cultured men, especially among the expatriated portion of the race, but their main strength is in the working classes. Patriotism is purer among the indus-

trial order because less modified by mercenary motives and less liable to corrupting influences. But the Extremists or Separatists are divided among themselves upon the question of method. There are Separatists who advocate physical force, believing moral force, that is, constitutional means, ineffectual and demoralizing. This section includes men who have never tried moral force and who believe solely either in "honorable warfare" or "dynamite." It also includes those who have tried moral force and given it up in despair. Then there are the Separatists who, with the experiences of '48 and '67 before their minds, rely upon constitutional action alone.

Next in importance to the Extremists come the Home Rulers, or Federalists, who may be divided into those who disbelieve in the possibility of Separation and those who do not see its necessity. This section of the National party includes some of the ablest and most earnest men in Ireland. Their methods, I need hardly say, are strictly constitutional.

No Irish leader can afford to ignore either of these two principal phases of Irish National sentiment. Were such a man to commit himself to a definite scheme, at the mere invitation of an English Minister, he would run the risk of alienating that section of his supporters whose views were not represented in his proposals. It is an obvious remark that such a contingency would not be unwelcome to English statesmen. From what I have just said, it will be readily perceived how difficult is the task to which Irish popular leaders are asked to address themselves.

Nevertheless, I shall venture to outline a scheme of local and National self-government which, I believe, would command the support of the majority of the Irish people at home and abroad, and which would probably receive a fair trial at the hands of the Extremists, though its operation would undoubtedly be watched with a jealous eye.

In the first place, there should be established in Ireland a system of county government, by means of Elective Boards, to take the place of the existing unrepresentative and practically irresponsible Grand Jury system. The functions of such Boards should be more comprehensive than those exercised by the Grand Juries. For example, in addition to the duty of administering purely county

business, these Boards should be permitted to initiate measures of general application; such as schemes of arterial drainage, tramways, railways, canals, docks, harbors, and similar enterprises, which would be of more than local importance and character. Such schemes, after being fully discussed by these elective bodies, would be submitted to the National Assembly to be subsequently described. Then the County Boards should control the police within the county, and appoint the magistrates, and be entirely responsible for the preservation of law and order.

Further, should the land problem be justly and satisfactorily solved on the lines of national proprietary, the duty of assessing and collecting the land-tax would naturally devolve upon the County Boards, which, deducting what was necessary for the expenses of county government, would remit the balance to the National Exchequer. In fact the object of such a system should be to constitute each county, as far as practicable, a self-governing community.

Manifestly any system of local self-government for Ireland involves a corresponding one of National self-government as its natural and inevitable complement. To extend the principle of local self-government at all in Ireland, without radically changing the system of Castle rule, would only have the effect of increasing the friction already existing between the people and their rulers. Hence, it is absolutely necessary that legislation for National self-government should go hand in hand with any scheme for the creation of Elective County Boards. I am well aware that the hope is indulged, in some quarters, that the inclusion of Ireland in a general measure of county government, with the sop of an Irish Parliamentary Grand Committee, thrown in, will suffice to choke off the demand for Irish legislative independence; but English statesmen need not delude themselves with the idea that any such Westminster expedient will satisfy the genius of Irish Nationality.

There could be established in Dublin a National Assembly, composed of elected members from the constituencies of Ireland, who should proceed to the administration of all Irish affairs, in the manner which obtains in Colonial parliaments, excepting the substitution of one for two Cham-

bers, here proposed. That is to say, the Representatives of the Crown in Ireland would call upon some member of the National Assembly to form a government, the different members of which should be constituted the heads of the various Boards, which at present are practically irresponsible bureaucracies; but which, under the system here proposed, would become departments of a popular government, and open to the supervision of the people through the National Assembly. Such a government, subject to the control of the governed through their elected representatives, would be the practical solution of the Anglo-Irish difficulty. It would be but the common definition of constitutional rule carried into practice. It would, as already remarked, be the application to misgoverned and unfortunate Ireland of a constitution kindred to that which British statesmanship has long since granted, wisely and well, to a consequently peaceful and contented Canada.

Certainly if a similar act of political justice and sound policy does not solve the Irish difficulty, nothing less will. What possible danger could England run from such an application of constitutional rule to a country much nearer to the center of Imperial power than Canada? But what a beneficent change for Ireland—nay, what a relief to England herself—would be involved in such an act of simple political justice!

DESPAIR AND HOPE IN PRISON.

From 'Leaves from a Prison Diary.'

As it seldom happens that even the worst of criminals is found to be all crime, neither is an association of one thousand of convicts all repulsive moral deformity. Imprisonment, like many other unfortunate occurrences in the life of those who are born under an unlucky star, has what, for want of a more accurate expression, I shall term its bright side also, inasmuch as its life in some very remote respects approaches to that of the less criminal—because unconvicted—outside world.

All the talk of a convict prison is not of murder, theft,

and indecency, nor is misery and unhappiness always present among those who may be supposed to be the exclusive victims of "grim-visaged Despair." Therefore is there that I may call a negative silver lining to even the dark cloud of penal existence. It is a most singular thing that I have met very few individuals in prison who gave evidence, in appearance or talk, of being *truly* miserable, no matter what the length of their sentence, amount of extra punishment, or contrast between their previous and their convict life, may have been.

It is true the deepest sorrow and most acute pains of life are often hid from the mockery of human pity away in the recesses of the sufferer's breast; and that therefore the smiling face and cheerful conversation are not to be relied upon as sure indications of a contented or happy existence. Yet a constant and familiar observation of men of all ages, possessing the strongest of human passions, while being subject to disciplinary restraints that have no parallel in the daily annoyance or troubles of outside life, would be almost certain to detect any tendency towards despair or severe heart-suffering on the part of men who should succumb to their fate or surroundings. It is also certain that numbers of prisoners having comfortable homes in the outer world must often indulge in sad regrets for what has lost them their enjoyment, and allow their minds to dwell on the painful contrast between the, perhaps, happy influence and remembrance of the one, and the cheerless and weary aspect of the other mode of life.

But these feelings are seldom or never exhibited in the general behavior or talk of four-fifths of the inmates of a convict prison; and happy, indeed, is it for all concerned in their custody that it is so; as such a mass of bridled passions, if maddened by ever-present thoughts of family, home, and former pleasures (while mind and body are made conscious every hour in every day of the terrible penalties which crime has purchased), would become as unmanageable and dangerously restless as a thousand caged hyenas.

It is only when these possible feelings overcome the resisting influence of Hope and Patience—the bright and ever-present guardian angels of the imprisoned—nowhere

so needed, and thanks to a beneficent Providence, nowhere so constantly present and powerful, as in a prison—that the heart fails in presence of seemingly unbearable woe, inducing mental aberration and finally insanity in the unfortunate victims. Such cases, are, however, not frequent, while the instances of prisoners buoying up their existence under the weight of *life* sentences with the hope of something being done for them some time, through the agency of some fortunate circumstance or other, are almost as numerous as are such terrible sentences themselves.

The first two years of penal servitude are the hardest to bear, and test mental endurance more than the whole of the remainder of an ordinary sentence. Liberty has only just been parted with. The picture of the outside world is still imprinted upon the memory, and home and friends, with perhaps a dearer object still, are made to haunt the recollection whenever the association of ideas recalls some incidents of happier days. Of these two years the heaviest portion is comprised within the nine or ten months which must be spent in what is termed “probation”—solitary confinement in Millbank or Pentonville; and while “solitary” is not much dreaded by ordinary prisoners at a later stage of penal existence, it is truly a terrible ordeal to undergo at the commencement. In Millbank this is specially so. The prison is but a few hundred yards west of Westminster Palace, from whence comes, every quarter of an hour, the voice of Big Ben, telling the listening inmates of the penitentiary that another fifteen minutes of their sentences have gone by! What horrible punishment has not that clock added to many an unfortunate wretch’s fate, by counting for him the minutes during which stone walls and iron bars *will* a prison make! Then again there are the thousand-and-one noises that penetrate the lonely cells and silent corridors of that cheerless abode. Now it is the strains of a band from St. James’s Park, “bringing back to the memory merry days long gone by;” next it is the whistle of the railway engine, with its suggestiveness of a journey “home;” and so on, during the long weary days and nights, until the terrible idea of suicide is forced across the mind as the only mode of release from the horrible mockery of the noisy, joyful world beyond the boundary walls. . . .

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This all-sustaining prison virtue, Hope, necessarily begets a kindred sort of comforting delusion in prisoners, adapting itself to the seeming requirements of those whose lot is hardest, and hiding the worst features of the objective present behind a picture of a pleasant and happy, if imaginary, future. Prison is the paradise of castle-builders—the fruitful dreamland of fortunes to be made, happiness to be won, and pleasures to be tasted, that shall more than compensate for the trials and privations of the past by the double enjoyment of their intrinsic delights and the contrast which their possession will make to the days when prison walls had frowned upon liberty and prison rations had but little comparison with the food of the gods. Alnaschar himself never conjured up so glorious a picture of gratification that was to come as will the imaginative convict while employed at his daily tasks, or in confiding his plans and prospects of the future to some one who will lend an attentive ear to their narration. Apart from such of the airy structures as are erected upon projected crime, this phase of criminal mental activity often conducts the stream of convict talk from its ordinary track on ugly themes into a more pleasant channel, in which it is easy to learn something of the better side of those whose blacker deeds and criminal ideas I have already endeavored to sketch.

ARTHUR DAWSON.

• (1700?—1775.)

ARTHUR DAWSON was born about 1700, and was graduated B.A. at Dublin University. He was a noted wit and *bon vivant* of the days of Grattan's Parliament. He wrote songs and verses, but does not appear to have published any collection of them. He was a shrewd and witty lawyer of the type of Counselor Pleyden in Scott's 'Guy Mannering.' In 1742 he was appointed Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, and he died in 1775.

There is an amusing story told about the origin of 'Bumpers, Squire Jones.' Carolan and Baron Dawson happened to be enjoying the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honor of their host, undertook to comply with their request; and on retiring to his apartment took his harp with him, and not only produced the melody now known as 'Bumpers, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed the Judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the Judge both loud and deep. The Baron later on, it is said, avowed the source of his inspiration.

Lover in his 'Poems of Ireland' says: "In Bunting's 'General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland' (Clementi, London) it is stated that the song was only imitated from the original Irish of Carolan by Baron Dawson, which I think not improbable. The translation—if translation it be—is evidently a free one, however; the allusion to Salkeld and Ventris is clearly a lawyer's. But, whether original or imitated, the song is full of spirit and the meter ingeniously adapted to a capriciously sportive melody."

BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.

Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where good claret's in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more.

Be sure you don't pass
 The good house, Moneyglass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
 'T will well suit your humor—
 For, pray, what would you more,
 Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear!
 Come hither, I'll show ye
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
 For what mortal 's so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When called to good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,—
 Though all you get by it
 Is a dinner ofttimes,
 In reward for your rhymes,
 With Humphry the Duke,—
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones:
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhyiming surpasses
 When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders,
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne,—
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your notes you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who mysteries profound can demonstrate so clear,
 How worthy to rise!
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year!
 Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
 Says the text so divine,
 " What is life without wine? "
 Then away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust!
 You know black from white,
 You prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be fee'd :—
 Leave musty reports
 And forsake the king's courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones;
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,¹
 And all your damned entries,
 And away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye physical tribe
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe,
 Have at your devotion,
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case;
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister and bleed?
 When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret,—and bumpers, Squire Jones!

Ye fox-hunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the brake

¹ Law commentators of the time.

Where the vermin is found:—
 Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duchess and Trueman,—
No music is found in such dissonant tones!
 Would you ravish your ears
 With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

DANIEL DEENEY.

DANIEL DEENEY is one of the more recent collectors of Irish folk lore. His book 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland' has already gone into two editions, and while it has created some discussion it is generally recognized as a valuable contribution to the stock of folk tales which have been recovered from the people of the Connemara and Donegal Highlands, and were also common to the Gaelic-speaking districts all over Ireland.

A MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

From 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland.'

"Arrah! wheesht wid ye!" cried an old man with whom I was discussing such topics, "wid ye b'lieve this?"

"Would I believe what?" I asked.

"It 's as throe as I 'm living," he rejoined. "I heerd it from the man's own lips—God be merciful te him!—an' the Lord forbid that I should belie him!"

"What was it?" I inquired.

"Did ye know Bryan Duggan that lives there beyant in Ballymichael?" answered the old man, like the proverbial Irishman.

I shook my head.

"Oh, no," he went on, "he died afore ye come here. Well, he was comin' home wan night from Galway. 'T was afther twelve o'clock or maybe drawin' up to wan. He had his horse an' car wid him, an' him walkin' along at the horse's head, smokin' away as content as ye like, an' it a fine moonlight night—glory be to God!—when what shud he see afore him in the middle o' the road but three men carryin' a coffin. Sorra long 't was, sor, till they let down the coffin. Shure, *mo léun*,¹ the hair wis standin' on Bryan's head with fear, but puttin' the sign o' the cross on hisself, he walked on till he came up till where the three men wor standin' beside the coffin.

"'The blissin' o' God on ye,' said Bryan in Irish, 'an' what's wrong with yees at all, at all?'

"'The same till yerself,' spoke up wan o' the three; 'but come an' take a fourth man's place under this, an' akse no more questions.'

¹ *Mo léun*, to my sorrow.

"Well, sor, he wis goin' till akse, 'what 'll I do with me horse an' car?' but he thought o' hisself in time, an' he didn't; for ye see he wis towld till akse no more questions, an' it widn't be right for him t' go agin them. But, sorra call he had, for it's well they knew what wis passin' in his min', an' says another o' them, says he, 'yer horse an' car 'll be here till ye come back.'

"Well, he went with them an' helped them t' carry the coffin, an' sorra a heavier corpse—the Lord be good te us!—he said he iver was undher. They went on till they left it in the graveyard, an' then they towld him he might go back te his horse an' car. 'Oh,' says Bryan, says he, 'I 'll help yees t' dig the grave whin I did come.'

"'Do what yer towld,' says the third o' them that didn't speak afore, 'or maybe it wid be worse for ye.'

"Well, sor, Bryan wis loath till say agin them, so he wint back to his horse an' car, an' shure enough they wor there afore him, on the very spot he left them."

"Did Bryan know the men?" I inquired when the old man had finished.

"Did he know them? Feth, thin, he did, for they wor three first cousins o' his own that died long afore that."

"And who was in the coffin?"

"Bryan's own brother that died in Califoornia that same night, as he heerd afterwards in a letther that come from his uncle in America."

The old man assured me that "Bryan niver towld a lie in his life, an' 's dead now—God be merciful to him!"

"Amèn," said I fervently.

Dear reader do not scoff! You may never be called upon to assist the dead to carry the dead at a mysterious midnight funeral; nevertheless, cast not ridicule upon the story of Bryan Duggan's experience.

A LITTLE WOMAN IN RED.

From 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland.'

It was about six o'clock on a harvest morning—not long ago, but quite recently. The dew was yet upon the oats and upon the grass. "Mickey Owen" was fixing up the

face of the corn ridge with his reaping hook in the little garden below the road, the shore road between Carraroe and Galway.

He "never felt," as he himself assured me, till a little woman with a red petticoat upon her head and around her shoulders stood by his side. "God bliss yer work," said she to him. "You too," replied Mickey, with a start.

"Can ye show me the road to Galway?" said the little woman in red—the outer nether garment she wore, and which reached down to her shoeless feet, was red also.

"There it is above there," said Mickey, pointing to the main road, between which and where they stood there was only one other smaller garden.

"But could I not get to the road this way?" inquired the little woman, waving her hand straight across the garden in a direction parallel to the road.

"Well, ye could," replied Mickey, "but not so aisy. If ye go over through the gardens, ye'll come on a boreen that'll bring ye till the road. But shure ye have nothin' till do but go out on the road here, an' ye'll have only that little wall there between the other garden an' the road to cross."

"I'll go the way I think best meself," says she, and instantly disappeared as if she had melted into air.

Mickey was terribly frightened, for then he knew she was no "earthly body," as he said himself.

Dear reader, once more I caution you not to cast ridicule upon such stories. They are not fictions. They are the real experiences of our Gaelic friends, who hold occasional commune with stray travelers of the mystic world.

STRANGE INDEED!

From 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland.'

One of the most remarkable, and best authenticated, stories I have ever heard was narrated to me quite recently by one who doubted not the truth of it. The narrator told it in whispers. It was too solemn to be dealt with in the ordinary conversational tone, too mysterious to be

lightly or flippantly rehearsed. He did not wish to let it "go any farther. It was better not to say too much about it." I cannot, therefore, give the names of the *dramatis personæ*, if I may without levity so designate them. Nor is it necessary. The facts lose nothing by the omission.

Two young men in a western country took a boat, and rowed to a fair one spring morning not very long ago. They took "a little drop too much at the fair" themselves, and they took a little drop with them in a bottle—for themselves, too, no doubt. They set sail before a fair wind on their return late in the evening. They had something over twelve miles to go.

In their little village at home they had left a friend and comrade. This young man had gone to the bog for turf on the fair evening, just about half an hour after his two friends left the fair.

He filled his creel, got it on his back, and started for home. Chancing to look round, he saw, seated on a little heathery mound, the two young men who, as I have stated, had left the fair twelve miles distant only half an hour before. They had a bottle, and were apparently enjoying themselves. They beckoned to him to go to them. He sat down on the heath to get the creel more easily off his back, and then—they were nowhere to be seen!

He had seen them plainly, he had not expected them back so early, and he could not have been deceived. Believing they were trying to "trick him," he looked all round about in the long heather behind the little "clamps" of turf, everywhere—but they were not to be seen anywhere! Greatly astonished, and frightened, too, he hastened home and told what he had seen. He and a few of the neighbors went to the beach to ascertain if the boat had returned. It was not there. No, indeed! It was found next morning broken in fragments in a little cave ten miles further away! Nine days afterwards the bodies of the two unfortunate young men who had been its occupants were washed ashore. A strange, strange story, but one which I have not concocted. "I tell my tales as they were told to me,"

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

(1615—1669.)

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin in 1615. He was educated in England, and after taking his degree at Oxford he went to London to study law. But cards and dice had more attraction for him than learning or law, and he was constantly relapsing into the vice of gambling, until, in 1638, when his father died, he lost all the money—several thousand pounds—that had been left him.

Sir John Denham should have a special interest for our readers because he was the first Irish poet of repute who wrote in English. His tragedy called 'The Sophy' appeared in 1641. Speaking of the poet in connection with this piece, Waller said that "he broke out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or in the least suspected it." After this he retired to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published 'Cooper's Hill,' a poem of some three hundred lines, on which his fame chiefly rests.

During all this time he continued to take a prominent part in public affairs, acting for the King in several capacities. At the Restoration he was appointed to the office of Surveyor-General of the King's buildings, and at the coronation received the Order of the Bath.

Soon after this, when in the height of his reputation for poetry and genius, he married for the second time; but the union was so unhappy that for a time he became a lunatic. Fortunately he was very soon restored to his full health and vigor of mind. He died at his office in Whitehall, March 19, 1669, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. Johnson says that "Denham is justly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. . . . He is one of the writers that improved our taste and advanced our language." Prior places Denham and Waller side by side as improvers of English versification, which was perfected by Dryden. Pope in his 'Essay on Criticism' speaks of

"the easy vigor of a line

Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join ;"

and in his 'Windsor Forest' he calls Denham "lofty" and "majestic," and, talking of 'Cooper's Hill,' he prophesies—

"On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,

While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow."

A modern critic, however, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, says : "The works of Denham are small in extent. The miscellaneous pieces and 'Cooper's Hill' are all that need attract critical attention. The reputation of the last-mentioned poem rests almost entirely upon its famous quatrain describing the river Thames :—

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme !

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

VIEW OF LONDON.

From 'Cooper's Hill.'

Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye,—
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crowned with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 't is a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain or descending cloud,—
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword or time or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, while thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise.
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is to him who rightly things esteems
No other in effect but what it seems,
Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
O happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

(1788--1846.)

SIR AUBREY DE VERE was the eldest son of Sir Vere Hunt, who afterward took the name of De Vere. He was born at Curragh Chase in County Limerick, Aug. 28, 1788, received his education at Harrow, where he had for schoolfellows Byron and Sir Robert Peel, and when very young he married Mary, a sister of Lord Montague. He wrote little till he had reached the age of thirty. His first work was a dramatic poem entitled 'Julian the Apostate,' which appeared in 1822. He next published 'The Duke of Mercia,' an historical drama in verse; 'A Lamentation for Ireland,' and other poems; followed in 1842 by 'A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises and Sonnets,' which he dedicated to Wordsworth. We are told by his son that the "sonnet was with him to the last a favorite form of composition. This taste was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of Wordsworth, whose genius he had early hailed, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honors of his later life." His last work was 'Mary Tudor,' published after his death in 1847, and written during the last year of his life in intervals of severe illness. Sir Aubrey died as he had lived, peacefully in the arms of his family at Curragh Chase, July 28, 1846.

"His 'Mary Tudor,'" says Mr. W. MacNeile Dixon in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "is worthy of comparison with the Histories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the delineation of Queen Mary we possess a portrait the most arresting that the modern drama has to offer—a portrait at once human and royal, at once tragic and convincing." Love for his native land breathes through every line of his 'Lamentation for Ireland,' and his sonnets, such as 'The Shannon,' 'Lismore,' 'The Soldiers of Sarsfield,' and many others, are redolent of the same feeling. Wordsworth regarded his sonnets as among the most perfect of our age.

LADY JANE GREY.

From 'Mary Tudor.'

[A few moments before her execution, she takes her last farewell of her weeping mother.]

This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy?
What shall I give thee?—they have left me little—
What slight memorial through soft tears to gaze on?
I cannot part with it; upon this finger
It must go down into the grave. Perchance
After long years some curious hand may find it,
Bright, like our better hopes, amid the dust,
And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.

Here, take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
 And take this winding-sheet to him, and this
 Small handkerchief, so wetted with my tears,
 To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This kiss—
 And this—my last—print on his lips, and bid him
 Think of me to the last, and wait my spirit.
 Farewell, my mother! Farewell, dear, dear mother!
 These terrible moments I must pass in prayer—
 For the dying—for the dead! Farewell! farewell!

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Some laws there are too sacred for the hand
 Of man to approach: recorded in the blood
 Of patriots, before which, as the Rood
 Of faith, devotional we take our stand;
 Time-hallowed laws! Magnificently planned
 When Freedom was the nurse of public good,
 And Power paternal: laws that have withstood
 All storms, unshaken bulwarks of the land!
 Free will, frank speech, an undissembling mind,
 Without which Freedom dies and laws are vain,
 On such we found our rights, to such we cling;
 In them shall power his surest safeguard find.
 Tread them not down in passion or disdain;
 Make a man a reptile, he will turn and sting.

THE SHANNON.

River of billows, to whose mighty heart
 The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic Sea;
 River of quiet depths, by cultured lea,
 Romantic wood or city's crowded mart;
 River of old poetic founts, which start
 From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and free,
 Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the woodlark's glee,
 And cushat's hymeneal song apart;
 River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,
 Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
 Portumna's towers, Bunratty's royal walls,
 Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's gray keep—
 River of dark mementoes! must I close
 My lips with Limerick's wrong, with Aughrim's woes?

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

(1814—1902.)

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE, the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, was born in 1814 at the paternal mansion, Curragh Chase, County Limerick, and he was educated at Trinity College. He composed both in prose and in verse, and the list of his works is a long one. In 1842 appeared 'The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora,' a lyrical tale; in 1843, 'The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece, and other Poems'; in 1856, 'Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred'; in 1857, 'May Carols'; in 1861, 'The Sisters, Inisfail, and other Poems'; in 1864, 'The Infant Bridal, and other Poems'; in 1869, 'Irish Odes, and other Poems'; in 1872, 'The Legends of St. Patrick'; in 1874, 'Alexander the Great,' a dramatic poem; and in 1879, 'Legends of the Saxon Saints.' Besides the above-mentioned drama he has written 'St. Thomas of Canterbury,' 'The Foray of Queen Mæve' (1882); 'Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire' (1887); 'St. Peter's Chains' (1888); 'Mediæval Records and Sonnets.'

His prose works are 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds' (1848); 'Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey' (1850); 'The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda' (1866); 'Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It' (1867); 'Pleas for Secularization' (1867); 'Essays, chiefly on Poetry' (1887); 'Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical' (1889); and 'Recollections' (1897). A volume of correspondence entitled 'Proteus and Amadeus,' in which the chief religious and philosophical questions in controversy at the time were reviewed, published in 1878, was edited by Mr. De Vere.

His 'Inisfail' is the one of his volumes of poetry which perhaps possesses the greatest interest for Irish readers. The idea is very original; it is to convey in a series of poems a picture of the chief events in certain great cycles of Irish history. "Its aim," wrote the poet himself, "is to embody the *essence* of a nation's history. Contemporary historic poems," he went on, "touch us with a magical hand; but they often pass by the most important events, and linger beside the most trivial." Accordingly he illustrated each epoch by some representative poem and event. At one time he celebrates a great victory in the joyous swing of the ballad; at another an elegy depicts the darkness of a nation's defeat. A great religious epoch is celebrated in stately rhyme; and at another moment the poet has resort to a lighter measure when individual love plays an important part in fashioning the history of the future. In this way the history of Ireland is presented in a series of tableaux.

The volume published under the title of 'The Infant Bridal' also contains many exquisite gems from his various works. His prose style combines the two qualities of simplicity and cultured grace. Aubrey de Vere, who has been well called "the wearer of Words-

worth's mantle," died at Curragh Chase, Adare, County Limerick, to the great loss of poetry, in January, 1902.

"Simplicity," says Mr. W. MacNeile Dixon in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "with full-heartedness—whether in joy or grief—a childlike transparency of soul, a courageous spirituality, these Celtic qualities Mr. De Vere's poetry preserves for us; and because it preserves them his memory and his work are safe. He will be enrolled as a worthy successor to the bards of long ago, from Oiseen or

"That Taliessin once who made the rivers dance,
And in his rapture raised the mountains from their trance."

HOW TO GOVERN IRELAND.

From 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds.'

I do not affirm, or imply, that England possesses less of moral truth than other nations which make it less their boast. I state simply that it does not bear that proportion which it ought to her verbal truth, and therefore that she has nothing to boast of in this particular. Does a truthful nation, when called on to act, allow the gates of new and serviceable knowledge to be blocked up by a litter of wilful and *sottish* prejudices? Is it a truthful act to judge where you have no materials, and to condemn where you pause not to judge? You often depict with minuteness and consistency the character of an Irish peasant or proprietor. As long as a class of men seems to you stamped with one common image, conclude that you see it but from a distance, and as a mask. On closer inspection you would trace the diversities of individuality. You know no more of the Irish peasant or proprietor than the former knows of you, and you as little care to know them.

I do not call the Irish the finest peasantry in the world, although, if their characters were equal to their dispositions, they might, perhaps, justly be so termed; but I have no reason to believe that they are inferior, in aught but happiness and a sphere for goodness, to the same class in England. The Irish peasant, sir, is rich in virtues, which you know not of because you know only the worst class of Irish, and only hear of the rest when they are found wanting under the severest temptations. Amongst his virtues are many which, perhaps, no familiarity would enable you to recognize. I speak of the Irish peasant as a man and as a Christian, not as a citizen merely. There is a differ-

ence between public and individual virtues: to the latter class belong many which, by their own nature, remain exempt from applause or material reward; and among the former there are commonly accounted several vices. Self-confidence, ruthlessness, and greediness—these are not virtues; but notwithstanding, when associated with a manliness as willing to suffer as to inflict pain, and an industry if not disinterested yet dutiful, these defects may help to swell the prosperity of a nation, as long as she swims with the tide. Many of the crowning virtues of personal character may be possessed where several fundamental virtues of civil society are wanting.

The Irish peasant has a patience under real sufferings quite as signal as his impatience under imaginary grievances; and in spite of a complexional conceit not uncommon, he has a moral humility that does not help him to make his way. He possesses a reverence that will not be repulsed; a gratitude that sometimes excites our remorse; a refinement of sensibility, and even of tact, which reminds you that many who toil for bread are the descendants of those who once sat in high places; aspirations that fly above the mark of national greatness; a faith and charity not common in the modern world; an acknowledged exemption from sensual habits, both those that pass by that name, and those that invent fine names for themselves; and an extraordinary fidelity to the ties of household and kindred, the more remarkable from being united with a versatile intellect, a temperament mercurial as well as ardent, and an ever salient imagination. These virtues are not inconsistent with grave faults, but they are virtues of the first order. I will only add, that if England has wit enough to make these virtues her friends, she will have conciliated the affections of a people the least self-loving in the world, and the services of a people amongst whom, in the midst of much light folly, there is enough of indolent ability to direct the whole councils of England, and of three or four kingdoms beside—provided only that Ireland be not of the number.

I have already recommended you to study the Irish if you would learn how to govern Ireland; and though I cannot undertake to be your master, yet I would seriously advise you not to allow yourself to dwell only on the worst

side of the national character. If you laugh at an Irish peasant's helplessness, remember that he is as willing to help a neighbor as to ask aid; and that he has a remarkable faculty for doing all business not his own. If you think him deficient in steadiness under average circumstances, remember that he possesses extraordinary resource and powers of adaption. If you think him easily deluded, remember that the same quick and fine temperament which makes him catch every infection or humor in the air renders him equally accessible to all good influences; of which the recent temperance movement is the most remarkable example exhibited by any modern nation.

You accuse the Irish peasant of want of gravity: one reason of this characteristic is, that with him imagination and fancy are faculties not working by themselves, but diffused through the whole being; and remember that, if they favor enthusiasm, so on the other hand they protect from fanaticism. If you speak of his occasional depression and weakness, you should know that Irish strength does not consist in robustness, but in elasticity. If you complain of his want of ambition, remember that this often proceeds from the genuine independence of a mind and temperament which possesses too many resources in themselves to be dependent on outward position; and do not forget that much of the boasted progress of England results from no more exalted a cause than from an uncomfortable habit of body, not easy when at rest. If you think him deficient in a sound judgment, ask whether his mental faculties may not be eminently of a subtle and metaphysical character, and whether such are not generally disconnected from a perfect practical judgment.

You are amused because he commits blunders: ask whether he may not possibly think wrong twice as often as the English peasant, and yet think right five times as often, since he thinks ten times as much, and has a reason for everything that he does. You call him idle: ask whether he does not possess a facility and readiness not usually united with painstaking qualities; and remember that, when fairly tried, he by no means wants industry, though he is deficient in energy. You think him addicted to fancy rather than realities:—poverty is a great feeder of enthusiasm. You object to his levity:—competence is

a sustainer of respectability; and many a man is steadied by the weight of the cash in his pocket. You call him wrong-headed: ask whether the state of things around him, the bequest of past misgovernment, is not so wrong as to puzzle even the solid sense of many an English statesman, not inexperienced in affairs; and whether the good intentions and the actions of those who would benefit the Irish peasant are not sometimes, even now, so strangely at cross purposes as to make the quiet acceptance of the boon no easy task. You think him slow to follow your sensible precepts: remember that the Irish are imitative, and that the imitative have no great predilection for the didactic vein: and do not forget that for a considerable time your example was less edifying than your present precepts. You affirm that no one requires discipline so much; remember that none repays it so well; and that, as to the converse need, there is no one who requires so little aid to second his intellectual development. The respect of his neighbor, you say, is what he hardly seeks: remember how often he wins his love, and even admiration, without seeking it. You think that he hangs loosely by his opinions: ask whether he is not devoted to his attachments. He seems to you inconsistent in action: reflect whether extreme versatility of mind and consistency of conduct are qualities often united in one man. You complain of the disposition of the Irish to collect in mobs: ask whether, if you can once gain the ear of an Irish mob, it is not far more accessible to reason than an English one.

I have addressed myself to Irish mobs under various circumstances in the last two years, and encountered none that was not amenable. Ask also whether in most countries the lower orders have not enough to do, as well as enough to eat in the day, and consequently a disposition to sleep at night. If half your English population had only to walk about and form opinions, how do you think you would get on? You say that the Irish have no love of fair play, and that three men of one faction will fall on one man of another: ask those who reflect as well as observe, whether this proceeds wholly from want of fair play or from other causes beside. Ask whether in Ireland the common sentiment of race, kindred, or clan, does not prevail with an intensity not elsewhere united with a perfect appreciation

of responsibilities and immunities; and whether an Irish beggar will not give you as hearty a blessing in return for a halfpenny bestowed on another of his order as on himself. Sympathy includes a servile element, and servile sympathy will always lead to injustice;—thus I have heard a hundred members of Parliament (and of party) drown in one cry, like that of a well-managed pack, the voice of some member whom they disapproved, and whom probably they considered less as a man than as a limb of a hated enemy. Sympathy, however, often ministers to justice also, as you find on asking an Irish gentleman whether he has not often been astonished at that refinement of fair play with which an Irish peasant makes allowances for the difficulties of some great neighbor, whose aid is his only hope.

THE SUN GOD.

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
 High in his luminous car, himself more bright—
 An Archer of immeasurable might;
 On his left shoulder hung his quivered load,
 Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountain glowed,
 Forward his eager eye and brow of light
 He bent; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
 Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.
 No wings profaned that godlike form; around
 His neck high held an ever-moving crowd
 Of locks hung glistening; while such perfect sound
 Fell from his bowstring that th' ethereal dome
 Thrilled as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
 Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.

The Little Black Rose¹ shall be red at last;
 What made it black but the March wind dry,
 And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
 It shall redden the hills when June is nigh!

¹ Mystical names of Ireland frequently occur in Gaelic poetry.

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last;
 What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
 In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
 With her mild gold horn and her slow dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last!
 The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die!
 This song is secret. Mine ear it passed
 In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE.

A. D. 1642.

Up the sea-saddened valley, at evening's decline,
 A heifer walks lowing—"the Silk of the Kine;"
 From the deep to the mountains she roams, and again
 From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed main.

What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
 He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
 'T was a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
 Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him, not
 knowing
 Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad lowing!
 Thy gold horn is theirs, thy dark eye and thy silk,
 And that which torments thee, thy milk, is their milk!

'T was no dream, Mother Land! 'T was no dream, Innisfail!
 Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
 From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore
 Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—O'More!

SONG.

I.

When I was young, I said to Sorrow:
 "Come and I will play with thee."
 He is near me now all day,
 And at night returns to say:
 "I will come again to-morrow—
 I will come and stay with thee."

II.

Through the woods we walk together;
 His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;
 To shield an unregarded head
 He hath built a winter shed;
 And all night in rainy weather
 I hear his gentle breathings by me,

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
 Then lay before him all thou hast: allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be—
 Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
 Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS.

I go to knit two clans together,
 Our clan and this clan unseen of yore.
 Our clan fears naught; but I go, oh, whither?
 This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou, redbreast, singest the old song over,
 Though many a time hast thou sung it before;
 They never sent thee to some strange new lover
 To sing a new song by my mother's door.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder—
 The ladder that never so shook before;
 I was sad last night, to-day I am sadder,
 Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble,
 The gold bars shine on the forest's floor;
 Shake not, thou leaf; it is I must tremble,
 Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me,
 I trailed a rosebud our gray bawn o'er;
 The creed and the letters our old bard taught me;
 My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat, that with raised feet hughest
 The oak stock, thy horns in the ivy frore;
 Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou tuggest!—
 I never would move from my mother's door.

Oh, weep no longer, my nurse and mother;
 My foster-sister, weep not so sore;
 You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—
 Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew MacOwing,
 As he caught me and far through the thickets bore,
 My heifer Alb in the green vale lowing,
 My cygnet's nest upon Loma's shore.

He has killed ten Chiefs, this Chief that plights me,
 His hand is like that of the giant Balor;
 But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,
 And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry;
 They should sing old songs: they should dance at my door.
 They should grind at the quern, no need to marry!
 Oh, when shall this marriage day be o'er?

Had I buried, like Moirín, three fates already,
 I might say, Three husbands, then why not four?
 But my hand is cold, and my foot unsteady,
 Because I never was married before!

FLOWERS I WOULD BRING.

Flowers I would bring if flowers could make thee fairer,
 And music, if the Muse were dear to thee;
 (For loving these would make thee love the bearer)
 But the sweetest songs forget their melody,

And loveliest flowers would but conceal the wearer:—
 A rose I marked, and might have plucked; but she
 Blushed as she bent; imploring me to spare her,
 Nor spoil her beauty by such rivalry.
 Alas! and with what gifts shall I pursue thee,
 What offerings bring, what treasures lay before thee;
 When earth with all her floral train doth woo thee,
 And all old poets and old songs adore thee;
 And love to thee is naught; from passionate mood
 Secured by joy's complacent plenitude!

SONG.

Seek not the tree of silkiest bark
 And balmiest bud,
 To carve her name while yet 't is dark
 Upon the wood!
 The world is full of noble tasks
 And wreaths hard won:
 Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
 Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veined skin,
 That cheek's pale roses,
 The lily of that form wherein
 Her soul reposes!
 Forth to the fight, true man! true knight!
 The clash of arms
 Shall more prevail than whispered tale,
 To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
 Fights in Love's name;
 The love that lures thee from that fight
 Lures thee to shame:
 That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
 The spirit free,—
 That love, or none, is fit for one
 Man-shaped like thee.

THE LONG DYING.

The dying tree no pang sustains;
But, by degrees relinquishing
Companionship of beams and rains,
Forgets the balmy breath of spring.

From off th' enringèd trunk that keeps
His annual count of ages gone,
Th' embrace of summer slowly slips;—
Still stands the giant in the sun.

His myriad lips, that sucked of old
The dewy breasts of heaven, are dry;
His roots remit the crag and mould;
Yet painless is his latest sigh.

He falls; the forests round him roar;—
Ere long on quiet bank and copse
Untrembling moonbeams rest; once more
The startled babe his head down drops.

But ah for one who never drew
From age to age a painless breath!
And ah the old wrong ever new!
And ah the many-centuried death!

MICHAEL DOHENY.

(1805—1863.)

MICHAEL DOHENY was born at Brookhill, County Tipperary, in 1805. With very little schooling he went to London and studied law, supporting himself as a Parliamentary reporter. He afterward settled in Cashel as a barrister and became prominent as a local and national politician. He became connected with the Young Ireland party in the forties and was a frequent contributor to *The Nation* over the signature of "Eiranach."

After the failure of the insurrection of 1848 a reward of £300 (\$1,500) was on his head for some time. He at last succeeded in evading the police and escaped to New York in 1849, where he became a lawyer and joined John Mahoney in founding Fenianism. He afterward fought in the Civil War. He is best known by a small prose work, 'The Felon's Track,' published after his death, and a few beautiful poems. He died April 1, 1863.

A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE.¹

The long, long wished-for hour has come,
Yet come, *astor*, in vain;
And left thee but the wailing hum
Of sorrow and of pain;
My light of life, my only love!
Thy portion, sure, must be
Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

I've given for thee my early prime,
And manhood's teeming years;
I've blessed thee in my merriest time,
And shed with thee my tears;
And, mother, though thou cast away
The child who'd die for thee,
My fondest wishes still should pray
For cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

For thee I've tracked the mountain's sides,
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
On Lua's fairy lake.

¹ *A cushla gal mo chree*, bright vein of my heart.



A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE
(Bright Vein of my heart)

The rich have spurned me from their door,
Because I'd make thee free;
Yet still I love thee more and more,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

I've run the outlaw's wild career,
And borne his load of ill;
His rocky couch—his dreamy fear—
With fixed, sustaining will;
And should his last dark chance befall,
Even that shall welcome be;
In death I'd love thee best of all,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

'T was told of thee the world around,
'T was hoped for thee by all,
That with one gallant sunward bound
Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall;
Thy faith was tied, alas! and those
Who periled all for thee
Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

What fate is thine, unhappy Isle,
When even the trusted few
Would pay thee back with hate and guile,
When most they should be true!
'T was not my strength or spirit quailed,
Or those who'd die for thee—
Who loved thee truly have not failed,
A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

EDWARD DOWDEN.

(1843 —)

EDWARD DOWDEN was born in Cork, May 3, 1843, where he received his early education. He entered Trinity College in 1859. In 1867 he became professor of English literature. The scholarship of his literary work has won him many honors. In 1888 he was chosen President of the English Goethe Society, to succeed Professor Müller. The following year he was appointed first Taylorian lecturer in the Taylor Institute, Oxford. The Royal Irish Academy has bestowed the Cunningham gold medal upon him, and he has also received the honorary degree LL.D. of the Universities of Edinburgh and Princeton.

Professor Dowden has been a frequent contributor of critical essays to all the high-class magazines—the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Westminster*, *Fraser's*, and *Cornhill*. His first book was published in 1875—'Shakespeare, his Mind and Art, a Critical Study.' This is a very remarkable contribution to the literature on the great English dramatist, and has already taken rank among the standard works on the subject. It is now in its fourth edition, and has been translated into German and Russian. A volume of 'Poems' appeared in 1876, and has passed into a second edition. Of his poetry, Mr. W. MacNeile Dixon says in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry': "He recalls to us Marvell's fine simplicity, his unfailing sense for the beautiful, his pervading spirituality, his touch of resolute aloofness from the haste and fever of life, his glad and serious temper, his unaffected charm of phrase and movement."

'Studies in Literature' (1875) contained a number of suggestive criticisms on the chief literary masters of our time—the most remarkable perhaps being that on George Eliot. Mr. Dowden has, besides, contributed a Shakespeare Primer to the 'Literature Primers' edited by the well-known historian, Mr. J. R. Green, and he was chosen to contribute 'Southey' to the series of 'English Men of Letters,' under the guidance of Mr. John Morley. In addition to the books above mentioned he has written 'The Life of Shelley,' 'Transcripts and Studies,' 'New Studies in Literature,' 'The French Revolution and English Literature,' 'A History of French Literature.' He has edited Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' Southey's 'Correspondence with Caroline Bowles,' 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' 'The Correspondence of Henry Taylor,' and a collection of lyrical ballads.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.

From 'Transcripts and Studies.'

The happiest moment in a critic's hours of study is when, seemingly by some divination, but really as the re-

sult of patient observation and thought, he lights upon the central motive of a great work. Then, of a sudden, order begins to form itself from the crowd and chaos of his impressions and ideas. There is a moving hither and thither, a grouping or co-ordinating of all his recent experiences, which goes on of its own accord; and every instant his vision becomes clearer, and new meanings disclose themselves in what had been lifeless and unilluminated. It seems as if he could even stand by the artist's side and co-operate with him in the process of creating. With such a sense of joy upon him, the critic will think it no hard task to follow the artist to the sources from whence he drew his material,—it may be some dull chapter in an ancient chronicle, or some gross tale of passion by an Italian novelist,—and he will stand by and watch with exquisite pleasure the artist handling that crude material, and refashioning and refining it, and breathing into it the breath of a higher life. Even the minutest difference of text between an author's earlier and later draft, or a first and second edition, has now become a point not for dull commentatorship, but a point of life, at which he may touch with his finger the pulse of the creator in his fervor of creation.

From each single work of a great author we advance to his total work, and thence to the man himself,—to the heart and brain from which all this manifold world of wisdom and wit and passion and beauty has proceeded. Here again, before we address ourselves to the interpretation of the author's mind, we patiently submit ourselves to a vast series of impressions. And in accordance with Bacon's maxim that a prudent interrogation is the half of knowledge, it is right to provide ourselves with a number of well-considered questions which we may address to our author. Let us cross-examine him as students of mental and moral science, and find replies in his written words. Are his senses vigorous and fine? Does he see color as well as form? Does he delight in all that appeals to the sense of hearing—the voices of nature, and the melody and harmonies of the art of man?

Thus Wordsworth, exquisitely organized for enjoying and interpreting all natural and, if we may so say, homeless and primitive sounds, had but little feeling for the delights

of music. Can he enrich his poetry by gifts from the sense of smell, as did Keats; or is his nose like Wordsworth's, an idle promontory projecting into a desert air? Has he like Browning a vigorous pleasure in all strenuous muscular movements; or does he like Shelley live rapturously in the finest nervous thrills? How does he experience and interpret the feeling of sex, and in what parts of his entire nature does that feeling find its elevating connections and associations? What are his special intellectual powers? Is his intellect combative or contemplative? What are the laws which chiefly preside over the associations of his ideas? What are the emotions which he feels most strongly? and how do his emotions coalesce with one another? Wonder, terror, awe, love, grief, hope, despondency, the benevolent affections, admiration, the religious sentiment, the moral sentiment, the emotion of power, irascible emotion, ideal emotion—how do these make themselves felt in and through his writings? What is his feeling for the beautiful, the sublime, the ludicrous? Is he of weak or vigorous will? In the conflict of motives, which class of motives with him is likely to predominate? Is he framed to believe or framed to doubt? Is he prudent, just, temperate, or the reverse of these? These and such-like questions are not to be crudely and formally proposed, but are to be used with tact; nor should the critic press for hard and definite answers, but know how skillfully to glean its meaning from an evasion. He is a dull cross-examiner who will invariably follow the scheme which he has thought out and prepared beforehand, and who cannot vary his questions to surprise or beguile the truth from an unwilling witness. But the tact which comes from natural gift and from experience may be well supported by something of method,—method well hidden away from the surface and from sight.

This may be termed the psychological method of study. But we may also follow a more objective method. Taking the chief themes with which literature and art are conversant—God, external nature, humanity—we may inquire how our author has dealt with each of these. What is his theology, or his philosophy of the universe? By which we mean no abstract creed or doctrine, but the tides and currents of feeling and of faith, as well as the tendencies and

conclusions of the intellect. Under what aspect has this goodly frame of things, in whose midst we are, revealed itself to him? How has he regarded and interpreted the life of man?

Under each of these great themes a multitude of subordinate topics are included. And alike in this and in what we have termed the psychological method of study, we shall gain double results if we examine a writer's works in the order of their chronology, and thus become acquainted with the growth and development of his powers, and the widening and deepening of his relations with man, with external nature, and with that Supreme Power, unknown yet well known, of which nature and man are the manifestation. As to the study of an artist's technical qualities, this, by virtue of the fact that he is an artist, is of capital importance; and it may often be associated with the study of that which his technique is employed to express and render—the characteristics of his mind, and of the vision which he has attained of the external universe, of humanity, and of God. Of all our study, the last end and aim should be to ascertain how a great writer or artist has served the life of man; to ascertain this, to bring home to ourselves as large a portion as may be of the gain where-with he has enriched human life, and to render access to that store of wisdom, passion, and power, easier and surer for others.

ENGLAND IN SHAKESPEARE'S YOUTH.

In the closing years of the sixteenth century the life of England ran high. The revival of learning had enriched the national mind with a store of new ideas and images; the reformation of religion had been accomplished, and its fruits were now secure; three conspiracies against the Queen's life had recently been foiled, and her rival, the Queen of Scots, had perished on the scaffold; the huge attempt of Spain against the independence of England had been defeated by the gallantry of English seamen, aided by the winds of heaven. English adventurers were exploring untraveled lands and distant oceans; English citizens were growing in wealth and importance; the far-

mers made the soil give up twice its former yield; the nobility, however fierce their private feuds and rivalries might be, gathered around the Queen as their center.

It was felt that England was a power in the continent of Europe. Men were in a temper to think human life, with its action and its passions, a very important and interesting thing. They did not turn away from this world, and despise it in comparison with a heavenly country, as did many of the finest souls in the Middle Ages; they did not, like the writers of the age of Queen Anne, care only for "the town"; it was man they cared for, and the whole of manhood—its good and evil, its greatness and grotesqueness, its laughter and its tears.

When men cared thus about human life, their imagination craved living pictures and visions of it. They liked to represent to themselves men and women in all passionate and mirthful aspects and circumstances of life. Sculpture which the Greeks so loved would not have satisfied them, for it is too simple and too calm; music would not have been sufficient, for it is too purely an expression of feelings, and says too little about actions and events. The art which suited the temper of their imagination was the drama. In the drama they saw men and women, alive in action, in suffering, changing forever from mood to mood, from attitude to attitude; they saw these men and women solitary, conversing with their own hearts—in pairs and in groups, acting one upon another; in multitudes, swayed hither and thither by their leaders.

THE HUMOR OF SHAKESPEARE.

From 'Shakespeare : a Critical Study of His Mind and Art.'

A study of Shakespeare which fails to take account of Shakespeare's humor must remain essentially incomplete. The character and spiritual history of a man who is endowed with a capacity for humorous appreciation of the world must differ throughout, and in every particular, from that of the man whose moral nature has never rippled over with genial laughter. At whatever final issue

Shakespeare arrived after long spiritual travail as to the attainment of his life, that precise issue, rather than another, was arrived at in part by virtue of the fact of Shakespeare's humor. In the composition of forces which determined the orbit traversed by the mind of the poet, this must be allowed for as a force among others, in importance not the least, and efficient at all times even when little apparent.

A man whose visage "holds one stern intent" from day to day, and whose joy becomes at times almost a supernatural rapture, may descend through circles of hell to the narrowest and the lowest; he may mount from sphere to sphere of Paradise until he stands within the light of the Divine Majesty; but he will hardly succeed in presenting us with an adequate image of life as it is on this earth of ours, in its oceanic amplitude and variety. A few men of genius there have been, who with vision penetrative as lightning have gazed as it were *through* life, at some eternal significances of which life is the symbol. Intent upon its sacred meaning, they have had no eye to note the forms of the grotesque hieroglyph of human existence. Such men are not framed for laughter. To this little group the creator of Falstaff, of Bottom, and of Touchstone does not belong.

Shakespeare, who saw life more widely and wisely than any other of the seers, could laugh. That is a comfortable fact to bear in mind; a fact which serves to rescue us from the domination of intense and narrow natures, who claim authority by virtue of their grasp of one-half of the realities of our existence and their denial of the rest. Shakespeare could laugh. But we must go on to ask, "What did he laugh at? and what was the manner of his laughter?" There are as many modes of laughter as there are facets of the common soul of humanity, to reflect the humorous appearances of the world. Hogarth, in one of his pieces of coarse yet subtle engraving, has presented a group of occupants of the pit of a theater, sketched during the performance of some broad comedy or farce. What proceeds upon the stage is invisible and undiscoverable, save as we catch its reflection on the faces of the spectators, in the same way that we infer a sunset from the evening flame upon windows that front the west.

Each laughing face in Hogarth's print exhibits a different mode or a different stage of the risible paroxysm. There is the habitual enjoyer of the broad comic, abandoned to his mirth, which is open and unashamed; mirth which he is evidently a match for, and able to sustain. By his side is a companion female portrait—a woman with head thrown back to ease the violence of the guffaw; all her loose redundant flesh is tickled into an orgasm of merriment; she is fairly overcome. On the other side sits the spectator who has passed the climax of his laughter; he wipes the tears from his eyes, and is on the way to regain an insecure and temporary composure. Below appears a girl of eighteen or twenty, whose vacancy of intellect is captured and occupied by the innocuous folly still in progress; she gazes on expectantly, assured that a new blossom of the wonder of absurdity is about to display itself. Her father, a man who does not often surrender himself to an indecent convulsion, leans his face upon his hand and with the other steadies himself by grasping one of the iron spikes that inclose the orchestra. In the right corner sits the humorist, whose eyes, around which the wrinkles gather, are half closed, while he already goes over the jest a second time in his imagination. At the opposite side an elderly woman is seen, past the period when animal violences are possible, laughing because she knows there is something to laugh at, though she is too dull-witted to know precisely what. One spectator, as we guess from his introverted air, is laughing to think what somebody else would think of this. Finally, the thin-lipped, perk-nosed person of refinement looks aside, and by his critical indifference condemns the broad, injudicious mirth of the company.

All these laughers of Hogarth are very commonplace, and some are very vulgar persons; one trivial, ludicrous spectacle is the occasion of their mirth. When from such laughter as this we turn to the laughter of men of genius, who gaze at the total play of the world's life; and when we listen to this, as with the ages it goes on gathering and swelling, our sense of hearing is enveloped and almost annihilated by the chorus of mock and jest, of antic and buffoonery, of tender mirth and indignant satire, of monstrous burlesque and sly absurdity, of desperate mis-

anthropic derision and genial affectionate caressing of human imperfection and human folly. We hear from behind the mask the enormous laughter of Aristophanes, ascending peal above peal until it passes into jubilant ecstacy, or from the uproar springs some exquisite lyric strain. We hear laughter of passionate indignation from Juvenal, the indignation of "the ancient and free soul of the dead republics."

And there is Rabelais, with his huge buffoonery, and the earnest eyes intent on freedom, which look out at us in the midst of the zany's tumblings and indecencies. And Cervantes, with his refined Castilian air and deep melancholy mirth, at odds with the enthusiasm which is dearest to his soul. And Molière, with his laughter of unerring good sense, undeluded by fashion or vanity or folly or hypocrisy, and brightly mocking these into modesty. And Milton, with his fierce objurgatory laughter,—Elijah-like insult against the enemies of freedom and of England. And Voltaire, with his quick intellectual scorn and eager malice of the brain. And there is the urbane and amiable play of Addison's invention, not capable of large achievement, but stirring the corners of the mouth with a humane smile,—gracious gayety for the breakfast-tables of England. And Fielding's careless mastery of the whole broad common field of mirth. And Sterne's exquisite curiosity of oddness, his subtile extravagances and humors prepenes. And there is the tragic laughter of Swift, which announces the extinction of reason, and loss beyond recovery of human faith and charity and hope. How in this chorus of laughers, joyous and terrible, is the laughter of Shakespeare distinguishable?

In the first place, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is many-sided. He does not pledge himself as dramatist to any one view of human life. If we open a novel by Charles Dickens, we feel assured beforehand that we are condemned to an exuberance of philanthropy; we know how the writer will insist that we must all be good friends, all be men and brothers, intoxicated with the delight of one another's presence; we expect him to hold out the right hand of fellowship to man, woman, and child; we are prepared for the bacchanalia of benevolence. The lesson we have to learn from this teacher is, that with the

exception of a few inevitable and incredible monsters of cruelty, every man naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam is of his own nature inclined to every amiable virtue. Shakespeare abounds in kindly mirth: he receives an exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind; he can dandle a fool as tenderly as any nurse qualified to take a baby from the birth can deal with her charge. But Shakespeare is not pledged to deep-dyed ultra-amiability. With Jacques, he can rail at the world while remaining curiously aloof from all deep concern about its interests, this way or that. With Timon he can turn upon the world with a rage no less than that of Swift, and discover in man and woman a creature as abominable as the Yahoo. In other words, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius; is dramatic.

Then again, although Shakespeare laughs incomparably, mere laughter wearies him. The only play of Shakespeare's, out of nearly forty, which is farcical,—‘The Comedy of Errors,’—was written in the poet's earliest period of authorship, and was formed upon the suggestion of a preceding piece. It has been observed with truth by Gervinus that the farcical incidents of this play have been connected by Shakespeare with a tragic background, which is probably his own invention. With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakespeare can mingle his mirth; and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit or humorous characterization; but an entirely comic subject somewhat disconcerts the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that ‘The Taming of the Shrew’ was not altogether the work of Shakespeare's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in her virgin *sauvagerie*, there were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.

Unless it be its own excess, however, Shakespeare's laughter seems to fear nothing. It does not, when it has once arrived at its full development, fear enthusiasm, or passion, or tragic intensity; nor do these fear it. The tra-

ditions of the English drama had favored the juxtaposition of the serious and comic: but it was reserved for Shakespeare to make each a part of the other; to interpenetrate tragedy with comedy, and comedy with tragic earnestness.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN.

From 'Transcripts and Studies.'

Of all the daughters of his imagination, which did Shakespeare love the best? Perhaps we shall not err if we say one of the latest born of them all,—our English Imogen. And what most clearly shows us how Shakespeare loved Imogen is this—he has given her faults, and has made them exquisite, so that we love her better for their sake. No one has so quick and keen a sensibility to whatever pains and to whatever gladdens as she. To her a word is a blow; and as she is quick in her sensibility, so she is quick in her perceptions, piercing at once through the Queen's false show of friendship; quick in her contempt for what is unworthy, as for all professions of love from the clown-prince, Cloten; quick in her resentment, as when she discovers the unjust suspicions of Posthumus. Wronged she is indeed by her husband, but in her haste she too grows unjust; yet he is dearer to us for the sake of this injustice, proceeding as it does from the sensitiveness of her love. It is she, to whom a word is a blow, who actually receives a buffet from her husband's hand; but for Imogen it is a blessed stroke, since it is the evidence of his loyalty and zeal on her behalf. In a moment he is forgiven, and her arms are round his neck.

Shakespeare made so many perfect women unhappy that he owes us some *amende*. And he has made that *amende* by letting us see one perfect woman supremely happy. Shall our last glance at Shakespeare's plays show us Florizel at the rustic merry-making, receiving blossoms from the hands of Perdita? or Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess in Prospero's cave, and winning one a king and one a queen, while the happy fathers gaze in from

the entrance of the cave? We can see a more delightful sight than these—Imogen with her arms around the neck of Posthumus, while she puts an edge upon her joy by the playful challenge and mock reproach—

“Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon the rock, and now
Throw me again;

and he responds—

“Hang there like a fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.”

We shall find in all Shakespeare no more blissful creatures than these two.

ABOARD THE “SEA-SWALLOW.”

The gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
Lay on the water, violet-dark;
The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day; the summer dreamed
In heaven and on the whispering sea,
Within our hearts the summer dreamed;
The hours had ceased to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
And shining tresses lightly blown,
Alice and Adela, and sang
A song of Mendelssohn.

Oh! sweet and sad and wildly clear,
Through summer air it sinks and swells,
Wild with a measureless desire
And sad with all farewells.

OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.



MONNA LISA

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear
 Faint—oh! so faint—some air I used to sing;
 It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
 The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
 Over the fields and happy homes of men,
 While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
 Long since—I know not when.

LEONARDO'S "MONNA LISA."¹

Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair
 Of knowing thee be absolute: I wait
 Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
 Hides 'twixt the lips which smile and still forbear?
 Secret perfection! Mystery too fair!
 Tangle the sense no more, lest I should hate
 The delicate tyranny, the inviolate
 Poise of thy folded hands, the fallen hair.
 Nay, nay,—I wrong thee with rough words; still be
 Serene, victorious, inaccessible;
 Still smile but speak not; lightest irony
 Lurk ever 'neath thy eyelids' shadow; still
 O'ertop our knowledge; Sphinx of Italy,
 Allure us and reject us at thy will!

¹ This famous painting, sometimes called *La Gioconda*, was bought by Francis I. for four thousand gold florins, and is now one of the glories of the Louvre. In *Madonna Lisa* the artist seems to have found a sitter whose features possessed in a singular degree the intellectual charm in which he delighted, and in whose smile was realized that inward, haunting, mysterious expression which had been his ideal. It is said that he worked at her portrait during some portion of four successive years, causing music to be played during the sittings, that the rapt expression might not fade from off her countenance.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

(1823—1863.)

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING was born in Listowel, County Kerry, in 1823. He was taken to Canada by his parents when a boy and was partly educated there. He returned to Ireland on the death of his father and became clerk to the treasurer of the Corporation of Limerick.

In 1857 he came to America and engaged in mining, farming, and journalism. He was editor of *The San Francisco Monitor* when he died in 1863. He contributed to *The Nation* over the signature of "The Southern." He was a good linguist and a facile writer. He is best known by his lyric 'The Brigade at Fontenoy.'

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

(May 11, 1745.)

By our camp-fires rose a murmur,
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And, as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
Our footmen to array—
The willing steed has bounded,
Impatient for the fray—
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy—
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
To-day at Fontenoy!"

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose.
Of our homes and perished kindred
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
 'T is a voice from our own land—
 God of battles! God of vengeance!
 Guide to-day the patriot's brand!
 There are stains to wash away,
 There are memories to destroy,
 In the best blood of the Briton
 To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
 In a thousand reeking flanks—
 Down, chivalry of Ireland,
 Down on the British ranks!
 Now shall their serried columns
 Beneath our sabers reel—
 Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse
 Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis
 And the fair land of the vine,
 Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
 We swept upon their line—
 Then ran along the battle-field
 Triumphant our hurrah,
 And we smote them down, still cheering,
 "*Erin, slangthagal go bragh!*"¹

As prized as is the blessing
 From an agèd father's lip—
 As welcome as the haven
 To the tempest-driven ship—
 As dear as to the lover
 The smile of gentle maid—
 Is this day of long-sought vengeance
 To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
 A broken, routed line—
 See, England, what brave laurels
 For your brow to-day we twine.
 Oh, thrice blest the hour that witnessed
 The Briton turn to flee
 From the chivalry of Erin,
 And France's *fleur-de-lis*.

¹ *Erin . . . bragh, Erin, your bright health forever.*

As we lay beside our camp fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren
That had perished in the fray—
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy.



THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY

RICHARD DOWLING.

(1846—1898.)

RICHARD DOWLING was born in Clonmel, June 3, 1846. He was educated in Clonmel, Waterford, and Limerick. He was intended for the legal profession, but drifted into journalism, joining the staff of the *Dublin Nation*. He then edited a comic periodical—*Zozimus*—to which he contributed a number of humorous essays; and afterward he was the chief spirit in another entitled *Ireland's Eye*. In 1874 he went to London and became a contributor to *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. Among other sketches, he published in that journal 'Mr. Andrew O'Rourke's Ramblings.' He started and edited *Yorick*, a comic paper which had a brief existence of six months, but it was not till 1879 that Dowling may be said to have had his first great success. In that year Messrs. Tinsley Brothers published 'The Mystery of Killard.' This work was written in 1875-76, but the author sought then in vain for a publisher. The central idea of the work—the abnormal nature of a deaf-mute, which leads him to hate his own child because the child can hear and speak—is one of the most original in literature, and there is an atmosphere of weirdness about the whole story which deeply impresses the imagination.

Mr. Dowling was the author of many novels, plays, poems, etc., but there is perhaps nothing by which he is better remembered than by the book of essays, 'On Babies and Ladders,' which is full of quaint humor and fancy.

A GUIDE TO IGNORANCE.

From 'Ignorant Essays.'

As a boy I was averse from study; and since I have grown to manhood I have acquired so little substantive information that I could write down in a bold hand on one page of this book every single fact, outside facts of personal experience, of which I am possessed.

I know that the Norman invasion occurred in 1066, and the Great Fire in 1666. I know that gunpowder is composed of saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal, and sausages of minced meat and bread under the name of Tommy. I am aware Milton and Shakespeare were poets, and that needle-grinders are short lived. I know that the primest brands of three-shilling champagnes are made in London. I can give the Latin for seven words, and the French for four.

I can repeat the multiplication table (with the pence) up to six times. I know the mere names of a number of people and things; but, as far as clear and definite information goes, I don't believe I could double the above brief list. I am, I think, therefore, warranted in concluding that few men can have a more close or exhaustive personal acquaintance with ignorance. If you want learning at second hand you must go to the learned: if you want ignorance at first hand you cannot possibly do better than come to me.

In the first place let us consider the "Injury of Knowledge." How much better off the king would be if he had no knowledge! Suppose his mental ken had never been directed to any period before the dawn of his own memory, he would have no disquieting thoughts of the trouble into which Charles I. or Richard II. drifted. He would be filled with no envy of the good old King John, who, from four or five ounces of iron in the form of thumb-screws, and a few hundredweight of rich Jew, filled up the royal pockets as often as they showed any signs of growing empty. And, above all, he would be spared the misery of committing dates to memory. How it must limit the happiness of a constitutional sovereign to know anything about the constitution! Why should he be burdened with the consciousness of rights and prerogatives?

Would he not be much happier if he might smoke his cigar in his garden without the fear of the Speaker or the Lord Chancellor before his eyes? The Commons want their Speaker, the Lords want their Lord Chancellor—let them have them. The king wants neither. Why should he be troubled with any knowledge of either? Although he is a king is he not a man and a brother also? Why should he be worried out of his life with reasons for all he does? The king feels he can do no wrong. That ought to be enough for him. Most men believe the same thing of themselves, but few others share the faith. The king can do no wrong, then in mercy's name let the man alone. Suppose it is a part of my duty to look out of the oriel window at dawn, noon, and sunset, why should I be bored with cause, reason, and precedent for this? Let me look out of window if it is my duty to do so; but, before and after looking out of the window, let me enjoy my life.

Take the statesman. How knowledge must hamper him! He is absolutely precluded from acting with decision by the consciousness of the difficulties which lay in the path of his predecessors. He has to make up his subject, to get facts and figures from his subordinates and others. He has to arrange the party maneuvers before he launches his scheme, by which time all the energy is gone out of him, and he has not half as much faith in his bill as if he had never looked at the *pros* and *cons*. "Never mind maneuvering, but go at them," said Nelson. The moment you begin to maneuver you confess your doubtfulness of success, unless you can take your adversary at a disadvantage; but if you fly headlong at his throat, you terrify him by the display of your confidence and valor.

The words of Nelson apply still more closely to the general. His knowledge that fifty years ago the British army was worsted on this field, unnerves, paralyzes him. If he did not know that shells are explosive and bullets deadly, he would make his dispositions with twice the confidence, and his temerity would fill the foe with panic. His simple duty is to defeat the enemy, and knowing anything beyond this only tends to distract his mind and weaken his arm. In the middle of one of his Indian battles, and when he thought the conflict had been decided in favor of British arms, a messenger rode hastily up to the general in command, who was wiping his reeking forehead on his coat-sleeve; "A large fresh force of the enemy has appeared in such a place; what is to be done?" Gough rubbed his forehead with the other sleeve, and shouted out, "Beat 'em!" Obviously no better command could have been given. What the English nation wanted the English army to do with the enemy was to "beat 'em." In the pictures of the Victoria Cross there is one of a young dandy officer with an eyeglass in his eye and a sword in his hand, among the thick of the foe. He knows he is in that place to kill some one. He is quite ignorant of the fact that the enemy is there to kill him, and he is taking his time and looking through his eyeglass to try to find some enticing man through whom to run his sword. One of Wellington's most fervent prayers was, "Oh, spare me my dandy officers!" Now dandies are never very full of knowledge, and yet the greatest Duke thought more of them than of your

learning-begrimed sappers or your science-bespattered gunners.

If an advocate at the bar knew one quarter of the law of the land, he could never get on. In the first place, he would know more than the judges, and this would prejudice the bench against him. With regard to a barrister, the best position for him to assume, if he is addressing a jury, is, "Gentlemen, the indisputable facts of the case, as stated to you by the witnesses, are so-and-so. In presence of so distinguished a lawyer as occupies the bench in this court, I do not feel myself qualified to tell you what the law is; that will be the easy duty of his lordship." Even in Chancery cases, the barrister would best insure success by merely citing the precedent cases, in an offhand way, "Does not your lordship think the case of *Burke v. Hare* meets the exact conditions of the one under consideration?" The indices are all the pleader need look at. The judge will surely strain a point for one who does not bore him with extracts and arguments, but leaves all to himself, and lets the work of the court run smoothly and just as the president wishes.

Knowledge is an absolute hindrance to the doctor of medicine. Supposing he is a man of average intelligence (some doctors are), he is able to diagnose, let me say, fever. You or I could diagnose fever pretty well—quick pulse, dry skin, thirst, and so on. But as the doctor leans over the patient, he is paralyzed by the complication of his knowledge. Such a theory is against feeding up, such a theory against slops, such a theory against bleeding, such a theory in favor of phlebotomy; there are the wet and the dry, the hot and the cold methods; and while the doctor is deliberating, vacillating, or speculating, the patient has ample opportunity of dying, or nature of stepping in and curing the man, and thus foiling the doctor. Is there not much more sense and candor in the method adopted by the Irish hunting dispensary doctor, who, before starting with the hounds, locked up all drugs, except the Glauber's salts, a stone or two of which he left in charge of his servant, with instructions it was to be meted out impartially to all comers, each patient receiving an honest fistful as a dose? It is a remarkable fact that within this century homeopathy has gained a firm hold on an im-

portant section of the community, and yet, notwithstanding the growth of what the allopathists or regular profession regard as ignorant quackery, the span of human life has had six years added to it in eighty years. Still homeopathy is a practical confession of ignorance; for it says, in effect, "We don't know exactly what Nature is trying to do, but let us give her a little help, and trust in luck." Whereas allopathy pretended to know everything and to fight Nature. Here, in the result of years added to man's life by the development of the ignorant system, we see once more the superiority of ignorance over knowledge.

How full of danger to the unwedded men is knowledge owned by the widow! She has knowledge of the married state, in which she was far removed from all the troubles and responsibilities of life. She had her pin-money, her bills paid, stalls taken for her at the opera, agreeable company around her board, no occasion to face money difficulties. Now all that is changed. There is no elasticity in her revenue, no margin for the gratification of her whims; she has to pay her own bills, secure her own stalls; she cannot very well entertain company often, and all the unpleasantnesses of business matters press her sorely. Her knowledge tells her that, if she could secure a second husband, all would be pleasant again. It may be said that here knowledge is in favor of the widow. Yes; but it is against the "Community." Remember, the "Community" is always a male.

There is hardly any class or member of the community that does not suffer drawback or injury from knowledge. As I am giving only a crude outline of a design, I leave a great deal to the imagination of the reader. He will easily perceive how much happier and more free would be the man of business, the girl, the boy, the scientist, the controversialist, and, above all, the literary man, if each knew little or nothing, instead of having pressed upon the attention from youth accumulated experiences, traditions, discoveries, and reasonings of many centuries.

To the "Delights of Ignorance," I should devote the consideration of man devoid of knowledge under various circumstances and in various positions.

By the sea who does not love to lie "propt on beds of amaranth and moly, how sweet (while warm airs lull,

blowing lowly), with half-dropt eyelids still, beneath a heaven dark and holy, to watch the long bright river drawing slowly his waters from the purple hill—to hear the dewy echoes calling from cave to cave through the thick-twined vine—to watch the emerald-colored waters falling through many a woven acanthus wreath divine! Only to see and hear the far-off sparkling brine, only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.” Just so! Is not that much better than bothering about gravitation and that wretched old clinker the moon, and the tides, and now sea-water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen and chloride of sodium and bromide of something else, and fifty other things not one of which has a tolerable smell when you meet it in a laboratory? Isn’t it better than thinking of the number of lighthouses built on the coast of Albion, and the tonnage which yearly is reported and cleared at the custom-houses of London, Liverpool, and that prosperous seaport of Bohemia! Isn’t it much better than improving the occasion by reading a hand-book on hydraulics or hydrostatics? Who on the seashore wants to know anything? There will always, down to the last syllable of recorded time, be finer things unknown about the sea than can be said about all other matters in the world. Trying to know anything about the sea is like shooting into the air an arrow attached to a pennyworth of string with a view to sounding space. If we threw all the knowledge we have into the ocean the Admiralty standards of high-water mark would not have to be altered one-millionth part of a line.

What a blessing ignorance would be in an inn! Who would not dispense with a knowledge of all the miseries that follow in the wake of the vat when one is thirsty, and has before him amber sunset-colored ale, and in his hand a capacious, long, cool-meaning churchwarden? Who would at such a moment cumber his mind with the unit of specific gravity used by excisemen in testing beer? Who would at such a moment care to calculate the toll exacted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer before each cool gulp may thrill with amazing joy the parched gullet?

Who, when upon a journey, would care to know the precise pressure required to blow the boiler of the engine to pieces, or the number of people killed in collisions during

the corresponding quarter of last year? Should we not be better in sickness for not knowing the exact percentage of deaths in cases of our class? In adversity should we not be infinitely happier were we in ignorance of the chance we ran of gaining a good position or of cutting our throats? Should we not enjoy our prosperity all the more if we were not, morning and evening, exercised by the fluctuations of the share-list, fluctuations in all likelihood destined never to increase or diminish our fortunes one penny? And oh, for ignorance in sleep! For sleep without dream, or nightmare, or memory! For sleep such as falls upon the body when the soul is done with it and away!

ON DUBLIN CASTLE.

From 'Zozimus.'

Dublin Castle is in the city of Dublin, and stands on the south side of the River Liffey. It is called a castle because it has a great many windows and a portico to the principal entrance. If you weren't told it was Dublin Castle you wouldn't think it was Dublin Castle at all. When I saw it first I took it for a militia-barrack or a poorhouse for gaugers. When a man showed me where the Lord Lieutenant lived when he's at home I began to think that all Lord Lieutenants must be very low-sized men, not in the least particular about their lodgings. The Castle, as it is generally called, is built on Cork-hill. Many ignorant people, such as members of Parliament and lords, think that Cork-hill is in the city of that name. Those who have learned geography and the use of the globes know that Cork-hill has for many centuries been in the city of Dublin. The Castle surrounds a square called the Upper Castle Yard, in the center of which there is a beautiful tub for holding flags. There is also a policeman in the Upper Castle Yard, but he is not worth looking at, although his face is generally clean, and he wears a silver Albert chain. There are soldiers walking up and down at the gate to keep themselves warm. They always carry their guns, because, if they put them out of their hands,

Fenians or newspaper boys or the policemen might run away with them. This makes the soldiers short-tempered and chew tobacco. There is a statue of Justice over the gateway. This statue fell out of the sky during a thunder storm, to where it stands, and only that it is red hot the Government would get men to take it down, for it has no business there, and looking at it only makes the people who live in the Castle uncomfortable.

You can go from the Upper Castle Yard to the Lower Castle Yard under an arched gateway. There are policemen in the Lower Yard, but they don't wear Albert chains or pare their nails. The Lower Castle Yard is not a yard in the least, but makes me always think of a street with a broken back. There are a few towers in it. These towers are very strong. A man once told me that if you fired a horse-pistol at one of them all day you would not be able to make a hole in it! A great number of small boys play marbles and ball here. The Lord Lieutenant loves to see innocent children amusing themselves, and he often sends them out presents of nuts and clay pipes to blow soap-bubbles. When there isn't a cattle show, or a militia regiment to be inspected, or a knight to be made, he himself often comes out in disguise and blows soap-bubbles. It is always remarked that the Lord Lieutenant's soap-bubbles are the largest and of the most beautiful colors. A man once told me that it is because the Lord Lieutenant puts a great deal of soft soap into the water which he uses.

There is nothing connected with the Castle about which there are so many wrong notions as about the Castle Hack. Some are under the belief that it is a man; others think it to be an attorney; and there are those who go so far as to assert that it is a member of Parliament. Of all the people who indulge in such extravagances, I venture to say, not one has seen, or even had the curiosity to inquire particularly about it. Now, I have seen the Hack, and learned all that is to be known concerning it, and am, therefore, well qualified to give correct information and a faithful description of it. I gave a decent man at the Castle half-a-crown, and he showed it to me and supplied me with all the particulars I needed. The Castle Hack is a poor, lean, wretched old horse. He is spavined and broken-winded, and his bones are sharply visible through his faded and

withered hide. He is wholly unequal to the performance of any honest work in the fields, and he is one of the meanest and most wretched objects which can offend the sight of a humane and worthy man. Of all the noble attributes possessed by his species, none remain to him; and of all the useful qualities of his fellows, he retains but one, that of abject servility to the rein, for he has neither the generosity nor the pride, the strength nor the swiftness, which makes his race fit to be the companions of men. There is ever in his eye the expression of hunger for the corn-bins of the Castle, and dread lest he should be worried to death by those of his own race, in their rage at seeing so obscene a creature wearing and dishonoring their form. His employment is in keeping with his appearance. It is he who fetches meat for the Castle kennel, and brings the soiled linen of the Castle to the laundry to be cleaned. Although he is docile to his driver, he is spurned and despised. It is not his to swell the pageant, but to feed darkly at the Castle manger, to fear the light, and to crawl and shudder in the noisome ways. Poor brute, if he could only have one month's grazing on a hill-side in the sunlight he might pluck up some spirit, and lose at once his taste for Castle oats, and his indifference to the nature of the work which he performed.

The oldest part of the Castle now standing is the Back Stairs. The entrance to this celebrated staircase is in the Castle Garden. After going up a few steps a passage is reached which leads by a kind of bridge, over the Lower Castle Yard, into the Castle. The steps of the stairs are iron; for so many people go up and down that if they were made of any softer substance they would have been worn away long ago. The people who go up this stairs carry bags full of things and wear their hats very low over their faces. They generally have turnips, and gum-arabic, and steel pens, and penny packages of stationery in their bags. A man once told me that they sometimes bring the heads of people and sell them at the Castle; he also said that they often sell their country. Who could believe this? I had heard so many stories about this Back Stairs that I made up my mind to go and see it for myself. Before setting out I resolved to humor the people in the Castle, whatever they might say to me. I got a bag, filled it with artichokes,

and, having pulled my hat low over my eyes, went **up**. When I got to the top I met a man who asked me "if I came about that affair." I said, "Yes," and he led me into a small room, where another man was eating the end of a large quill, and reading a large blue paper with writing on it, and having a large stamp in the corner. I sat down. "Did you come about that affair?" said he. "Yes," I answered. "Well," said he, "did you see him?" "I did," I answered. "What did he say?" he asked. "I don't know," said I, feeling just as if he would order me to be shot on the spot. "Good," he said; "I see you have been reading the Tichborne case and have learned caution from it. What have you in the bag?" "Artichokes." "How many?" "Twenty-five." "Were there really so many?" "Yes." "And 'choke him' were the words? Were they?" "Yes." "On the night of the 15th?" "Yes." "How much do you want for the artichokes?" "One hundred pounds." "Say two." "Two." "Gold or notes?" "Gold." "Very good! There you are," said he, handing me two small bags of sovereigns; "your information is most important. I shall forward it to the chief to-night. Good afternoon." And off I went with my two hundred sovereigns.

The Castle is the best place in the world for selling artichokes and lies. I would go with another bag of each now only the artichokes are out of season. Can you understand what information I gave?—I can't. I hope it wasn't against a **Royal Residence** or **asphalting the streets of the city**.

EDMUND DOWNEY.

(1856 —)

EDMUND DOWNEY, the "author-publisher," was born in Waterford in 1856, and is the son of a shipowner and broker. He was educated at the Catholic University School and St. John's College in that city. He went to London in 1878, and was for a time in the office of Tinsley, the publisher. He afterward became a partner in the firm of Ward & Downey, from which he retired in 1890, and in 1894 he established the publishing business of Downey & Co.

He is the author of the well-known stories signed "F. M. Allen," 'Through Green Glasses,' etc. These humorous Irish stories are perhaps the better known, but they are hardly superior to his sea-stories. 'Anchor-Watch Yarns' and kindred tales by Mr. Downey place him in the front rank of writers of sea-stories. His 'Merchant of Killogue' is in more serious vein. It is a patiently wrought-out picture of a big central figure and of the surrounding life of an Irish country town. Among his other books are 'Green as Grass,' 1892; 'Round Tower of Babel,' 1892; 'The Land Smeller,' 1893; 'Ballybeg Junction,' 1894; 'Little Green Man,' 1895; 'Pinches of Salt,' 1895; 'The Ugly Man,' 1896.

FROM PORTLAW TO PARADISE.

Wance upon a time, an' a very good time it was too, there was a dacent little man, named Paddy Power, that lived in the parish of Portlaw.

At the time I spayke of, an' indeed for a long spell before it, most of Paddy's neighbors had wandhered from the thrue fold, an' the sheep that didn't stray wor, not to put too fine a point on it, a black lot. But Paddy had always contrived to keep his last end in view, an' he stuck to the ould faith like a poor man's plaster.

Well, in the coorse of time poor Paddy felt his days wor well-nigh numbered, so he tuk to the bed an' sent for the priest; an' thin he settled himself down to aise his conscience an' to clear the road in the other world by manes of a good confession.

He reeled off his sins, mortal an' vanyial, to the priest by the yard, an' begor he felt mighty sorrowful intirely whin he thought what a bad boy he'd been, an' what a hape of quare things he'd done in his time—though, as I've said before, he was a dacent little man in his way, only, you see, bein' so close to the other side of Jordan, he tuk

an onaisy view of all his sayin's and doin's. Poor Paddy—small blame to him—was very aiger to get a comfortable corner in glory in his ould age, for he'd a hard sthuggle enough of it here below.

Well, whin he'd towld all his sins to Father McGrath, an' whin Father McGrath had given him a few hard rubs by way of consolation, he bent his head to get the absolution, an' lo an' behold you! before the priest could get through the words that would open the gates of glory to poor Paddy, the life wint out of the man's body.

It seems 't was a busy mornin' in heaven, an' as soon as Father McGrath began to say the first words of the absolution, down they claps Paddy Power's name on the due-book. However, we'll come to that part of the story by-an'-by.

Anyhow, up goes Paddy, an' before he knew where he was he found himself standin' outside the gates of Paradise. Of coorse, he partly guessed there 'ud be throuble, but he thought he'd put a bowld face on, so he gives a hard double-knock at the door, an' a holy saint shoves back the slide an' looks out at him through an iron gratin'.

"God save all here!" says Paddy.

"God save you kindly!" says the saint.

"Maybe I'm too airly?" says Paddy, dhreadin' all the time that 't is the cowld showllder he'd get.

"'T is naither airly nor late here," says the saint, "pervidin' you're on the way-bill. What's yer name?" says he.

"Paddy Power," says the little man from Portlaw.

"There's so many of that name due here," says the saint, "that I must ax you for further particulars."

"You're quite welcome, your reverence," says Paddy.

"What's your occupation?" says the saint.

"Well," says Paddy, "I can turn my hand to anything in raison."

"A kind of Jack-of-all-thrades?" says the saint.

"Not exactly that," says Paddy, thinkin' the saint was thryin' to make fun of him. "In fact," says he, "I'm a general dayler."

"An' what do you generally dale in?" axes the saint.

"All's fish that comes to my net," says Paddy, thinkin', of coorse, 't would put Saint Pether in good humor to be reminded of ould times.

"An' is it a fisherman you are, thin?" axes the saint.

"Well, no," says Paddy, "though I've done a little huckstherin' in fish in my time; but I was partial to scrap-iron, as a rule."

"To tell you the thruth," says the saint, "I'm not over fond of general daylin', but of coorse my private feelin's don't intherfere wud my duties here. I'm on the gates agen my will for the matther of that; but that's naither here nor there so far as yourself is consarned, Paddy," says he.

"It must be a hard dhrain on the constitution at times," says Paddy, "to be on the door from mornin' till night."

"'T is," says the saint, "of a busy day—but I must go an' have a look at the books. Paddy Power is your name?" says he.

"Yis," says Paddy; "an', though 't is meself that says it, I'm not ashamed of it."

"An' where are you from?" axes the saint.

"From the parish of Portlaw," says Paddy.

"I never heard tell of it," says the saint, bitin' his thumb.

"Sure it couldn't be expected you would, sir," says Paddy, "for it lies at the back of God-speed."

"Well, stand there, Paddy *avic*," says the holy saint, "an' I'll have a good look at the books."

"God bless you!" says Paddy. "Wan 'ud think 't was born in Munsther you wor, Saint Pether, you have such an iligant accent in spaykin'."

Faix, Paddy was beginnin' to dhread that his name wouldn't be found on the books at all on account of his not havin' complate absolution, so he thought 't was the best of his play to say a soft word to the keeper of the kays.

The saint tuk a hasty glance at the enthry-book, but whin Paddy called him Saint Pether he lifted his head an' put his face to the wicket again, an' there was a cunnin' twinkle in his eye.

"An' so you thinks 't is Saint Pether I am?" says he.

"Of coorse, your reverence," says Paddy; "an' 't is a rock of sense I'm towld you are."

Well, wud that the saint began to laugh very hearty, an' says he—

"Now it's a quare thing that every wan of ye that

comes from below thinks Saint Pether is on the gates constant. Do you raley think, Paddy," says he, "that Saint Pether has nothing else to do, nor no way to pass the time except by standin' here in the cowld from year's end to year's end, openin' the gates of Paradise?"

"Begor," says Paddy, "that never sthruck me before, sure enough. Of coorse he must have some sort of divar-sion to pass the time. An' might I ax your reverence," says he, "what your own name is? an' I hopes you 'll pardon my ignorance."

"Don't mintion that," says the saint; "but I 'd rather not tell you my name, just yet at any rate, for a raison of my own."

"Plaize yourself an' you 'll plaize me, sir," says Paddy.

"'T is a civil-spoken little man you are," says the saint.

Findin' the saint was such a nice agreeable man an' such an iligant discoorser, Paddy thought he 'd venture on a few remarks just to dodge the time until some other poor sowl 'ud turn up an' give him the chance to slip into Paradise unbeknownst—for he knew that wance he got in by hook or by crook they could never have the heart to turn him out of it again. So says he—

"Might I ax what Saint Pether is doin' just now?"

"He 's at a hurlin' match," says the deputy.

"Oh, murdher!" says Paddy, "couldn't I get a peep at the match while you're examinin' the books?"

"I 'm afeard not," says the saint, shakin' his head. "Besides," says he, "I think the fun is nearly over by this time."

"Is there often a hurlin' match here?" axes Paddy.

"Wance a year," says the saint. "You see," says he, pointin' over his showldher wud his thumb, "they have all nationalities in here, and they plays the game of aich nation on aich pathron saint's day, if you undherstand me."

"I do," says Paddy. "An' sure enough 't was Saint Pathrick's Day in the mornin' whin I started from Port-law, an' the last thing I did—of coorse before tellin' my sins—was to dhrink my Pathrick's pot."

"More power to you!" says the saint.

"I suppose Saint Pathrick is the umpire to-day?" says Paddy.

"No," says the saint. "Aich of us, you see, takes our turn at the gates on our own festival days."

"Holy Moses!" shouts Paddy. "Thin 't is to Saint Pathrick himself I've been talkin' all this while back. Oh, murder alive, did I ever think I'd live to see this day!"

Begor, the poor *angashore*¹ of a man was fairly knocked off his head to discover he was discoorsin' so fameeliarly wud the great Saint Pathrick, an' the great saint himself was proud to see what a dale the little man from Portlaw thought of him; but he didn't let on to Paddy how plaized he was. "Ah!" says he, "sure we're all on an aiquality here. You'll be a great saint yourself, maybe, wan of these days."

"The heavens forbid," says Paddy. "that I'd dhrame of ever being on an aiquality wud your reverence! Begor, 't is a joyful man I'd be to be allowed to spake a few words to you wance in a blue moon. Aiquality, *inagh*!"² says he. "Sure what aiquality could there be between the great apostle of Ould Ireland and Paddy Power, general dayler, from Portlaw?"

"I wish there was more of 'em your way of thinkin', Paddy," says Saint Pathrick, sighin' deeply.

"An' do you mane to tell me," puts Paddy, "that any craythur inside there 'ud dar to put himself an an aigual footin' wud yourself?"

"I do, thin," says Saint Pathrick; "an' worse than that," says he, "there's some of 'em thinks 't is very small potatoes I am, in their own mind. I gives you me word, Paddy, that it takes me all my time occasionally to keep my timper wud Saint George an' Saint Andhrew."

"Bad luck to 'em both!" said Paddy, intherruptin' him.

"Whisht!" says Saint Pathrick. "I partly admires your sintiments, but I must tell you there's no rale ill-will allowed inside here. You'll feel complately changed wance you gets at the right side of the gate."

"The divil a change could make me keep quiet," says Paddy, "if I heard the biggest saint in Paradise say a bard word agen you, or even dar' to put himself on a par wud you!"

"Oh, Paddy!" says Saint Pathrick, "you mustn't allow your timper to get the betther of you. 'T is hard, I know,

¹ *Angashore*, pitiful figure. ² *Inagh*, forsooth.

aric, to sthruggle at times agen your feelin's, but the laiste said the soonest mended."

"An' will I meet Saint George and Saint Andrew whin I get inside?"

"You will," says Saint Pathrick; "but you mustn't disgrace our counthry by makin' a row wud aither of 'em."

"I'll do my best," says Paddy, "as 't is yourself that axes me. An' is there any more of 'em that thrates you wud contimpt?"

"Well, not many," says Saint Pathrick. "An' indeed," says he, "'t is only an odd day we meets at all; an' I can tell you I'm not a bad hand at takin' my own part—but there 's wan fellow," says he, "that breaks my *giddawn*¹ intirely."

"An' who is he? the bla'guard!" says Paddy.

"He's an uncanonized craychur named Brakespeare," says Saint Pathrick.

"A wondher you 'd be seen talkin' to the likes of him!" says Paddy; "an' who is he at all?"

"Did you never hear tell of him?" says Saint Pathrick.

"Never," says Paddy.

"Well," says Saint Pathrick, "he made the worst bull——"

"Thin," says Paddy, intherruptin' him in hot haste, "he's wan of ourselves—more shame for him! Oh, wait till I gets a grip of him by the scruff of the neck!"

"Whisht! I tell you!" says Saint Pathrick. "Perhaps 't is committin' a vaynial sin you are now, an' if that wor to come to Saint Pether's ears, maybe he'd clap twenty years of Limbo on to you—for he's a hard man sometimes, especially if he hears of any one losin' his timper, or getting impatient at the gates. An' moreover," says Saint Pathrick, "himself an' this Brakespeare are as thick as thieves, for they both sat in the same chair below. I had a hot argument wud Nick yesterday."

"Ould Nick, is it?" says Paddy.

"No," says Saint Pathrick, laughin'. "Nick Brakepeare, I mane—the same indeveedual I was tellin' you about."

"I beg your reverence's pardon," says Paddy, "an' I

¹ *Giddawn*, kidney; fig. back.

hopes you 'll excuse my ignorance. But you wor goin' to give me an account of this hot argument you had wud the bla'guard whin I put in my spoke."

Begor, Saint Pathrick dhrew in his horns thin, an' fearin' Paddy might think they wor in the habit of squabblin' in heaven, he says, "Of coorse, I meant only a frindly discussion."

"An' what was the frindly discussion about?" axes Paddy.

"About this bull of his," says Pathrick.

"The mischief choke himself an' his cattle!" says Paddy.

"Begor," says Saint Pathrick, "'t was choked the poor man was, sure enough."

"More power to the man that choked him!" says Paddy. "I hopes ye canonized him."

"'T wasn't a man at all," says Saint Pathrick.

"A faymale, perhaps?" says Paddy.

"Fie, fie, Paddy," says Saint Pathrick. "Come, guess again."

"Ah, I'm a poor hand at guessin'," says Paddy.

"Well, 't was a blue-bottle," says St. Pathrick.

"An' was it thryin' to swallow the bottle an' all he was?" says Paddy. "He must have been 'a hard case.'"

Begor, Saint Pathrick burst out laughin' an' says he, "You 'll make your mark here, Paddy, I have no doubt."

"I 'll make my mark on them that slights your reverence, believe me," says Paddy.

"Hush!" says Saint Pathrick, puttin' his finger on his lips an' lookin' very solemn an' business-like. "Here comes Saint Pether," he whispers, rattlin' the keys to show he was mindin' his duties. "He looks in good-humor too; so it's in luck you are."

"I hope so, at any rate," says Paddy; "for the clouds is very damp, an' I'm troubled greatly wud the rheumatics."

"Well, Pathrick," says Saint Pether, comin' up to the gates—Paddy Power could just get a sighth of the pair inside through the bars of the wicket—"how goes the enemy? Have you had a hard day of it, my son?"

"A very hard mornin'," says Saint Pathrick. "They wor flockin' here as thick as flies at cock-crow—I mane,"

says he, gettin' very red in the face, for he was in dhread he was afther puttin' his fut in it wud Saint Pether, "I mane just at daybreak."

"It's sthrange," says Saint Pether, in a dhramey kind of a way, "but I've noticed meself that there's often a great rush of people in the airly mornin': often I don't know whether it's on my head or my heels I do be standin' wud the noise they kicks up outside, elbowin' wan another, an' bawlin' at me as if it was hard of hearin' I was."

"How did the match go?" says Saint Pathrick, aiger to divart Saint Pether's mind from his troubles.

"Grand!" says Saint Pether, brightenin' up. "Hurlin' is a great game. It takes all the stiffness out of my culd joints. But who's that outside?" catchin' sighth of Paddy Power.

"A poor fellow from Ireland," says Saint Pathrick.

"I dunno how we're to find room for all these Irishmen," says Saint Pether, scratchin' his head. "'T was only last week I gev ordhers to have a new wing added to the Irish mansion, an' begor I'm towld to-day that 't is chock full already. But of coorse we must find room for the poor sowls. Did this chap come *viâ* Purgathory?" say he.

"No," says Saint Pathrick. "They sint him up direct."

"Who is he?" says Saint Pether.

"His name is Paddy Power," says St. Pathrick. "He seems a dacent sort of craychur."

"Where's he from?" axes Saint Pether.

"The parish of Portlaw," says Saint Pathrick.

"Portlaw!" says Saint Pether. "Well, that's sthrange," says he, rubbin' his chin. "You know I never forgets a name, but to my sartin knowledge I never heard of Portlaw before. Has he a clane record?"

"There's a thrifle wrong about it," says Saint Pathrick. "He's down on the way-bill, but there are some charges agen him not quite rubbed out."

"In that case," says Saint Pether, "we'd best be on the safe side, an' sind him to Limbo for a spell."

Begor, when Paddy Power heard this he nearly lost his seven sinses wud the fright, so he puts his face close up to the wicket, an' he cries out in a pitiful voice—

"O blessed Saint Pether, don't be too hard on me. Sure

even below, where the law is sthric enough agen a poor sthugglin' boy, they always allows him the benefit of the doubt, an' I gives you my word, yer reverence, 't was only by an accident the slate wasn't rubbed clane. I know for sartin that Father McGrath said some of the words of the absolution before the life wint out of my body. Don't dhrive a helpless ould man to purgathory, I beseeches you. Saint Pathrick will go bail for my good behavior, I'll be bound; an' 't is many the prayer I said to your own self below!"

Faix, Saint Pether was touched wud the implorin' way Paddy spoke, an' turnin' to Saint Pathrick he says, "'T is a quare case, sure enough. I don't know that I ever remimber the like before, an' my memory is of the best. I think we'd do right to have a consultation over the affair before we decides wan way or the other."

"Ah, give the poor *angashore* a chance," says Saint Pathrick. "'T is hard to scald him for an accident. Besides," says he, brightenin' up as a thought sthrucc him, "you say you never had a man before from the parish of Portlaw, an' I remimber you towld me wance that you'd like to have a represintative here from every parish in the world."

"Thru enough," says Saint Pether; "an' maybe I'd never have another chance from Portlaw."

"Maybe not," says Saint Pathrick, humorin' him.

So Saint Pether takes a piece of injy-rubber from his waistcoat-pocket, an' goin' over to the enthry-book he rubs out the charges agen Paddy Power.

"I'll take it on meself," says he, "to docthor the books for this wance, only don't let the cat out of the bag on me, Pathrick, my son."

"Never fear," says Saint Pathrick. "Depind your life on me."

"Well, it's done, anyhow," says Saint Pether, puttin' the injy-rubber back into his pocket; "an' if you hands me over the kays, Pat," says he, "I'll relaise you for the day, so that you can show your frind over the grounds."

"'T is a grand man you are!" says Saint Pathrick. "My blessin' on you, *avic!*"

"Come in, Paddy Power," says Saint Pether, openin' the gate; "an' remimber always that you wouldn't be here

for maybe nine hundred an' ninety-nine year or more only that you're the only offer we ever had from the Parish of Portlaw."

KING JOHN AND THE MAYOR.

I suppose it's well known that King John made two visits to the city of Watherford. The first time he came he was only a slip of a boy of about nineteen year, an' his father, who had a hard job rearin' him (for 't is the unmannerdly young cub he was) thought he'd kill two birds wud wan stone by gettin' rid of the prince for a short spell in the first place, an' by gettin' the boy to make himself frindly wud the Irish chiefs in the second place.

But nothin' would suit young Masther John except diversion an' bla'guardin'. The moment he put his fut on Irish soil he began to poke fun at the ould chieftains' beards. 'T was jealous the young jackanapes was of the fine hairy faces of the crowd that met him on the quay of Watherford, for divil a hair he could grow on the upper part of his lip, though he was near dhraggin' the English coort into bankruptcy wud the quantities of bears' grease an' other barbers' thricks he thried day affther day to coax out even a few morsels of a mustache.

Anyhow he made naither a good beginnin' nor a good endin' on his first thrip to Ireland. He ate so much fresh salmon that a rash broke out on him, an' nearly dhrove him to despair, for he was fond of the faymales, an' a man wud a bad rash even if he's a prince of the blood isn't the soort of craychur to make much headway wud the girls.

He got over the rash, however, in due coorse; an' built an hospital in mimory of his recovery; an' to this day it stands there at the fut of John's Hill, an' is called the "Leper Hospital."

As soon as he got well rid of the rash, he began to make ructions in the counthry, kickin' out the rale ould anshant owners of the soil, an' makin' presents of what didn't belong to him to his own follyers. Begor even ould Henery, the father, got unaisy at the son's plan of campaign, so back he calls Prince John an' puts a Misther Decoorcy in his place.

Well, time passed on, an' when his call came, ould Henry the Second wint to Limbo; an' afther a spell, the son John got a howld of the throne. He had always a hankerin' for the Watherford salmon, even afther the rash it broke out on him, so as soon as he could make things snug in the English coort, away he sails again for Ireland.

This time of coorse he was a full king, an' as he was several years ouldher, the Watherford people naturally expected his manners would have improved; so they made up their minds to forget the thricks an' bla'guardin' of the nineteen year ould prince, an' to give King John a hearty welcome.

When the Mayor an' Corporation heard the news that the royal barge was comin' up the river, they put on their grand robes and started down the quay. They wint outside the walls a bit until they came to a piece of slob land near the mouth of a sthrame, an' there they stud up to their ankles in slush until the king's ship hove in sight. Thin they waved a flag of welcome to his Majesty, who was standin' on deck, an' bawled out to him to dhrop anchor abreast of them. So the captain—a red-whiskered Welshman who chawed more tobaccy than was wholesome for him—puts the ship's head in for the shore, an' dhropped anchor as soon as he got close to the slob where the Mayor and Corporation wor standin'.

"How are we to get ashore, boys?" says King John, makin' a fog-horn of his fists.

"Aisy, *avic*," says the Mayor. "It's a sthrong ebb tide now, an' if you'll go below into your cabin the ship will dhry while your clanein' your face an' hands an' fixin' the crown on your poll."

"All right," says King John. "Come aboard as soon as the tide laives her."

"I will," says the Mayor.

Wud that King John went down to the cabin, an' in about half an hour the ship began to ground an' very soon afther the Mayor, not heedin' the sight of a fut or two of wather between him an' the king's craft, made a start to go down to her.

"Howld on there, where ye are," says he to the Corporation. "If ye was all to come aboard maybe 't is heel over.

the little vessel would, for she looks a crank piece of goods."

"All right," says the Corporation. "We'll wait here till you return, and safe journey to your worship!"

Well, whin the Mayor got on deck of coorse his boots were dhrippin' wud mud an' wather.

"Is there a door-mat aboard?" says he to the skipper.

"Divil a wan," says the skipper. "Do you think 't is in a lady's chamber you are?"

"You 're an unmannerdly lot," says the Mayor, stampin' on the decks an' givin' a kick out wud his left leg to shake some of the wather out of his boot.

Just at that moment up comes King John from the cabin, an' a few spatthers of mud went into his royal eye.

Before the Mayor could open his mouth to ax pardon the King bawls out at him, "What the mischief do you mane, you lubber? Will nothin' plaize you only knockin' the sighth out of my eyes an' dirtyin' my decks wud your muddy say-boots? 'T is more like a mud-lark than a Mayor you are."

The poor Mayor very nearly lost his timper intirely at the insultin' words of King John, for 't was none of his fault that he dirtied the decks, but he managed to conthrol himself, an' says he, "I ax your majesty's pardon for bringing the mud aboard, but might I make so bowld as to inquire how I could be expected to have clane boots afther thrampin' through the slush out there? An' as for knockin' the sight out of your eyes," says he, "I give you me word I never seen you comin' up the cabin stairs or I wouldn't have lashed out wud my leg."

"Give me none of your lip," says the King. "I'd cut your ugly sconce off if I thought there was a thought of thraison in your mind."

"Thraison!" says the Mayor, mighty indignant, for 't is a proud soort of a man he was in his way. "I don't know the maynin' of the word."

"I'll soon tache you the maynin' of it, you spalpeen," says the King; "an' if you don't go down on your bended knees an' beg my pardon this minute, an' give me your note of hand for five hundred pound I'll dhraw your teeth first for you, an' thin I'll thry you for thraison, wud

meself for judge and jury, as soon as I sets fut in the city."

The mischief only knows what would have happened thin only for a chum of the King's who came up from the cabin at that minute.

"Your Majesty," says the young lord, "I think, with all due respects to you, you're too hard agen the Mayor. Sure the poor man did his best. He came aboard at the risk of gettin' a heavy cowl'd in his head, in ordher to give you an airy welcome, an' how could he mane thraison when he ran such a risk to sarve you?"

"Maybe you're right," says King John, who owed the young lord a big lump of money and was partial to him for other raisons too. "Maybe you're right; an' I know," says he, "that my timper is none of the best; and moreover the say-sickness isn't out of my stomach yet, bad luck to it! All right," says he, turnin' to the Mayor, an' spittin' on his fist. "Put it there," says King John, howldin' out his hand.

So the Mayor spit in his own fist, an' the pair shuk hands quite cordial.

All would have gone well then but for the iligant beard an' whiskers the Mayor wore. The sighth of them fairly tormented King John, an' the bla'guard broke out in him again as he looked at his worship an' saw him sthrokin' the fine silky hairs which (savin' your presence) nearly shut out the view of the honest man's stomach.

"I'll take me oath 't is a wig," says the King to himself; "an' faith if the wig isn't stuck mighty fast to his chin the tug I'll give it will soon laive it in fragments on the deck."

So the King goes over to the Mayor an' purtended to be admirin' the beautiful goold chain his worship carried round his neck, an' while a cat would be lickin' her ear he gives the beard such an onmerciful dhrag that he tore a fistful of it clane out of the dacent man's chin.

The Mayor set up a screech—an' small blame to him—that you'd hear from this to Mullinavat, an' begor the crowd ashore thought 't was bein' murdhered he was; so King John, fearin' the Corporation might thry to sink himself an' the ship if they knew he was afther damagin' their mayor, thought 't was the best of his play to knuckle

undher at wance. He begs the Mayor's pardon in a mortal funk, an' says he to him, "We 'd best be gettin' ashore im-majerty the both of us."

The poor Mayor of coorse couldn't afford to show timper agen a king, so brushin' the scaldin' tears off his cheek he made up his mind to pocket his pride; but at the same time says he to himself, "I'll tache this unmannerdly cub a lesson before he's many hours ouldher."

"All right, your majesty," says he, aloud, to the King, "I quite agrees wud you that 't is betther the pair of us should go ashore at wance; but come here," says he, takin' King John to the bulwarks of the ship an' pointin' over the side. "Now I ax you," says he, "how are you to get ashore wud at laiste a fut of wather inside the little vessel still, an' fifty yards, more or less, of dirty soft mud fore-nenst you?"

Begor, the King seemed puzzled at this; but he knew there was no time to be lost, for the crowd ashore was beginnin' to grow bigger, and it was aisy to see that throuble was brewin', for a few of the quay boys were peltin' an odd pavin'-stone at the ship. "I lave it to you, Misther Mayor," says he; "but whatever you do, don't keep me standin' here in the cowl, for I have a wake chest, an' my inside is complately out of ordher afther the voyage."

"Begor!" says the Mayor, dodgin' a box of a pavin stone that came aboard that minute, "I dunno what's best to be done. You'd get your death if you wor to thramp it ashore in them patent leather boots of yours. I'll tell you what I'll propose," says he.

"That 's what I'm waitin' for you to do," says the King, intherruptin' him; "an' if you don't be quick about it, maybe 't is hit wud a stone I'll be, an' in that case," says he, "'t will be me duty as a king to bombard the city wud cannon-balls. D'ye mind me now?" says he, beginnin' to show timper agen.

"I do," says the Mayor. "Sure, if you didn't take the words out of my mouth, I was goin' to say that I'd carry you safe ashore on my own two showldhers."

"Very well," says King John; "but if you wish for paice an' quietness you'd betther stir your stumps quick, for I tell you I won't stand here to be made a cockshot of by these Watherford bla'guards."

"Come on, thin," says the Mayor.

So wud that the sailors fixed what they calls a cradle, an' a few frinds of the King lifted him up on the showlders of the Mayor, an' down the pair wor lowered into the little wash of wather inside the ship.

"Howld a tight grip of me now," says the Mayor, makin' a start; "for 't is an onsartin sort of a journey. There's a dale of shiftin' sands about here, an' if I wor to make a false step or lose my bearin's, maybe they 'd never hear of your majesty again in England; p'raps 't is swallowed up in the mud the pair of us 'ud be, an' I have a heavy family dependin' on me."

"I'll keep a sturdy grip," says the King; "an' for your own sake, an' the sake of your heavy family, I'd recommend you to pick your steps as if 't was threadin' on eggs you wor."

"Never fear," says the mayor. "Is the crown fixed firm on your head?"

"'T is," says King John.

"The raison I axed you," says the Mayor, "is that I thought 't was a thrifle too big for you. I noticed it wobblin' about on your head afther you came up from the cabin."

"Well, to tell you the thruth, an' 't isn't often I do the like," says the King, "I didn't laive my measure for that crown; but I've rowled a sthrip of newspaper inside the rim of it, an' it doesn't fit at all bad now," says he, shakin' his head, an' fixin' an eye-glass into his eye.

"Did you buy it ready-made? pardon me for axin'," says the Mayor.

"No," says King John; "but it belonged to my big brother, Richard."

"I've heard tell of him," says the Mayor. "The 'Lion Heart' they called him, wasn't it?"

"It was," says King John; "but between yerself and meself"—for he was mighty jealous of his brother, an' indeed, he hadn't a good word to throw to a dog—" 't was a 'thrick' lion he tore the heart out of."

"Is that so?" says the Mayor.

"'T is," says King John. "You see," says he, "himself an' Blondin wor great chums intirely, an' Blondin bein' a circus man—"

"I know," intherrupted the Mayor. "He crossed over the Falls of Niagry on a rope, didn't he?"

"He did," says King John. "'Tis round his neck I'd like to have had the rope, for 't is an onaisey time of it he gave meself be rescuin' my brother. I made sure they'd cooked his goose in that Austrian castle, but nothin' would suit his chum Blondin, if you plaize, except whistlin' some of his ould circus tunes outside the walls, until the King of Austria let him in. Well, Blondin brought in a thrick lion wud him that he used to be showin' off at the fairs. 'Look here,' says he to the King of Austria, 'that man you're keepin' down in the cellar is a match for a lion.' 'Prove it,' says the King of Austria. 'I will,' says Blondin. 'Well, take the muzzle off yer baste,' says the King of Austria, 'an' let the pair of 'em have a fair stand-up fight; an' if King Richard bates the lion I'll give him his liberty.' 'Done!' says Blondin; so wud that he brings the lion down into the cellar, an' of coorse my brother knew 't was only an ould painted jackass without a tooth in his head, so he makes wan grab at the unfortunate animal an' tore the heart clane out of him."

"Oh, murdher!" says the Mayor. "An' that's why they call him the 'Lion Heart,' is it?"

"It is," says King John.

"An' what's that they calls yerself?" says the Mayor, who knew well that King John didn't like to be reminded of the nickname he was known undher in the English Coorts, an' wanted to take a rise out of him on the quiet.

"I'll tell you what, my bucko," says King John, for he felt the Mayor all of a thremble undher him, an' he knew it was smotherin' a laugh in his sleeve he was, "I'll tell you what, my bucko," says he, "you'd bettther give me none of your sauce. Only for the onnathural way I'm placed now, perched up here like a canary-bird, I'd soon let you know who you wor thryin' to poke your fun at. D'ye mind me now?"

"Begonnies!" says the Mayor, "'t is no fun, I can tell you, to be endeavorin' to get safe ashore wud such a precious load on me showlders. If yer Majesty thinks 't is for a lark I'm carryin' you, let me tell you that you're intirely mistaken. Oh murdher!" says he, dhroppin' on wan knee, "but 't is into a boghole we are!"

Of coorse he knew there wasn't a boghole wudin a mile of him, but he wanted to divart the King's mind from what he was afther sayin' about his nickname, for 't is in dhread he was that maybe he was carryin' the joke too far.

"Boghole!" bawls the King, nearly jumpin' out of his skin wud the fright. "Let me down, you scoundhrel," says he. "I see now that 't is a thraisonable plot you have agen me afther all. I wondhered why it was you worn't makin' a sthraight coorse for the firm shore."

An' sure enough the Mayor had gone a dale out of his road just in ordher to have a rise out of King John, to pay him off for havin' given his beard the tug.

The pair of 'em wor now standin' close to the mouth of the Pill, an' the mud all round was as soft as butthermilk, an' the poor Mayor was more than half-way up to his knees in it; but he knew every inch of the ground, an' wasn't in the laiste danger of dhread of himself. Of coorse, if King John fell from his showlders there 'ud be an end of him, for he'd rowl down into the wathers of the Pill before the Mayor could have time to get a grip of him.

"Go straight for the shore this minute, I command you," says the King.

The Mayor saw that his Majesty was in a fair rage, so he made up his mind not to play any more thricks on him but to make a short cut through the mud to the Corporation.

"Howld your grip now," says he, givin' the King a sudden hoist to straighten him on his back; an' before the words wor well out of his mouth off tumbles King John's crown an' down it rowls into the Pill.

"Oh murdher!" says the mayor, forgettin' himself complatly, an' going to dhrop the King into the mud. "'T is lost the crown is! There's twenty fut of wather there if there's an inch, an' there isn't a diver on the face of the earth would take a headher into it, the wathers are that filthy!"

"What are you doin', you ruffian?" screams the King, catchin' a grip of the Mayor's whisker wud wan hand an' of the goold chain wud the other. "Dhrop me at the peril of your life, you onnathural monsther," says he.

"An' what about the crown?" says the Mayor, thryin' to take the King's fist out of his whiskers.

"Let it go to Jericho!" says King John.

"'T wouldn't be the first time 't was there, anyhow," says the Mayor, who was fond of his joke.

"'T is a quare man you are," says King John, thryin' to smother a laugh; "but go on, you bla'guard," says he, "an' put me on dhry land at wance, an' no more of your thricks."

"Never fear!" says the Mayor; "an' I hopes we 're none the worst frinds affther all 's said an' done."

"None the worse," says King John, "only we 'll be betther frinds as soon as you land me in a hard spot."

So the Mayor put his best fut forward an' in a few minutes himself an' the King were shakin' hands wud the Corporation.

"You 'll catch your death of cowl'd," says the Mayor to King John, "if you stand there much longer wudout your crown. Have you any objection," says he, "to wearin' my hat for a spell until they have time to forge a new figure-head for you?"

"Not the laiste objection in life," says King John, fixin' the Mayor's hat on his head. "But 't is dhry work, shakin' hands, boys," says he, addhressin' the crowd assembled on the quay; "so the sooner we shapes our coorse for the nearest *shebeen* the betther I 'll like it, at any rate."

"Bravo!" says the Corporation, startin' a procession wud King John at the head of 'em an' a fife an' dhrum band from Ballybricken follyin' up in the rear.

Well, to cut a long story short, King John whin he was laivin' Watherford made a present of his borrowed *canbeen* to the Corporation; an' if you doubts my word you can go down to the Town Hall any day an' ax to see King John's hat, an' the Mayor's secrethary will show you the self-same wan that King John got the loan of from the ould anshent Mayor—an' a very dilapidated specimen of head gear it is too.

That 's the true story of how King John lost his crown in the wash of the Pill, as the little sthrame is called; an' sure 't is known as John's Pill to this day.

RALEIGH IN MUNSTER.

Many generations ago there appeared at the English Coort a young fellow by the name of Walther Rolly. He was a darin' soger an' a darin' navigathor, but wud all his navigatin' an' sogerin' he could never keep his mind off the money. Day an' night he was always dhramein' of goold; an' nothing was too hot or too heavy for him so long as there was goold at the bottom of the job. Wan minute he'd go an' discover a new counthry out in the bowels of the unknown says, an' another minute he'd start an' knock the daylights out of the French army or the Spanish Armady. O! he was a darin' man altogether an' no mistake; but the money, as I've towld you, was always in his mind.

Of coorse he didn't do his thravelin' an' sogerin' for nothing, but he found 't wasn't aisy at all to make a big fortune, the Coort had so many pickin's out of everything. Aich an' every man in the Coort was bustin' wud jealousy of young Walther, an' of coorse they all used their endayvors to cut Rolly's share down to the lowest penny whin-ever he brought a cargo of diamonds into port, or nabbed a threasure-ship from the King of Spain.

Well, wan day Rolly was walkin' along the sthreeets of London, turnin' over some new plan for shovelin' in the coin, whin what does he see but Eleezabeth, the Queen of all England, pickin' her steps across the road!

'T was a muddy day, an' crossin'-sweepers, I'm towld, worn't invinted in that time, so Rolly, seein' her Majesty's shoes wor rather slendher in the soles, an' that the mud was stickin' to 'em like wax, rushes over to her, whips off his cloak, an' axes her to make a door-mat of it. Eleezabeth just looked at him for wan minute, an' sure enough she recognized him.

"Rolly!" says she, wipin' her boots on the cloak.

"The same, your Majesty, at your sarvice," says he, kneelin' down on wan knee as if to pick up his cloak, but ralely wud the intintion of remindin' Eleezabeth that now was her chance to make a knight of him aisy.

Her Majesty looks at him out undher the corners of her eyes, an' it sthruke her more than ever what a handsome young chap this Rolly was, an' begor, says she to herself,

"he seems a rale Coort gintleman, an' maybe I'm doin' wrong in bein' so bitther agen the men"—for you must know Queen Eleezabeth was teetotally opposed to mathrimony. All the single kings in Europe, an' all the princes an' lords at her own Coort 'ud be only too aiger to lade her to the althar, but she wouldn't look at wan of 'em at any price. However, this young Rolly tuk her fancy all of a suddint, an' she ups wud her umbrella an' there an' then she hits him a whack of it on the showldher, an' says she, "Rise up, Sir Walther Rolly—an' call a covered car for me!"

So Rolly did as he was towld an' he didn't forget to pick up his cloak aither. "Send that to the wash," says Queen Eleezabeth; "an' I'll see that you gets a new cloak out of the royal wardrobe, for 't was a very gintlemanly act to spread it undher the soles of my feet."

"All right, your Majesty," says Rolly, openin' the door of the covered car, an' helpin' her into it.

"Come up to the Coort," says she, "afther taytime, an' I'll have a talk wud you about a job that I think 'ud suit you complately."

"I will," says Rolly, "wud the greatest of pleasure; an' 't is much obliged to you I am for makin' a knight of me."

"Don't mintion it," says she. An' then the car druv off towards the Palace.

The same evenin' Rolly dhresses himself in his Sunday clothes, an' fixes rings all over his fingers, an' puts into his scarf a beautiful new pin he'd snatched out of a Spanish prince's shirt, an' afther oilin' his hair, and spillin' a ddrop of scent on his han'kerchief, he starts off for the Palace an' was shown up to the Queen's apartments.

"Well, Sir Walther," says Queen Eleezabeth, "I've been makin' enquiries about you, an' I'm towld you're on the look-out for a job. Is that so?"

"It is," says he.

"What sort of a job 'ud you like?" says she.

"Anything that 'll pay," says he.

"Did you ever hear tell of Ireland in your thravels?" axes the Queen.

"I did, thin; but at the present moment I couldn't give you the bearin's of it, though if you axed where any part

of Afrikay or Amerikay was, I could tell you right off the exact lie of it by the compass."

"Sthrange," says she, "you never ventured to Ireland!"

"I'm towld there's no money there," says he.

"Well, there isn't many goold mines in it," says the Queen, wud a laugh; "for we've been squeezin' 'em purty dhry since my ancesthor, ould Henery the Second, grabbed the counthry. But wud all that," says she, "there's dodges of makin' money there if you only goes the right way about it."

"I hear 't is an onsettled sort of a place," says Rolly.

"'T is," says the Queen; "an' that's what I'm dhrivin' at just now. You're not particular what you do?" says she.

"No, thin," says he. "I'm a purty hard case by this, an' if it's murdher you mane, I'm the boy for flourishin' the sword."

"Well," says the Queen, "I didn't exactly mane that whin I axed you the questhion. Are you too proud to go into thrade!"

"'Deed, thin, I'm not," says Rolly; "an' if it's the bacon thrade you mane," says he, "which I've heard tell is the main stay of Ireland, I'm not at all averse to goin' into the pig line, on a royal license."

"No," says the Queen. "That's too peaceul a thrade for me."

"An' what is it you're dhrivin' at?" axes Rolly, seein' that her Majesty was seemin'ly afeard to come out straight off wud her plan. "I towld you nothing was out of my line so long as I could see money at the end of it."

"Very well," says the Queen. "I'll put my plans before you. I'm advised that very little 'ud rise a rebellion agen me in Munsther, so if you likes to go over an' stir up the craychurs there, you'd have no throuble in slaughtherin' 'em."

"An' I suppose," says Rolly, intherruptin' her Majesty, "you'd give me so much a head for the job—but where does the thrade come in?"

"You're runnin' away wud the story," says she. "You see this is how it is. I've lately come to the conclusion that it's dangerous to go on slaughtherin' the Irish wud-out buryin' 'em aftherwards. A pestilence is like enough

to break out, an' maybe a strong westherly win' 'ud carry that same over into this counthry; so my idaya is to put all the corpses into coffins, an' bury 'em dacently. Now this is what I'm goin' to offer you, so pay attention, Rolly," says the Queen.

"I'm doin' that," says he, dhrawin' his eyebrows very hard together.

"Go over to Munsther," says she, "an' I'll make you a prisent of forty thousand acres of land."

"What's on the land?" axes Rolly.

"Tember," says she. "Fine hardy threes, I'm towld. Now if you starts the Irish into a lively rebellion in your disthricht, you can set up a fathory an' do the undhertakin' wholesale, for I wouldn't ax a knight to do it by retail."

"I see," says he, grinnin'. "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, ma'am. An' so it's an undhertaker you wants to 'make of me?"

"It is," says she: "a Gentleman-Undhertaker."

"An' how much will you allow me?" axes Rolly.

"Two pound a coffin," says she; "an' the bigger the bill is, the betther I'll like it."

"When'll I start?" says he.

"As soon as I can get the ordher made out for the forty thousand acres," answers the Queen.

"You're sure there's plenty of tember on the estate?" says he.

"Sartin," says she. "I can show you the survey of it before you signs the conthract wud me."

"'T wouldn't pay, you know," says he, "if the wood wasn't handy."

"I know that," says she. "And now I'll be dismissin' you, for it's growin' late, an' I have a character to lose."

"I hope you'll never lose it on my account," says Rolly, who had a nate way of turnin' his words. An' wud that he makes a low bow an' walks out of the room as graceful as a dancin'-masther.

The next day, afther signin' his conthract an' gettin' the ordher for the forty thousand acres of land, off starts Sir Walther for Ireland wud a hundred sogers to help him out in the job he had in hand. He landed afther a good voyage in the harbor of Cork, an' at wance he put matthers in thrain,

Aftther buildin' a bit of a fort as a kind of a back-door to the ocean, he tuk a jauntin' car an' thraveled down to Youghal, where he thought he 'd make his headquarters an' start the facthory. He had some throuble in the beginnin' findin' journeymen undhertakers, but of coorse he spun a yarn to 'em about the good he 'd do the counthry by in-throducin' home-manufacture; an' at last he got a sufficient number of hands together, an' thin the work began in airnest. He felled the threes in all directions, an' he got up a saw-mill; an' soon Rolly had the whole town of Youghal busy, wan way or another, at the coffin thrade.

Whin all was in full swing he dhrives back to his fort, an' gives his instruthions to his men.

"I 'm goin'," says he, "to take command of all the throops in Cork barracks, an' as soon as they're ready, then I 'll order 'em out of the city an' get 'em to scour the Province of Munsther clane. There 's a dale of varmint in the shape of natives gothered together in parts of the counthry, an' we 'll massacray 'em so far as we can. Now to all ye that I brought wud me I have this advice to give: don't put yerselves into danger. Let the other throops have the first go-in at the inemy, an' when they're done wud 'em, let ye finish 'em off completly, for of coorse there 'll be a dale of 'em only half kilt. We're partly on a peaceful mission here, an' thrade is what we're lookin' for, not glory. The hundhred of ye must get up a conthrivance for cartin' the corpses to the facthory in Youghal, where we 'll put 'em into good conthract coffins an' give 'em a dacent buryin'. I was towld yestherday," says he, "that at a neighborin' fort there was a crowd of Tallyans, an' I intinds to have the first thry at the furriners, by way of practice."

Well, in the coorse of a week Rolly got things into shape, an' out he marches, with the fightin' throops in the front an' the thradin' throops in the rear, agen this fort the Tallyans wor howldin'. The poor craychurs of furriners, men, women, an' childer, whin they saw the great army bearin' down on 'em, sent a flag of thruce up to the mast-head of the fort an' axed for a *parlez-vous*, but dickens a *parlez-vous* Rolly would give 'em, an' while you 'd be lookin' about you, he had the whole place sthrewn wud corpses; an' when the front army got tired of massacrayin'

the furriners, his own hundhred men went in, just as he had towld 'em, and finished off the wounded.

Six hundhred corpses they gothered up that day an' carted into Youghal; an' Rolly was in high feather as he stood at the facthory gate tallyin' the coffins as they wor carried out an' heaved into a neighborin' trench.

"I'll make a clane five hundhred pound on that job," says he. "If I can keep up this game, I'll soon be able to write home."

An' sure enough, keep it up he did, an' the facthory was in full swing for a long spell; an' then he bethought him that Queen Eleezabeth 'ud like to hear how he was gettin' on, so, bein' a great hand at the pen, he sat down wan day an' sent her off a long letther, which to the best of my memory was written this way:—

"May it plaize your Majesty, Queen Eleezabeth.

"I write these few lines, hopin' they will find you in good health, as this laives me at prisent.

"I'm gettin' on grand here. I suppose the head-clerk of your Coort has towld you that I'm billin' him for a thousand coffins a week on the average. I'm sorry to say there isn't as much profit on the job as I expected, an' I'm sadly afeard my foreman is chaytin' me on the putty account, but if I only catches him playin' thricks on me, you may depind I'll include him in the coffin bill purty quick. He 's a native of these parts, an' 't isn't clear to me he isn't risin' a rebellion among the facthory hands agen me.

"This is a mighty poor counthry. I've prodded it in all parts for goold an' diamonds, but there isn't as much as a scuttle of coal to be found anywhere in it.

"I met a man the other day that lives over beyant here, by the name of Spinser. He tells me yerself an' himself knows aich other, an' often I rides over to his place in the cool of the evenin', an' we haves a talk over the gay doin's at the London Coort. He 's writin' a long ballad now, an' between ourselves he nearly dhrives me crazy at times dhronin' long rigmaroles of his own writin' into my ears; but I'm goin' to have my revinge agen him wan of these fine days by bringin' over a ballad I'm writin' meself, an' maybe when he 's had a few hours of it he'll come to his sinses.

“An’ now I ’ll be sayin’ good by, so no more at prisent
from your faithful Undhertaker,

“SIR WALTHER ROLLY.

“P. S.—If things goes on as they promise, I ’ll have to
start a gas-engine here purty soon.”

ELLEN MARY PATRICK DOWNING.

(1828—1869.)

ELLEN DOWNING, known as “Mary of *The Nation*,” was born in Cork, March 19, 1828. She first wrote over her initials, and afterward signed her verses “Mary.” She contributed also to *The United Irishman* and to *The Cork Magazine*. She “formed an attachment,” writes Mr. A. M. Sullivan, “to one of the ‘Young Ireland’ writers. In Forty-eight he became a fugitive. Alas! in foreign climes he learned to forget home vows. Mary sank under the blow. She put by the lyre, and in utter seclusion from the world lingered for a while; but ere long the spring flowers blossomed on her grave.” She died in a convent, where she had taken the name of Sister Mary Alphonsus, in 1869.

Her poems are simple and graceful, and many of them full of devout feeling.

Only two collections of them have been published: ‘Voices of the Heart’ and ‘Poems for Children.’

MY OWEN.

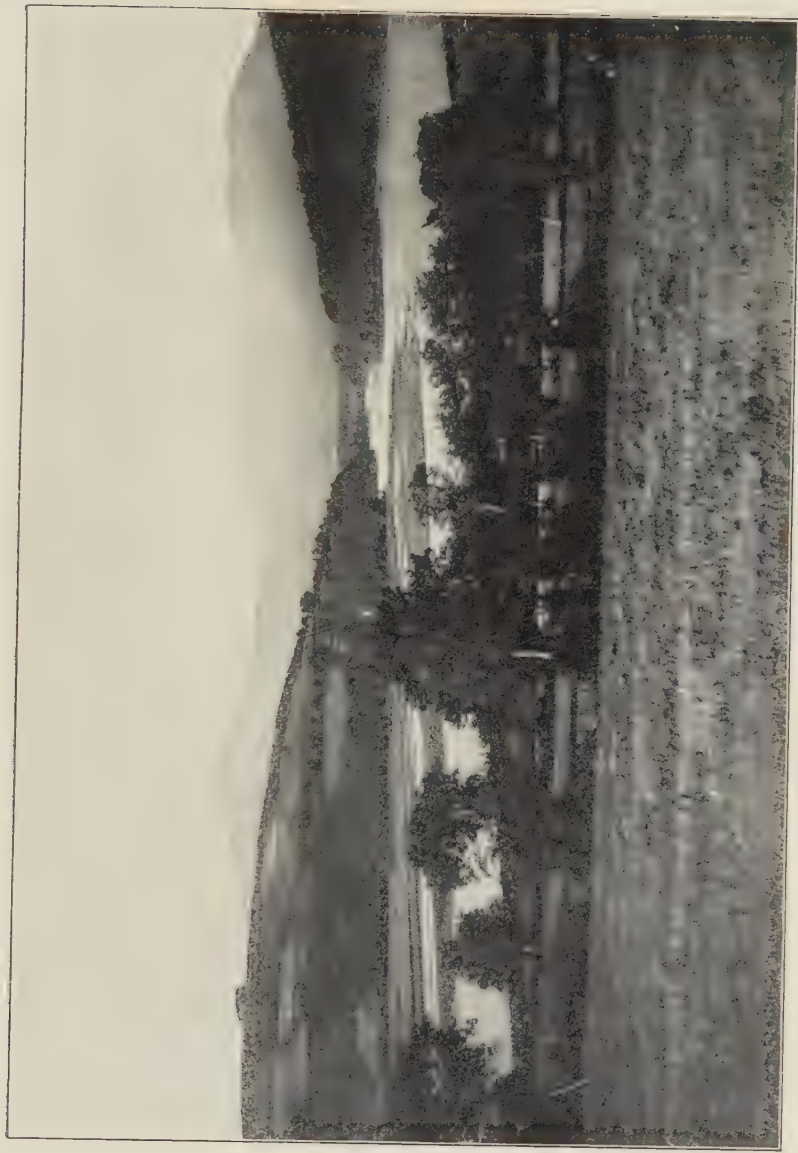
Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
Glad is my voice now, so free it may sing to you
All the wild love that is burning within for you!
Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
The tale of that eve that first saw you my lover.

Now I need never blush
At my heart’s hottest gush;
The wife of my Owen her heart may discover.

Proud of you, fond of you, having all right in you!
Quitting all else through my love and delight in you!
Glad is my heart, since ’t is beating so nigh to you!
Light is my step, for it always may fly to you!
Clasped in your arms, where no sorrow can reach to me,
Reading your eyes till new love they shall teach to me,
Though wild and weak till now,
By that blessed marriage vow,
More than the wisest know your heart shall preach to me.

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

Faint are the breezes, and pure is the tide,
Soft is the sunshine, and you by my side;



THE RIVER BLACKWATER

'T is just such an evening to dream of in sleep;
'T is just such a joy to remember and weep;
Never before since you called me your own
Were you, I, and nature so proudly alone—

Cushlamachree, 't is blessèd to be

All the long summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon;
Dear is our own river, glancing along;
Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be
The tides of the future for you and for me;
Dearest the thought, that, come weal or come woe,
Through storm or through sunshine together they 'll flow—

Cushlamachree, 't is blessèd to be

All the long summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon bark o'er the waters, how swiftly it glides!
My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides;
As little I know what the future brings near;
But our bark is the same, and I harbor no fear;
Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true;
Wherever the stream flows 't will bear me with you—

Cushlamachree, 't is blessèd to be

Summer and winter time clinging to thee.

JAMES WARREN DOYLE.

(1786—1834.)

DR. DOYLE, "the incomparable J. K. L." as Matthew Arnold called him, was born in 1786 in the town of New Ross, County Wexford. His father died when he was quite young, leaving his mother in poverty. When he was eleven years old he watched from behind a hedge the battle of New Ross. In 1800, he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Crane, an Augustine monk. With him he spent two years, and in 1805 entered the convent of Granstown, near Carnsore Point in Wexford, where in 1806 he took the vows. He afterward studied for two years in the University of Coimbra in Portugal.

While there he was called upon to take part in the Peninsular war, and, being acquainted with the Portuguese language, was employed by Sir Arthur Wellesley as confidential agent and to communicate with the Portuguese government. In this capacity Doyle acquitted himself well, and after the defeat of the French the Portuguese government recognized his diplomatic talent and received him with honor at court. Brilliant prospects were also held out to induce him to embrace a political career, but he remained firm to his original purpose of devoting himself to the ministry.

He returned to Ireland in 1808, and was ordained a priest. After about three years in his convent his learning and ability became known, and he was appointed in 1813 professor of rhetoric and afterward of theology in Carlow College. An anecdote is related in connection with his appointment. He was introduced to Dean Staunton, the President. "What can you teach?" inquired the Dean. "Anything," replied Doyle, "from A B C to the 'Third Book of Canon Law.'" The President did not altogether like the confidence of the answer, and he rejoined: "Pray, young man, can you teach and practice humility?" "I trust I have at least the humility to feel," answered Doyle, "that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can at best be known." The President was so struck with the reply that he mused, "You'll do."

In 1819 he was nominated to the bishopric of Kildare and Leighlin. The election was confirmed at Rome, and, although he was a very young man to be a bishop, his force of character and personal attention to his various parishes soon brought about a wonderful reformation of the abuses that existed in many of them.

Over the signature of "J. K. L." (James of Kildare and Leighlin) he wrote eloquent letters in defense of his Church, aided in the circulation of the Bible, and advocated strongly the union of the Churches of Rome and England, in preference to the Repeal, which was then being agitated for. His letters on this subject caused a great sensation at the time, coming, as they did, from a Roman Catholic bishop. He was also a great advocate for a united system

of education very similar to the Irish national system of education of the present day. In 1822 he opposed the veto ; and in 1824 his statesmanlike abilities and deep knowledge of Irish affairs as shown in his political writings was so widely recognized that he was summoned to attend before a committee of the Lords and Commons to be examined relative to the state of affairs in Ireland. At this time the Duke of Wellington was asked by some one if they were examining Doyle. He replied, "No, but Doyle is examining us."

His evidence, given during several days, was so much appreciated, and excited so much gratitude among his countrymen, that on his return a residence about a mile from Carlow was purchased and presented to him as a token of their esteem. In 1825 he wrote twelve letters on the state of Ireland, followed by a letter addressed to Lord Liverpool on Catholic claims. For years he continued the eloquent champion of these claims, and proved they might be defended both logically and reasonably, an entirely new revelation for the majority of Englishmen and Protestants.

His consistent self-denial and anxious labor of mind and body told heavily upon him ; and when he died, June 16, 1834, aged only forty-eight years, his appearance was more that of an old man than of one in the prime of life. His remains were interred in the central aisle of the Cathedral of Carlow, which he had built, and the funeral was attended by more than twenty thousand people. His last literary work was a preface to Butler's 'Lives of the Saints.'

'The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle,' by Mr. Fitzpatrick, is an admirable and discriminating biography and a graphic picture of the times in which the eloquent prelate lived.

THE TRUE FRIENDS OF THE POOR AND THE AFFLICTED.

A PICTURE OF SUFFERING IRELAND.

From 'Letters on the State of Ireland.'

I am laboring as the advocate of the poor, of the unprotected, and of the distressed. I can ask with Cicero how could I fail to be interested in the general agitation of religious and political, civil and ecclesiastical interests ; or how could I be insensible to the generous impulse of our nature ? St. Paul himself exclaims : "*Quis infirmatur et ego non infirmor, quis scandalizatur et ego non uror.*" In every nation a clergyman is separated from society only that he may labor the more efficiently for his fellow-men, and his duty of administering to their temporal wants is not less pressing than that of devoting him-

self to their spiritual concerns. The one ought to be done by him, and the other ought not to be neglected.

There are times and circumstances when he is justified, nay, when he is obliged, to mix with his fellow-countrymen, and to suspend his clerical functions whilst he discharges those of a member of society: I myself have once been placed in such circumstances, and devoted many a laborious hour to the service of a people engaged in the defense of their rights and liberties. The clerical profession exalts and strengthens the natural obligation we are all under of laboring for our country's welfare; and the priests and prophets of the old law have not only announced and administered the decrees of Heaven, but have aided by their counsel and their conduct the society to which Providence attached them. In the Christian dispensation priests and bishops have greatly contributed to the civilization and improvement of mankind; they have restrained ambition, they have checked turbulence, they have enlightened the councils of kings, and infused their own wisdom into laws and public institutions. Arts and sciences are their debtors; history and jurisprudence have been cultivated by them. They have been the teachers of mankind, and have alone been able to check the insolence of power, or plead before it the cause of the oppressed.

The clergy of the Catholic Church have been accused of many faults; but in no nation or at no time—not even by the writers of the reign of Henry the Eighth—have they been charged with betraying this sacred trust, or embezzling the property of the poor. In Ireland, above all, where their possessions were immense, their hearts were never corrupted by riches; and, whether during the incursions of the Danes, or the civil wars, or foreign invasions, which desolated the country, it was the clergy who repaired the ravages that were committed, rebuilt cities and churches, restored the fallen seats of literature, gave solemnity to the divine worship, and opened numberless asylums for the poor. Whilst Ireland, though a prey to many evils, was blessed with such a clergy, her poor required no extraordinary aid; the heavenly virtue of charity was seen to walk unmolested over the ruins of towns and cities, to collect the wanderer, to shelter the houseless, to support the infirm, to clothe the naked, and to minister to every

species of human distress; but "*fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Dardanidum!*"

When the ancient religion was expelled from her possessions, and another inducted in her place, the church and the hospital and the cabin of the destitute became alike deserted, or fell into utter ruin. This change, with the others which accompanied or followed after it, in Ireland threw back all our social and religious institutions into what is generally called a state of nature—a state, such as Hobbes describes it, in which men are always arming or engaged in war. Clergymen, so-called, still appeared amongst their fellow-men, but they were no longer "of the seed of those by whom salvation had been wrought in Israel"; they did not consider it a portion of their duty to be employed in works of mercy, or to devote the property which had passed into their hands to those sacred purposes for which it was originally destined. They were like the generality of mankind, solely intent on individual gain, or the support or aggrandizement of their families, but totally regardless of those sublime virtues or exalted charities which the Gospel recommends. They found themselves vested with a title to the property of the poor; they did not stop to inquire whether they held it in trust; there was no friend to humanity who would impeach them for abuse, and they appropriated all, everything to which they could extend their rapacious grasp. The churches were suffered to decay, and the spacious cloister or towering dome through which the voice of prayer once resounded became for a while the resort of owls and bats, till time razed their foundations and mixed up their ruins with the dust. The poor were cast out into the wilderness, and left, like Ishmael, to die; whilst Ireland, like the afflicted mother of the rejected child, cast her last sad looks towards them, and then left them to perish. These men "ate the milk, and clothed themselves with the wool, and killed that which was fat; but the flock they did not feed, the weak they did not strengthen, and that which was sick they did not heal, neither did they seek for that which was lost; but they ruled over them with rigor and with a high hand." They could not be blamed; they had a title and a calling different from their predecessors; and the state,

from which they derived their commission, could not infuse into them virtues which can only emanate from Christ.

The evidence already given to Parliament shows that the average wages of a laboring man in Ireland (and a great mass of the poor are laborers) is worth scarcely THREEPENCE A DAY! Threepence¹ a day for such as obtain employment, whilst in a family where one or two persons are employed there may be four, perhaps six, others dependent on these two for their support! Good God! an entire family to be lodged, clothed, fed, on THREEPENCE A DAY! Less than the average price of a single stone of potatoes; equal only to the value of a single quart of oat-meal! What further illustration can be required? Why refer to the nakedness, to the hunger of individuals? Why speak of parishes receiving extreme unction before they expired of hunger? Why be surprised at men feeding on manure; of contending with the cattle about the weeds; of being lodged in huts and sleeping on the clay; of being destitute of energy, of education, of the virtues or qualities of the children of men? Is it not clear, is it not evident, that the great mass of the poor are in a state of habitual famine, the prey of every mental and bodily disease? Why are we surprised at the specters who haunt our dwellings, whose tales of distress rend our hearts—at the distracted air and incoherent language of the wretched father who starts from the presence of his famished wife and children, and gives vent abroad in disjointed sounds to the agony of his soul?

How often have I met and labored to console such a father! How often have I endeavored to justify to him the ways of Providence, and check the blasphemy against Heaven which was already seated on his tongue! How often have I seen the visage of youth, which should be red with vigor, pale and emaciated, and the man who had scarcely seen his fortieth year withered like the autumn leaf, and his face furrowed with the wrinkles of old age! How often has the virgin, pure and spotless as the snow of heaven, detailed to me the miseries of her family, her own destitution, and sought through the ministry of Christ for some supernatural support whereby to resist the allurements of the seducer and to preserve untainted the dearest

¹ About five cents.

virtue of her soul ! But above all, how often have I viewed with my eyes, in the person of the wife and of the widow, of the aged and the orphan, the aggregate of all the misery which it was possible for human nature to sustain ! And how often have these persons disappeared from my eyes, returned to their wretched abode, and closed in the cold embrace of death their lives and their misfortunes ! What light can be shed on the distresses of the Irish poor by statements of facts when their notoriety and extent are known throughout the earth ?

But Ireland, always unhappy, always oppressed, is reviled when she complains, is persecuted when she struggles ; her evils are suffered to corrode her, and her wrongs are never to be redressed ! We look to her pastures, and they teem with milk and fatness ; to her fields, and they are covered with bread ; to her flocks, and they are as numerous as the bees which encircle the hive ; to her ports, they are safe and spacious ; to her rivers, they are deep and navigable ; to her inhabitants, they are industrious, brave, and intelligent as any people on earth ; to her position on the globe, and she seems to be intended as the emporium of wealth, as the mart of universal commerce ; and yet, . . . but no, we will not state the causes, they are obvious to the sight and to the touch ; it is enough that the mass of her children are the most wretched of any civilized people on the globe.

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

(1754—1820.)

DR. DRENNAN, who first gave Ireland the name of "The Emerald Isle," was born in Belfast in 1754. He studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh; took his degree of M.D. in 1778, practiced for some years in Belfast and Newry, and removed to Dublin in 1789. He became one of the ablest writers in favor of the United Irishmen movement, and his 'Letters of Orellana' had much to do in getting Ulster to join the League.

In 1794 he and Mr. Rowan were put on trial for issuing the famous Address of the United Irishmen to the Volunteers of Ireland. Curran defended Rowan, who however was fined in £500 (\$2,500) and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, while Drennan, who was the real writer of the paper, had the good fortune to be acquitted. He afterward removed to Belfast, where he commenced *The Belfast Magazine*. In 1815 he issued a little volume entitled 'Glendalough, and other Poems,' which is now very rare. He died in February, 1820.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' considers his verses "perhaps rhetoric rather than poetry, but the rhetoric is always strong and sincere." They are certainly vigorous and graceful; and his hymns possess much of beauty. Moore is said to have esteemed 'When Erin First Rose' the most perfect of modern songs. His 'Wake of William Orr' electrified the nation on its appearance, and did more hurt to the Government than the loss of a battle. Mr. O'Donoghue considers it his best piece.

ERIN.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood
God blessed the green Island, and saw it was good;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone—
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
Oh! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time
When religion was war and our country a crime;
When man in God's image inverted His plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man;

When the int'rest of State wrought the general woe,
 The stranger a friend and the native a foe;
 While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed
 And clasped the invader more close to her breast;
 When with Pale for the body and Pale for the soul,
 Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole,
 And, as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
 Eyed each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave
 For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
 Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
 And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
 Let my sons, like the leaves of the shamrock, unite—
 A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
 Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
 Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen
 Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to Green:
 Yet, oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
 Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
 Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
 And, uplifted to strike, be as ready to save!
 Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
 The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
 And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
 And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share
 With the full swelling chest and the fair flowing hair.
 Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
 But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave.
 Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest!
 Rise, Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West!

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

There our murdered brother lies;
 Wake him not with woman's cries;
 Mourn the way that manhood ought—
 Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
 Morals pure and manners kind;
 In his head, as on a hill,
 Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
 "Countrymen, UNITE," he cried,
 And died for what our Saviour died.

God of peace and God of love!
 Let it not Thy vengeance move—
 Let it not Thy lightnings draw—
 A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless Nation, rent and torn,
 Thou wert early taught to mourn;
 Warfare of six hundred years!
 Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
 Or flung *reward* to human hounds,
 Each one pulled and tore his share,
 Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation! hapless Land!
 Heap of uncementing sand!
 Crumbled by a foreign weight:
 And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
 Make this mad confusion cease;
 O'er the mental chaos move,
 Through it *SPEAK* the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
 Brothers' blood will not unite;
 Holy oil and holy water
 Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?
 The widowed mother with her child—
 Child new stirring in the womb!
 Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place,
Calm her soul and whisper peace—
Cord, or axe, or guillotine,
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep:
Watch with us, but do not weep:
Watch with us thro' dead of night—
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!—
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise!—arise!

WILLIAM DRENNAN, JR.

[1802—1874]

MR. DRENNAN, the son of Dr. Drennan, was born in Dublin in 1802 and was graduated from Trinity College in 1823. His poems entitled *The Battle of Beal-an-atha-buidh*, was published in *The Nation* in 1861 without a name, but it is included in the volume entitled *Glendalough and other Poems*, which was published in 1866.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.¹

1598.

O'Neill close beleaguered, the sports might droop—
Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop.
Till Baginval drew forth his Toledo, and swore
On the sword of a soldier to succor Portmore.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
Their features now bronzed, and how thoughtfully their stride—
Slept steadily on; it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

The flash of their armor, inland with due gold—
Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that wonderfully rolled—
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
Dyed in the blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

And are the mere Irish, with pikes and with darts—
With but gilt-covered heads, and but rhinograded hearts—
Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
The battle to dare against England's stout sons?

Poor *Binn*—*lith*² and wild rallowglasses, and Kera—
Let them war with rude brambles, sharp thorns, and dry fern.
Wivestruel³ for their wives—for their babies *achan*,⁴
If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands—
"Ye have lances in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands,

¹ *Beal-an-atha-buidh* literally means the Mouth of the Yellow Ford, and is pronounced *Beal-un-ath-bude*.

² *Bannocht*, a billeted soldier.

³ *Wivestruel* (*A Mhuire as truagh*), Oh! Mary, what sorrow!

⁴ *Achanie*—*achane*, woe.

Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once
*Fag-a-Bealach!*¹—and down with horse-foot and great guns.

They have gold and gay arms— they have biscuit and bread;
 Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;
 And he clutched his claymore, and "look yonder," laughed
 he,

"What a grand commissariat for BEAL-A-ATHA-BUIDH!"

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
 His nostrils dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
 Rough and ready to spring like the wily wolf hound
 Of Ierne, who, tossing his pike with a bound,

Cried, "My hand to the Sassenach! ne'er may I hurl
 Another to earth if I call him a churl!
 He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—
 My Chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

"Land of Owen, aboo!" and the Irish rushed on—
 The foe fired but one volley—their gunners are gone;
 Before the bare bosoms the steel coats have fled,
 Or despite casque or corselet, lie dying and dead.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought
 With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought;
 Their faces to Heaven—there were others, atack!
 By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colors, great store,
 Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *go leor!*²
 They munched the white manchetts—they clamped the brown
 chine,
*Faillteach!*³ for that day, how the natives did dine!

The Chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
 And cried, "Hearken, O'Neil! I've a health to propose—
 'To our Sassenach hosts!' " and all quaffed in huge glee
 With "*Cead míle fáilte go*"⁴ BEAL-A-ATHA-BUIDH!"

¹ *Fag-a-Bealach*, clear the way.

² *Go leor*, in abundance.

³ *Faillteach*, joyous exclamation.

⁴ *Cead míle fáilte go*, a hundred thousand welcomes to.

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

(1778—1865.)

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND was born at Larne, County Antrim, in 1778. He was educated at Belfast Academy under James Crombie. Later he entered Glasgow College to study for the ministry, but he was too poor to finish his course. He did, however, study by himself and entered the Church. He taught or preached throughout his life.

He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and one of the first members of the Belfast Literary Society. He took a scholarly interest in Celtic literature. In mature life he became a polemic, and his writings are noted for sharpness and vivacity. Of these his essay on the 'Doctrine of the Trinity' is the best. He wrote much poetry, including the 'Battle of Trafalgar' and 'The Giant's Causeway,' also a work on ancient Irish minstrelsy. He died in 1865.

ODE WRITTEN ON LEAVING IRELAND.

From the Irish of Gerald Nugent.

What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
To flee from Innisfail!
Oh, anguish from her scenes to part,
Of mountain, wood, and vale!
Vales that the hum of bees resound,
And plains where generous steeds abound.

While wafted by the breeze's wing,
I see fair Fintan's shore recede,
More poignant griefs my bosom wring,
The farther eastward still I speed.
With Erin's love my bosom warms,
No soil but hers for me has charms.

A soil enriched with verdant bowers,
And groves with mellow fruits that teem;
A soil of fair and fragrant flowers,
Of verdant turf and crystal stream:
Rich plains of Ir, that bearded corn,
And balmy herbs, and shrubs adorn.

A land that boasts a pious race,
A land of heroes brave and bold;

Enriched with every female grace
Are Banba's maids with locks of gold.
Of men, none with her sons compare;
No maidens with her daughters fair.

If Heaven, propitious to my vow,
Grant the desire with which I burn,
Again the foamy deep to plow,
And to my native shores return;
"Speed on," I'll cry, "my galley fleet,
Nor e'er the crafty Saxon greet."

No perils of the stormy deep
I dread—yet sorrow wounds my heart;
To leave thee, Leogaire's fort, I weep;
From thee, sweet Delvin, must I part!
Oh! hard the task—oh! lot severe,
To flee from all my soul holds dear.

Farewell, ye kind and generous bards,
Bound to my soul by friendship strong;
And ye Dundargvais' happy lands,
Ye festive halls—ye sons of song;
Ye generous friends in Meath who dwell,
Beloved, adored, farewell! farewell!

LADY DUFFERIN.

(1807—1867.)

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN was born in 1807. She was the eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was brought up with her sisters, the Honorable Mrs. Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell) and the Duchess of Somerset, in the seclusion of Hampton Court, whither her mother had retired on the death of Mr. Sheridan.

Helen inherited the genius of the Sheridan family, and enjoyed the additional advantage of sharing with her sisters the careful training of a devoted mother, a lady distinguished by her good sense and intellectual ability. At the age of eighteen she married the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterward Lord Dufferin, and the following year (1826) became the mother of the late Earl of Dufferin, her only son.

The inheritor and transmitter of genius, the brilliant mother of a brilliant son, hers was one of the most enviable fates for the poet and artist. To hear her exquisitely artless songs on the lips of her own people was Lady Dufferin's happy lot. Her 'Irish Emigrant' is known the wide world over, and, being one of the earliest things learned by Irish school-children, it comes to share in later life the haunting quality which belongs to memories of those dim years when the impressions are only awakening.

The benevolent and kindly nature of Lady Dufferin, and her grace of manner, soon secured the esteem and affection of the people, who felt that she understood and sympathized with their joys and sorrows. Hence the popularity of her ballads and songs, which were not due to any desire for literary fame, but were the genuine outcome of a warm and sympathetic spirit. Of all her pieces 'The Irish Emigrant' is the universal favorite. Nothing could surpass its simple and touching pathos and fidelity to nature, particularly Irish nature, and on it alone Lady Dufferin's fame as a poet might safely rest. 'Terence's Farewell' and 'Katey's Letter,' both rich in humor, are also extremely popular. 'Sweet Kilkenny Town,' a reply to 'Katey's Letter,' set to music by the authoress, is not, perhaps, so widely known. No collection of her ballads and poems has been made, and many of them are doubtless lost, only the most popular having been preserved in various selections of Irish poetry.

She also produced an amusing and piquant prose work entitled 'The Honorable Impulsia Gushington.' It is a satire on high life in the nineteenth century. Although written in a light and humorous style, her ladyship tells us in the preface it "was intended to serve an earnest purpose in lightening the tedium and depression of long sickness in the person of a beloved friend."

In 1841 Lord Dufferin died, and her ladyship remained a widow for twenty-one years, when she married the Earl of Gifford, at the time nearly on his death-bed. Two months afterward she became for the second time a widow, and Dowager Countess of Gifford.



LADY DUFFERIN

For some years previous to her death this amiable lady was afflicted with a painful illness, which she endured with fortitude and resignation. She expired June 13, 1867, leaving a memory dear to every Irish heart.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May mornin', long ago,
 When first you were my bride:
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high—
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the lovelight in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary;
 The day is bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary;
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends:
 But, oh! they love the better still,
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary—
 My blessin' and my pride!
 There's nothin' left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
 That still kept hoping on
 When the trust in God had left my soul,
 And my arm's young strength was gone;

There was comfort ever on your lip
 And the kind look on your brow—
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for *my* sake;
 I bless you for the pleasant word
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary—kind and true!
 But I'll not forget *you*, darling,
 In the land I'm goin' to:
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there—
 But I'll not forget Old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side,
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
 All alone by myself in this place,
 But I'm sure you will never deceive me—
 Oh no, if there's truth in that face.
 Though England's a beautiful city,
 Full of illigant boys—oh, what then?
 You would not forget your poor Terence;
 You'll come back to Ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
 But don't you believe them, my dear.
 No, Kathleen, *agra!* don't be minding
 The flattering speeches they'll make;
 Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's folly to keep you from going,
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—
 For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
 When next I shall see your sweet face.
 And when you come back to me, Kathleen—
 None the better will I be off then—
 You'll be spaking such beautiful English,
 Sure, I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry?
 Don't flutter me so in this way!
 I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was maning to say.
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye—
 Can I talk if you bother me so?—
 Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye
 Ev'ry inch of the way that you go.

KATEY'S LETTER.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear,
 I wrote my love a letter?
 And altho' he cannot read,
 I thought 't was all the better.
 For why should he be puzzled
 With hard spelling in the matter,
 When the *maning* was so plain?
 That I loved him faithfully,
 And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
 Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
 And put a seal upon it,
 'T was a seal almost as big
 As the crown of my best bonnet;

For I would not have the postmaster
Make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said *inside* the letter
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dare not put it half in;
The neighbors know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffing,
So I dare not write his name *outside*,
For fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "From little Kate to one
Whom she loves faithfully,"
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it,
That postman, *so consated*,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited;
But maybe—there mayn't be one,
For the reason that I stated—
That my love can neither read nor write,
But loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is,
That he is true to me.

LORD DUFFERIN.

(1826—1902.)

THE RIGHT HON. FREDERICK TEMPLE BLACKWOOD, Earl of Dufferin, was son of the fourth Baron Dufferin, and was born in 1826. His mother was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and thus he was one more of the long list of the Sheridans who have proved that wit can run in families. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, but did not take a degree. He was still a minor when, in 1841, he succeeded to his father's title.

His first literary production was a narrative of a visit he made to Ireland during 1846-47, under the title of 'Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the year of the Irish Famine.'

In February, 1855, he formed one of the numerous train which accompanied Lord John Russell to Vienna. In 1860 appeared the first work that drew particular attention to his name. In this book there is abundant evidence of those great gifts of humorous observation which were his delightful characteristic. He had in the previous year made a voyage in his yacht to Iceland, and an account of his stay in that island appeared in 'Letters from High Latitudes.' This book bubbles over with fun, and his description of an Icelandic dinner-party can be read by few, we think, without aching sides.

His first real entrance into official life was made in 1860, when he was sent to Syria as British Commissioner, for the purpose of inquiring into cruelties which had been practiced by Turkish officials on the Christian population. He pursued his investigations with relentless vigilance, and administered condign punishment to the most notable malefactors. The home authorities were thoroughly satisfied with his action, and he was made a Knight of the Bath. In 1864 he became for a while Under Secretary for India, and during the year 1866 he acted as Under Secretary for War.

In 1868 Lord Dufferin was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an office with undefined duties, which constituted him, as he wittily described it, "maid of all work" to the Ministry. In 1872 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada. Never was there a more successful ruler. The Orangeman and the Roman Catholic, the Conservative and the Radical, alike bent under the influence of his clear judgment, his impartial action, his pleasant manners, and his bewitching tongue. The speeches which he made have been collected into volume form, and they can be read with a pleasure that one rarely experiences when perusing spoken addresses in print. Their chief characteristics are a lofty tone of feeling, bright wit, and, occasionally, eloquence of a high order. On his retirement from the Canadian governorship he was chosen by Lord Beaconsfield as British Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. He was afterward Ambassador at the Ottoman Court, and in 1884 was appointed Governor-General of India. He was Ambassador to

Italy and to France. From 1891 to 1895 he was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle. In 1890 he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University. He was made an Earl of the United Kingdom in 1871, was President of the Geographical Society, and an honorary LL.D. of Harvard University.

Besides the works above mentioned, Lord Dufferin wrote several books on the questions that chiefly disturb his native country. Their titles are 'Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland,' 'Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland Examined,' and 'Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland.'

This most brilliant Irishman died, to the regret of all creeds and parties, in 1902.

ON IRISHMEN AS RULERS.

A speech delivered at Quebec, September 5, 1878.

Gentlemen,—I hardly know in what terms I am to reply to the address I have just listened to, so signal is the honor which you have conferred upon me. That a whole province, as large, as important, as flourishing as many a European kingdom, should erect into an embassy the mayors of its cities,—the delegates of its urban and rural municipalities,—and dispatch them on a journey of several hundred miles, to convey to a humble individual like myself an expression of the personal good-will of the constituencies they represent, is a circumstance unparalleled in the history of Canada, or of any other colony.

To stand as I now do in the presence of so many distinguished persons, who have put themselves to great personal inconvenience on my account, only adds to my embarrassment. And yet, gentlemen, I cannot pretend not to be delighted with such a genuine demonstration of regard on the part of the large-hearted inhabitants of the great province in whose name you have addressed me; for, quite apart from the personal gratification I experience, you are teaching all future administrators of our affairs a lesson which you may be sure they will gladly lay to heart, since it will show them with how rich a reward you are ready to pay whatever slight exertions it may be within their power to make on your behalf.

And when in the history of your Dominion could such a proof of your generosity be more opportunely shown? A few weeks ago the heart of every man and woman in Can-

ada was profoundly moved by the intelligence, not only that the government of Great Britain was about to send out as England's representative to this country one of the most promising among the younger generation of our public men, but that the Queen herself was about to intrust to the keeping of the people of Canada her own daughter. If you desired any illustration of the respect, the affection, the confidence with which you are regarded by your fellow-subjects and by your sovereign at home, what greater proof could you require than this, or what more gratifying, more delicate, more touching recognition could have rewarded your never-failing love and devotion for the mother country and its ruler?

But though Parliament and the citizens of Canada may well be proud of the confidence thus reposed in them, believe me when I tell you that, quite apart from these especial considerations, you may well be congratulated on the happy choice which has been made in the person of Lord Lorne for the future Governor-General of Canada. It has been my good fortune to be connected all my life long with his family by ties of the closest personal friendship. Himself I have known, I may say, almost from his boyhood, and a more conscientious, high-minded, or better qualified viceroy could not have been selected. Brought up under exceptionally fortunate conditions, it is needless to say he has profited to the utmost by the advantages placed within his reach, many of which will have fitted him in an especial degree for his present post.

His public school and college education, his experience of the House of Commons, his large personal acquaintance with the representatives of all that is most distinguished in the intellectual world of the United States, his literary and artistic tastes, his foreign travel, will all combine to render him intelligently sympathetic with every phase and aspect of your national life. Above all, he comes of good Whig stock—that is to say, of a family whose prominence in history is founded upon the sacrifices they have made in the cause of constitutional liberty. When a couple of a man's ancestors have perished on the scaffold as martyrs in the cause of political and religious freedom, you may be sure there is little likelihood of their descendant seeking to encroach, when acting as the representative of the

Crown, upon the privileges of Parliament or the independence of the people.

As for your future princess, it would not become me to enlarge upon her merits—she will soon be amongst you, taking all hearts by storm by the grace, the suavity, the sweet simplicity of her manners, life, and conversation. Gentlemen, if ever there was a lady who in her earliest youth had formed a high ideal of what a noble life should be—if ever there was a human being who tried to make the most of the opportunities within her reach, and to create for herself, in spite of every possible trammel and impediment, a useful career and occasions of benefiting her fellow-creatures, it is the Princess Louise, whose unpretending exertions in a hundred different directions to be of service to her country and generation have already won for her an extraordinary amount of popularity at home.

When to this you add an artistic genius of the highest order, and innumerable other personal gifts and accomplishments, combined with manners so gentle, so unpretending, as to put every one who comes within reach of her influence at perfect ease, you cannot fail to understand that England is not merely sending you a royal princess of majestic lineage, but a good and noble woman, in whom the humblest settler or mechanic in Canada will find an intelligent and sympathetic friend. Indeed, gentlemen, I hardly know which pleases me most, the thought that the superintendence of your destinies is to be confided to persons so worthy of the trust, or that a dear friend of my own like Lord Lorne, and a personage for whom I entertain such respectful admiration as I do for the Princess Louise, should commence their future labors in the midst of a community so indulgent, so friendly, so ready to take the will for the deed, so generous in their recognition of any effort to serve them, as you have proved yourselves to be.

And yet, alas! gentlemen, pleasant and agreeable as is the prospect for you and them, we must acknowledge there is one drawback to the picture. Lord Lorne has, as I have said, a multitude of merits, but even spots will be discovered on the sun, and unfortunately an irreparable, and, as I may call it, a congenital defect attaches to this appointment. Lord Lorne is not an Irishman! It is not his fault—he did the best he could for himself—he came as near the

right thing as possible by being born a Celtic Highlander. There is no doubt the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us either at home or abroad than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain—Lord Mayo governed India—Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canada—and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennesys, administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West Indian possessions. Have not even the French at last made the same discovery in the person of Marshal MacMahon? But still we must be generous, and it is right Scotchmen should have a turn. After all, Scotland only got her name because she was conquered by the Irish—and if the real truth were known, it is probable the house of Inverary owes most of its glory to an Irish origin. Nay, I will go a step further—I would even let the poor Englishman take an occasional turn at the helm—if for no better reason than to make him aware how much better we manage the business. But you have not come to that yet, and though you have been a little spoiled by having been given three Irish governor-generals in succession, I am sure you will find that your new viceroy's personal and acquired qualifications will more than counterbalance his ethnological disadvantages.

And now, gentlemen, I must bid you farewell. Never shall I forget the welcome you extended to me in every town and hamlet of Ontario when I first came amongst you. It was in traveling through your beautiful province I first learned to appreciate and understand the nature and character of your destinies. It was there I first learned to believe in Canada, and from that day to this my faith has never wavered. Nay, the further I extended my travels through the other provinces the more deeply my initial impressions were confirmed; but it was amongst you they were first engendered, and it is with your smiling happy hamlets my brightest reminiscences are intertwined. And what transaction could better illustrate the mighty changes your energies have wrought than the one in which we are at this moment engaged? Standing, as we do, upon this lofty platform, surrounded by those antique and historical fortifications, so closely connected with the infant fortunes of the colony, one cannot help contrasting the

present scene with others of an analogous character which have been frequently enacted upon the very spot. The early Governors of Canada have often received in Quebec deputies from the very districts from which each of you have come, but in those days the sites now occupied by your prosperous towns, the fields you till, the rose-clad bowers, and trim lawns where your children sport in peace, were then dense wildernesses of primeval forest, and those who came from thence on an errand here were merciless savages, seeking the presence of the viceroy either to threaten war and vengeance, or at best to proffer a treacherous and uncertain peace. How little could Montmagny, or Tracy, or Vaudreuil, or Frontenac, have ever imagined on such occasions that for the lank dusky forms of the Iroquois or Ottawa emissaries, would one day be substituted the beaming countenances and burly proportions of English-speaking mayors and aldermen and reeves. And now, gentlemen, again good-bye. I cannot tell you how deeply I regret that Lady Dufferin should not be present to share the gratification I have experienced by your visit. Tell your friends at home how deeply I have been moved by this last and signal proof of their good-will, that their kindness shall never be forgotten, and that as long as I live it will be one of the chief ambitions of my life to render them faithful and effectual service.

AN ICELANDIC DINNER.

From 'Letters from High Latitudes.'

Yesterday—no—the day before—in fact I forget the date of the day—I don't believe it had one—all I know is, I have not been in bed since,—we dined at the Governor's;—though dinner is too modest a term to apply to the entertainment.

The invitation was for four o'clock, and at half-past three we pulled ashore in the gig; I, innocent that I was, in a well-fitting white waistcoat.

The Government House, like all the others, is built of wood, on the top of a hillock; the only accession of dignity it can boast being a little bit of mangy kitchen-garden that

hangs down in front to the road, like a soiled apron. There was no lock, handle, bell, or knocker to the door, but immediately on our approach a servant presented himself, and ushered us into the room where Count Trampe was waiting to welcome us. After having been presented to his wife we proceeded to shake hands with the other guests, most of whom I already knew; and I was glad to find that, at all events in Iceland, people do not consider it necessary to pass the ten minutes which precede the announcement of dinner as if they had assembled to assist at the opening of their entertainer's will, instead of his oysters.

The company consisted of the chief dignitaries of the island, including the bishop, the chief-justice, etc., etc., some of them in uniform, and all with holiday faces. As soon as the door was opened Count Trampe tucked me under his arm—two other gentlemen did the same to my two companions—and we streamed into the dining-room. The table was very prettily arranged with flowers, plate, and a forest of glasses. Fitzgerald and I were placed on either side of our host, the other guests, in due order, beyond. On my left sat the rector, and opposite, next to Fitz, the chief physician of the island. Then began a series of transactions of which I have no distinct recollection; in fact, the events of the next five hours recur to me in as great disarray as reappear the vestiges of a country that has been disfigured by some deluge. . . .

I gather, then, from evidence—internal and otherwise—that the dinner was excellent, and that we were helped in Benjamite proportions; but as before the soup was finished I was already hard at work hob-nobbing with my two neighbors, it is not to be expected I should remember the bill of fare.

With the peculiar manners used in Scandinavian skoal-drinking I was already well acquainted. In the nice conduct of a wine-glass I knew that I excelled, and having an hereditary horror of heel-taps, I prepared with a firm heart to respond to the friendly provocations of my host. I only wish you could have seen how his kind face beamed with approval when I chinked my first bumper against his, and having emptied it at a draught, turned it towards him bottom upwards with the orthodox twist. Soon, however, things began to look more serious even than I had expected.

I knew well that to refuse a toast, or to half empty your glass, was considered churlish. I had come determined to accept my host's hospitality as cordially as it was offered. I was willing, at a pinch, to *payer de ma personne*; should he not be content with seeing me *at* his table, I was ready, if need were, to remain *under* it! but at the rate we were then going it seemed probable this consummation would take place before the second course: so, after having exchanged a dozen rounds of sherry and champagne with my two neighbors, I pretended not to observe that my glass had been refilled; and, like the sea-captain, who, slipping from between his two opponents, left them to blaze away at each other the long night through,—withdrew from the combat.

But it would not do; with untasted bumpers and dejected faces they politely waited until I should give the signal for a renewal of *hostilities*, as they well deserved to be called. Then there came over me a horrid, wicked feeling. What if I should endeavor to floor the Governor, and so literally turn the tables on him! It is true I had lived for five-and-twenty years without touching wine,—but was not I my great-grandfather's great-grandson, and an Irish peer to boot! Were there not traditions, too, on the other side of the house, of casks of claret brought up into the dining-room, the door locked, and the key thrown out of the window? With such antecedents to sustain me, I ought to be able to hold my own against the stanchest toper in Iceland! So, with a devil glittering in my left eye, I winked defiance right and left, and away we went at it again for another five-and-forty minutes. At last their fire slackened: I had partially quelled both the Governor and the rector, and still survived. It is true I did not feel comfortable; but it was in the neighborhood of my waistcoat, not my head, I suffered. "I am not well, but I will not out," I soliloquized, with Lepidus—"give me the wing," I would have added, had I dared. Still the neck of the banquet was broken—Fitzgerald's chair was not yet empty,—could we hold out perhaps a quarter of an hour longer our reputation was established; guess then my horror, when the Icelandic doctor, shouting his favorite dogma by way of battle cry, "*Si trigintis guttis, morbum curare velis, erras*," gave the signal for an unexpected on-

slaught, and the twenty guests poured down on me in succession. I really thought I should have run away from the house; but the true family blood, I suppose, began to show itself, and, with a calmness almost frightful, I received them one by one.

After this began the public toasts.

Although up to this time I had kept a certain portion of my wits about me, the subsequent hours of the entertainment became henceforth enveloped in a dreamy mystery. I can perfectly recall the look of the sheaf of glasses that stood before me, six in number; I could draw the pattern of each: I remember feeling a lazy wonder they should always be full, though I did nothing but empty them,—and at last solved the phenomenon by concluding I had become a kind of Danàid, whose punishment, not whose sentence, had been reversed: then suddenly I felt as if I were disembodied,—a distant spectator of my own performances, and of the feast at which my person remained seated. The voices of my host, of the rector, of the chief-justice, became thin and low, as though they reached me through a whispering tube; and when I rose to speak it was as to an audience in another sphere, and in a language of another state of being: yet, however unintelligible to myself, I must have been in some sort understood, for at the end of each sentence cheers, faint as the roar of waters on a far-off strand, floated towards me; and if I am to believe a report of the proceedings subsequently shown us, I must have become polyglot in my cups. According to that report it seems the Governor threw off (I wonder he did not do something else), with the queen's health in French, to which I responded in the same language. Then the rector, in English, proposed my health,—under the circumstances a cruel mockery,—but to which, ill as I was, I responded very gallantly by drinking to the *beaux yeux* of the Countess. Then somebody else drank success to Great Britain, and I see it was followed by really a very learned discourse by Lord D. in honor of the ancient Icelanders; during which he alluded to their discovery of America, and Columbus' visit. Then came a couple of speeches in Icelandic, after which the bishop, in a magnificent Latin oration of some twenty minutes, a second time proposes my health; to which, utterly at my wits' end, I had the au-

dacity to reply in the same language. As it is fit so great an effort of oratory should not perish, I send you some of its choicest specimens:—

“Viri illustres,” I began, “insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum, ego propero respondere ad complimentum quod recte reverendus prelativus mihi fecit, in proponendo meam salutem: et supplico vos credere quod multum gratificatus et flattificatus sum honore tam distincto.

“Bibere, viri illustres, res est, quæ in omnibus terris, ‘domum venit ad hominum negotia et pectora:’¹ (1) requirit ‘haustum longum, haustum fortem, et haustum omnes simul:’ (2) ut canit poeta, ‘unum tactum Naturæ totum orbem facit consanguineum,’ (3) et hominis natura est—bibere (4).

“Viri illustres, alterum est sentimentum equaliter universale: terra communis super quam septentrionales et meridionales, eâdem enthusiasmâ convenire possunt: est necesse quod id nominarem? Ad pulchrum sexum devotio!

“‘Amor regit palatium, castra, lucum.’ (5) Dubito sub quo capite vestram jucundam civitatem numerare debeam. Palatium? non regem! castra? non milites! lucum? non ullam arborem habetis! Tamen Cupido vos dominat haud aliter quam alios,—et virginum Islandarum pulchritudo per omnes regiones cognita est.

“Bibamus salutem earum, et confusionem ad omnes bacularios: speramus quod eæ caræ et benedictæ creaturæ invenient tot maritos quot velint,—quòd geminos quottanis habeant, et quod earum filiæ, maternum exemplum sequentes, gentem Islandicam perpetuent in sæcula sæculorum.”

The last words mechanically rolled out, in the same “ore rotundo” with which the poor old Dean of Christchurch used to finish his Gloria, etc., in the cathedral.

Then followed more speeches,—a great chinking of

¹ As the happiness of these quotations seemed to produce a very pleasing effect on my auditors, I subjoin a translation of them for the benefit of the unlearned:—

1. “Comes home to men’s business and bosoms.”—*Paterfamilias, Times*.
2. “A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.”—*Nelson at the Nile*.

3. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”—*Jeremy Bentham*.

4. Apothegm by the late Lord Mountcoffeehouse.

5. “Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.”—*Venerable Bede*.

glasses,—a Babel of conversation,—a kind of dance round the table, where we successively gave each alternate hand, as in the last figure of the Lancers,—a hearty embrace from the Governor,—and finally—silence, daylight, and fresh air, as we stumbled forth into the street

THOMAS DUFFET.

(Flourished about 1676.)

THOMAS DUFFET "flourished in the seventeenth century," according to Lemprière's Universal Biography. Beyond this little is known except that he was an Irishman who kept a milliner's shop in the New Exchange, London, and was a writer of burlesques and songs. As a song-writer he is now best remembered. His songs are delightful of their kind, an artificial kind to be sure, but his was an age of artificialities. Something of the delicate unreal grace, as of a duchess playing at milkmaid with a Dresden-China petticoat all nose-gays and true-lover knots,—which gave its most exquisite inspiration to Purcell and Arne, is to be found in the songs of the accomplished ex-man-milliner; something, too, of the gay and cold sparkle of Pope is in his praises of Celia.

That Duffet's burlesques of Dryden and Shadwell and others were successful, even the editors of 'Biographia Dramatica' acknowledge, but they declare that for the favorable reception they found Mr. Duffet stood more indebted to the great names of those authors whose works he attempted to burlesque and ridicule than to any merit of his own." Of these burlesques six are at present known: 'The Amorous Old Woman' (doubtful), 'Spanish Rogue,' 'Empress of Morocco,' 'Mock Tempest,' 'Beauty's Triumph,' and 'Psyche Debauched.'

COME ALL YOU PALE LOVERS.

Come all you pale lovers that sigh and complain,
While your beautiful tyrants but laugh at your pain,
 Come practice with me
 To be happy and free,
In spite of inconstancy, pride, or disdain.
 I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
 No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

My mistress so fair is, no language or art
Can describe her perfection in every part;
 Her mien 's so genteel,
 With such ease she can kill,
Each look with new passion she captures my heart.

Her smiles, the kind message of love from her eyes,
When she frowns 't is from others her flame to disguise.
 Thus her scorn or her spite
 I convert to delight,
'As the bee gathers honey wherever he flies.

My vows she receives from her lover unknown,
And I fancy kind answers although I have none,
 How blest should I be
 If our hearts did agree,
Since already I find so much pleasure alone.
 I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
 No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

(1816—1903.)

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY was born in Monaghan in 1816. He was educated in that town, and he had, at an early age, to rely on his own energies. He was but a lad when he went to Dublin and obtained employment as sub-editor on *The Dublin Morning Register*. He returned soon afterward to his native north as the editor of a paper of considerable influence in Belfast. Once more he turned his face to the metropolis, and obtained an engagement on *The Mountain*, an O'Connell organ.

It was not till 1842, however, that his career could be said to have really begun. In that year he, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon, founded *The Nation*. The memoirs we give of several Irishmen—orators, poets, and prose writers—will bring home to the reader a sense of the enormous significance of this event in the literary and political world of Ireland.

Duffy's new journal attracted to it all the young talent of the country, and there grew up a literature which challenges favorable comparison with that of any other period of Irish history. Duffy was soon brought face to face with the difficulties which lay in the path of a journalist of anti-governmental politics; in 1844 he was tried with O'Connell, was defended by Whiteside, and was found guilty. The verdict was quashed on an appeal to the House of Lords.

Soon after this a breach took place between O'Connell and the Young Ireland party. Duffy was one of the founders of the Irish Confederation, which the more ardent section set up in opposition to O'Connell's pacific organization. When the troublous days of 1848 came, Duffy had to pass through the same trials as his companions; *The Nation* was suppressed; he himself was arrested, and only released after the Government four times attempted, and four times failed, to obtain a conviction.

And now he began life again, resuscitated *The Nation*, and preached the modified gospel of constitutional agitation. He also had a share in founding a Parliamentary party, having been elected for New Ross in 1852. The object of this party was to obtain legislative reforms, especially for the cultivators of the soil; and one of its principles was to hold aloof from both the English parties. The defection of Justice Keogh and others drove several of the "Independent opposition" party, as it was called, to despair, and destroyed for the moment all confidence in Parliamentary agitation. Duffy, being one among those who had abandoned hope, left Ireland to seek brighter fortunes and more promising work in another land.

He soon found employment for his talents in Australia: he had left Ireland in 1856, and in 1857 was Minister of Public Works in Victoria. That office he held twice afterward, and in 1871 he attained to the still higher position of Prime Minister of the colony. Being defeated in Parliament, he demanded the right to dissolve;

but Viscount Canterbury, for reasons which were at the time the subject of hot controversy, declined to accede to the request, and Duffy had to resign. He was offered knighthood, which he at first refused, but ultimately accepted in May, 1873. In 1876 he was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. After his departure from Ireland he paid two visits of some duration to Europe, and on his retirement in 1880 he went to live at Nice, where he recorded in volumes as fascinating as instructive the history of the Irish movements with which he had been connected. He died in 1903.

Sir Charles Duffy was a writer of vigorous prose and an effective orator. His poems are few in number. Several of them are strong and slashing and warlike. There are others in sweeter vein; but all alike bear the stamp of the true poet. His publications are 'The Ballad Poetry of Ireland,' 1845 (fifty editions); 'Young Ireland,' 'A Fragment of Irish History,' 'Conversations with Carlyle,' 'The League of North and South,' 'The Life of Thomas Davis,' 'Bird's Eye View of Irish History,' 'My Life in Two Hemispheres.' He was President of the Irish Literary Society of London.

A DISPUTE WITH CARLYLE.

From 'Conversations with Carlyle.'

In all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it, because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth, it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world arose and swore that this thing should not continue, though the earth and the devil united to uphold it; and their vehement protest was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest.

It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ireland, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws

to compel her into the right course, till in later times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said, "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, and I replied vehemently that the upshot of his homily was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth; would have made as short work of him as they did of popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant, he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offense strictly prohibited and punished by law? Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the Reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School.

My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school, where I was regarded as an intruder,—not an agreeable experiment in the province of Ulster, I could assure him. This was what

I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilization. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labor were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious, under such conditions, nor would philosophers be for that matter, I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them to-day? In my opinion they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with his Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled and unlawful passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches: what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anne Boleyn's husband to found a new religion seemed as absurd and profane to these Irishmen as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured, the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate: piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were touring in Ireland together twenty years before, with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that after a trial of three centuries there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation, as if a catastrophe were imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "That there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different to that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less

prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly prosperity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied, it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral; and, as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching, which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's; I sat beside him and had a pleasant talk, and neither then nor at any future time did he resent my brusque criticism by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognize to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper and arrogant, overbearing self-will.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

"We deny and have always denied the alleged massacre of 1641. But that the people rose under their chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses, is undeniable—as is equally their desperate provocation. The ballad here printed is not meant as an apology for these excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success."—*Author's note.*

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine this land is ours—is
OURS!

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his
own."

Oh! may they see and hear no more!—oh! may they rot to clay!—

When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

Now, now we 'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw;

Now, now the court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law;
Now shall the Undertaker¹ square, for once, his loose accounts—

We 'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,

Their foreign laws, their foreign Church, their ermine and their lawn,

With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own;
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er twice ten thousand men;

Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise again;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood!

Pity!² no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our Father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare;

To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore

“Graves and revenge” from Gobbin cliffs and Carrick's bloody shore!³

Pity! could we “forget, forgive,” if we were clods of clay,
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark decay,

¹ The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James I. were called “Undertakers.”

² Leland, the Protestant historian, states that the Catholic priests “labored zealously to moderate the excesses of war,” and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship and even under their altars.

³ The scene of the massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus.

And, worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of
our land—
With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our
hand?

Pity! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way—
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day:
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

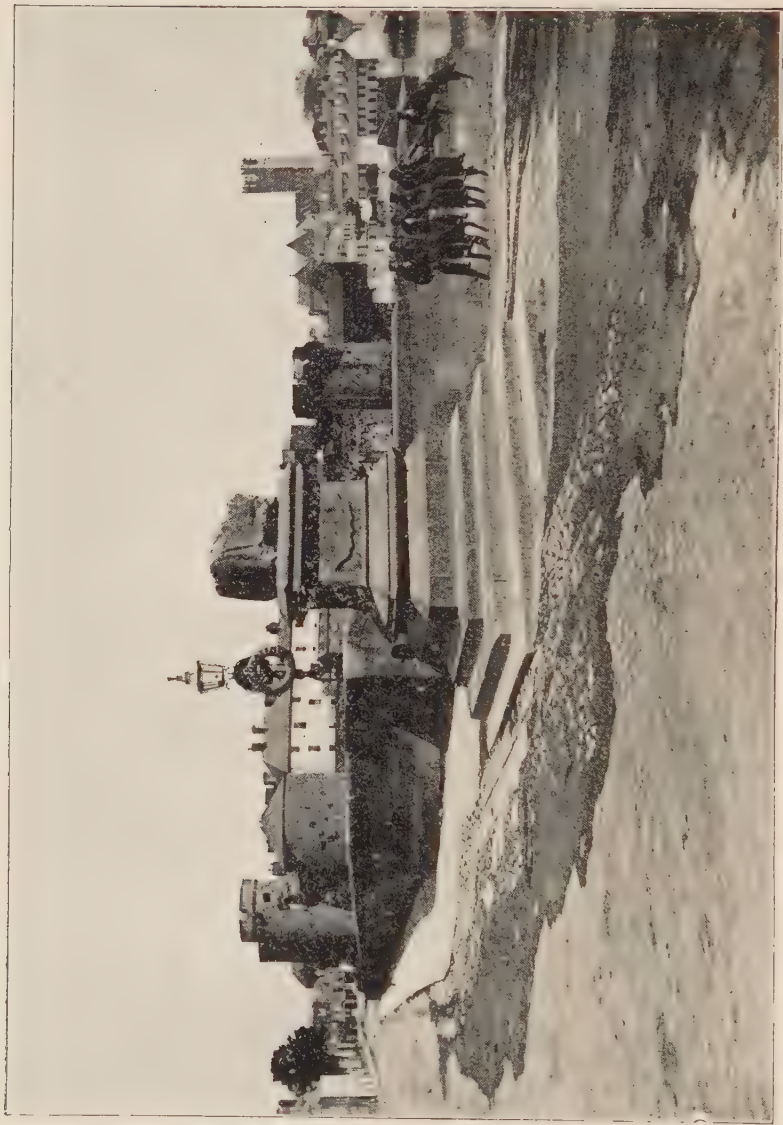
They smote us with the swearer's oath and with the murderer's
knife;
We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us into
earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth.
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *ice* but *they*
have bred:
Yes, this is their own work; and now their work be on their
head!

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay!
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or
stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's
rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God;
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the
Pale,
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail!

Then let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning
words;
I fear no more their courtly arts than England's hireling
swords;
Nathless their creed, they hate us still, as the despoiler hates;
Could they love us, and love their prey, our kinsmen's lost
estates?



THE TREATY STONE, LIMERICK

Our rude array 's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power—
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious
hour;

Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and
pain,

And us He leads the self-same path the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint¹ communed with
God,

Up from the vale where Bagenal's blood manured the reeking
sod,

Out from the stately woods of Truagh M'Kenna's plundered
home,

Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen
come.

Then, brethren, *on!* O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see
you pause—

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your
cause—

His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true;
Oh, forward, friends, it must not lose the land again in you!

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD.

“When Limerick was surrendered and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of the old soldiers of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread; and with them some gentlemen, loath to part from their estates or their sweethearts. The English army and the English law drove them by degrees to the hills, where they were long a terror to the new and old settlers from England, and a secret pride and comfort to the trampled peasantry, who loved them even for their excesses. It was all they had left to take pride in.”—*Author's note.*

Righ Shemus he has gone to France and left his crown be-
hind:—

Ill-luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin' in his mind!
Lord Lucan² followed after, with his slashers brave and true,

¹ St. Patrick, whose favorite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

² After the Treaty of Limerick, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, sailed with the Brigade to France, and was killed while leading his countrymen to victory at the battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, July 29, 1693,

And now the doleful *keen* is raised—"What will poor Ireland do?"

"What must poor Ireland do?"

Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What *can* poor Ireland do?"

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still,
For Remy's boys are in the wood, and Rory's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees!

The fearless Rapparees!

The jewel waar ye, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Oh, black 's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the clay!
Oh high 's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield 's gone
away!

It's little love you bear to us for sake of long ago—

But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly
blow—

Can strike a mortal blow—

Och! *dar-a-Chriost!* 't is she that still could strike the deadly
blow!

The master's bawn, the master's seat, a surly *bodach*¹ fills;
The master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills;
But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer
bees,

The swords that guarded Limerick walls—his faithful Rap-
parees!

His lovin' Rapparees!

Who daar say, "No" to Rory Oge, who heads the Rapparees!

Black Billy Grimes, of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore—
God rest the faithful hearts he broke; we'll never see them
more!

But I'll go bail he'll break no more while Truagh has gallows-
trees,

For why? he met one lonesome night the awful Rapparees!

The angry Rapparees!

They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees.

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I say—
Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and
day;

For there 's a just and wrathful Judge that every action sees,

¹ *Bodach*, a severe, inhospitable man; a churl.

And He'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees!

The fearless Rapparees!

The men that rode at Sarstfield's side, the changeless Rapparees!

THE IRISH CHIEFS.

Oh! to have lived like an IRISH CHIEF, when hearts were fresh and true,

And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through;

And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,

And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do.

Oh! the iron grasp,
And the kindly clasp,
And the laugh so fond and gay;
And the roaring board,
And the ready sword,
Were the types of that vanished day.

Oh! to have lived as Brian lived, and to die as Brian died;
His land to win with the sword, and smile, as a warrior wins his bride.

To knit its force in a kingly host, and rule it with kingly pride,
And still in the girt of its guardian swords over victor fields to ride;

And when age was past,
And when death came fast,
To look with a softened eye
On a happy race
Who had loved his face,
And to die as a king should die.

Oh! to have lived dear Owen's life—to live for a solemn end,
To strive for the ruling strength and skill God's saints to the Chosen send;

And to come at length with that holy strength, the bondage of fraud to rend,

And pour the light of God's freedom in where Tyrants and Slaves were denned;

And to bear the brand
With an equal hand,
Like a soldier of Truth and Right,

And, oh! Saints, to die,
While our flag flew high,
Nor to look on its fall or flight.

Oh! to have lived as Grattan lived, in the glow of his manly
years,
To thunder again those iron words that thrill like the clash of
spears;
Once more to blend for a holy end, our peasants, and priests,
and peers,
Till England raged, like a baffled fiend, at the tramp of our
Volunteers.

And, oh! best of all,
Far rather to fall
(With a blessed fate than he,)
On a conquering field,
Than one right to yield,
Of the Island so proud and free!

Yet scorn to cry on the days of old, when hearts were fresh and
true,
If hearts be weak, oh! chiefly *then* the Missioned their work
must do;
Nor wants our day its own fit way, the want is in *you* and *you*;
For these eyes have seen as kingly a King as ever dear Erin
knew.

And with Brian's will,
And with Owen's skill,
And with glorious Grattan's love,
He had freed us soon—
But death darkened his noon,
And he sits with the saints above.

Oh! could you live as Davis lived—kind Heaven be his bed!
With an eye to guide, and a hand to rule, and a calm and kingly
head,
And a heart from whence, like a Holy Well, the soul of his land
was fed,
No need to cry on the days of old that your holiest hope be
sped.

Then scorn to pray
For a by-past day—
The whine of the sightless dumb!
To the true and wise
Let a king arise,
And a holier day is come!

INNISHOWEN.

God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal,
God bless Royal Aileach, the pride of them all;
For she sits evermore like a queen on her throne,
And smiles on the valley of Green Innishowen.

And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
A race that nor traitor nor coward have known
Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
Like the hills that with silence and nature they share;
For our God, who hath planted their home near his own,
Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Innishowen.

Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innishowen.

See the bountiful Couldah ¹ careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Innishowen.
God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innishowen.
Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own;
Not long shall that nation in slavery groan,
That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowen.

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.

Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
The stronghold that foemen have never o'erthrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen.

No purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail;
When it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone.
In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowen,
Oh! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innishowen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Innishowen.

¹ *Couldah, Culdaff*, the chief river in the Innishowen mountains,

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band,
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Innishowen.

Hurra for the Spæmen¹ of proud Innishowen!—

Long live the wild Seers of stout Innishowen!—

May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan

Who love not the promise of proud Innishowen!

¹ *Spæmen*, an Ulster and Scotch term signifying a person gifted with
“second sight”—a prophet.

EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

(1841 —)

WINDHAM THOMAS WYNDHAM-QUIN, the fourth Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, was born in 1841, and succeeded to the title in 1871. He was educated at Oxford and went into the army. Before his father's death, while Viscount Adare, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and gained a good deal of the experience afforded by the discharge of the varied and adventurous duties of special correspondent. In this capacity he served the London *Daily Telegraph* throughout the Abyssinian campaign and the Franco-Prussian war, and his letters contained some of the most graphic descriptions that appeared even in that journal of graphic writing during those exciting periods.

He made a tour through the then less frequented parts of the United States, and the result of his observations was given to the world in a book entitled 'The Great Divide,' a work which abounds in brilliant descriptions. He also wrote 'The Upper Yellowstone' (1874); 'The Irish Question' (1880); 'The Soudan: Its History, Geography, and Characteristics' (1884), and 'The Theory and Practice of Navigation' (1900). He is an ardent yachtsman and twice built a yacht to compete for the America Cup.

A CITY IN THE GREAT WEST.

From 'The Great Divide.'

Virginia City. Good Lord! What a name for the place! We had looked forward to it during the journey as to a sort of haven of rest, a lap of luxury; a Capua in which to forget our woes and weariness; an Elysium where we might be washed, clean-shirted, rubbed, shampooed, barbered, curled, cooled, and cocktailed. Not a bit of it! Not a sign of Capua about the place! There might have been laps, but there was no luxury. A street of straggling shanties, a bank, a blacksmith's shop, a few dry-goods stores, and bar-rooms, constitute the main attractions of the "city." A gentleman had informed me that Virginia city contained brown stone-front houses and paved streets, equal, he guessed, to any Eastern town. How that man did lie in his Wellingtons! The whole place was a delusion and a snare. One of the party was especially mortified, for he had been provided with a letter of introduction to some ladies, from whose society he anticipated great pleas-

ure; but when he came to inquire, he found, to his intense disgust, that they were in Virginia City, *Nevada*, "ten thousand miles away!" However, we soon became reconciled to our fate. We found the little inn very clean and comfortable; we dined on deer, antelope, and bear meat, a fact which raised hopes of hunting in our bosoms; and the people were exceedingly civil, kind, obliging, and anxious to assist strangers in any possible way, as, so far as my experience goes of America, and indeed of all countries, they invariably are as soon as you get off the regular lines of travel.

Virginia City is situated on Alder Gulch. It is surrounded by a dreary country, resembling the more desolate parts of Cumberland, and consisting of interminable waves of steep low hills, covered with short, withered grass. I went out for a walk on the afternoon of our arrival, and was most disagreeably impressed. I could not get to the top of anything, and consequently could obtain no extended view. I kept continually climbing to the summit of grassy hills, only to find other hills, grassier and higher, surrounding me on all sides. The wind swept howling down the combs, and whistled shrilly in the short wiry herbage; large masses of ragged-edged black clouds were piled up against a leaden sky; not a sign of man or beast was to be seen. It began to snow heavily, and I was glad to turn my back to the storm and scud for home.

Alder Gulch produced at one time some of the richest placer workings of the continent. It was discovered in 1863, and about thirty millions of dollars' worth of gold have been won from it. Of late years very little has been done, and at present the industrious Chinaman alone pursues the business of rewashing the old dirt heaps, and making money where any one else would starve. In truth, he is a great washerwoman is your Chinaman, equally successful with rotten quartz and dirty shirts. Alder Gulch is about twelve miles in length, and half a mile broad. It is closed at the head by a remarkable limestone ridge, the highest point of which is known as "Old Baldy Mountain," and it leads into the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri. Along the sides of the valley may be seen many patches of black basalt, and the bottom is covered entirely by drift, composed of material weather and water worn out of met-

amorphie rocks, the fragments varying in size from large bowlders to fine sand and gravel. In this drift the float gold is found.

In Montana the deposits of the precious metal generally occur in metamorphic rocks, belonging probably to the Huronian or Laurentian series. These are clearly stratified, not unfrequently intercalated with bands of clay or sand, and underlie the whole country, forming beds of great thickness, very massive and close-grained in their lower layers, but growing softer and looser in texture towards the surface. The superimposed formations, carboniferous limestones and others, appear to have been almost wholly removed by erosion.

In this part of Montana, indeed, the forces of erosion must have acted with great vigor for a long period of time. The general character of the country where placer mines exist may be said to be a series of deep gulches, frequently dry in the height of summer, but carrying foaming torrents after heavy rains and in snow-melting time, leading at right angles into a principal valley, and combining to form a little river, or, as it would be locally called, a creek.

This principal stream courses in a broad valley through the mountains for perhaps 60, 80, or 100 miles, and at every two or three miles of its progress receives the waters of a little tributary torrent, tearing through the strata in deep cañons for ten or twelve miles, and searching the very vitals of the hills. Down these gulches, cañons, and valleys are carried the yellow specks torn from their quartz and felspar cradles, hurried downward by the melting snow, and battered into powder by falling bowlders and grinding rocks, till they sink in beds of worthless sand and mud, there to lie in peace for ages amid the solitudes of primeval forest and eternal snow.

Some fine day there comes along a dirty, disheveled, tobacco-chewing fellow—"fossicker," as they would say in Australia, "prospector," as he would be called in the States. Impelled by a love of adventure, a passion for excitement, a hatred of "the town and its narrow ways," and of all and any of the steady wage-getting occupations of life, he braves summer's heat and winter's cold, thirst and starvation, hostile Indians and jealous whites; perhaps paddling a tiny birch-bark canoe over unmapped, unheard-

of lakes, away to the far and misty North, or driving before him over the plains and prairies of a more genial clime his donkey or Indian pony, laden with the few necessities that supply all the wants of his precarious life—a little flour, some tea and sugar tied up in a rag, a battered frying-pan and tin cup, a shovel, axe, and rusty gun. Through untrodden wastes he wanders, self-dependent and alone, thinking of the great spree he had the last time he was in “settlements,” and dreaming of what a good time he will enjoy when he gets back rich with the value of some lucky find, till chance directs him to the Gulch.

After a rapid but keen survey, he thinks it is a likely-looking place, capsizes the pack off his pony, leans lazily upon his shovel, spits, and finally concludes to take a sample of the dirt. Listlessly, but with what delicacy of manipulation he handles the shovel, spilling over its edges the water and lighter mud! See the look of interest that wakens up his emotionless face as the residue of sediment becomes less and less! Still more tenderly he moves the circling pan, stooping anxiously to scan the few remaining grains of fine sand.

A minute speck of yellow glitters in the sun; with another dexterous turn of the wrist, two or three more golden grains are exposed to view. He catches his breath; his eyes glisten; his heart beats. Hurrah! He has found the color! and “a d—d good color too.” It is all over with your primeval forest now; not all the Indians this side of Halifax or the other place could keep men out of that gulch. In a short time claims are staked, tents erected, shanties built, and “Roaring Camp” is in full blast with all its rowdyism, its shooting, gambling, drinking, and blaspheming, and its under-current of charity, which never will be credited by those who value substance less than shadows, and think more of words than deeds.

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

Miss O'CONOR ECCLES is the fourth daughter of Alexander O'Conor Eccles of Ballingarde House, County Roscommon. She was educated at Upton Hall, Birkenhead, and in Paris and Germany. She wrote, under the pseudonym "Hal Godfrey," 'The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore,' a delightfully humorous book which has been very successful. Her work, which is scattered over many periodicals, is very extensive. The humorous and the pathetic are happily mingled in her writings.

KING WILLIAM.

A CHRONICLE OF TOOMEVARA.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

In Toomevara our political opinions are strong and well defined, and we express them freely.

Such feuds, however, as that between Mrs. Macfarlane, who kept the refreshment-room at the railway-station, and Mr. James O'Brien, the station-master, were rare, since usually Catholics and Protestants live on very neighborly terms in our part of Ireland. They had taken a dislike to each other from the first, and after-events served to intensify it.

Mrs. Macfarlane was a tall, thin, and eminently respectable woman of fifty, possessed of many rigid virtues. She was a native of the North of Ireland, and at the time our story opens had been for two years proprietress of the buffet, and made a decent living by it, for Toomevara is situated on the Great Eastern and Western Railway, and a fair amount of traffic passes through it.

The station-master, familiarly known as Jim O'Brien, was Toomevara born, and had once been a porter on that very line. He was an intelligent, easy-going, yet quick-tempered man of pronounced Celtic type, with a round, good-natured face, a humorous mouth, shrewd twinkling eyes, and immense volubility. Between him and Mrs. Macfarlane the deadliest warfare raged. She was cold and superior, and implacably in the right. She pointed out Jim's deficiencies whenever she saw them, and she saw them very often. All day long she sat in her refreshment-

room, spectacles on nose, her Bible open before her, knitting, and rising only at the entrance of a customer. Jim had an uneasy consciousness that nothing escaped her eye, and her critical remarks had more than once been reported to him.

"The bittther ould pill!" he said to his wife. "Why, the very look av her 'ud sour a crock o' crame. She 's as cross as a bag av weasels."

Jim was a Catholic and a Nationalist. He belonged to the "Laygue," and spoke at public meetings as often as his duties allowed. He objected to being referred to by Mrs. Macfarlane as a "Papish" and a "Rebel."

"Papish, indeed!" said he. "Ribbil, indeed! Tell the woman to keep a civil tongue in her head, or 't will be worse for her."

"How did the likes av her iver git a husban'?" he would ask distractedly, after a sparring match. "Troth, an' 't is no wonder the poor man died."

Mrs. Macfarlane was full of fight and courage. Her proudest boast was of being the granddaughter, daughter, sister, and widow of Orangemen. The comparative lukewarmness of Toomevara Protestants disgusted her. She often told her intimates that in the little town where she was born no Papist was allowed to settle. Every evening the fife and drum band used in her childhood to march through the streets playing "Protestant Boys," when the inhabitants were expected to rush to their windows and join in the chorus, unless there was a good excuse, such as illness. Otherwise the windows were broken. She looked on herself in Toomevara as a child of Israel among the Babylonians, and felt that it behoved her to uphold the standard of her faith. To this end she sang the praises of the Battle of the Boyne with a triumph that aggravated O'Brien to madness.

"God Almighty help the woman! Is it Irish at all she is—or what? To see her makin' merry because a parcel o' rascally Dutchmen—— Sure, doesn't she know 't was Irish blood they spilt at the Boyne? an' to see her takin' pride in it turns me sick, so it does. If she was English, now, I could stand it; but she callin' herself an Irish-woman—faith, she has the bad dhrop in her, so she has, to be glad at her counthry's misfortunes."

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Jim's rage was the greater because Mrs. Macfarlane, whatever she said, said little or nothing to him. She passed him by with lofty scorn and indifference, affecting not to see him; and while she did many things that O'Brien found extremely annoying, they were things strictly within her rights.

Matters had not arrived at this pass all at once. The feud dated from Mrs. Macfarlane's having adopted a little black dog, a mongrel, on which she lavished a wealth of affection, and which—as the most endearing title she knew—she had named “King William.” This, of course, was nobody's concern save Mrs. Macfarlane's own, and in a world of philosophers she would have been allowed to amuse herself unheeded; but Jim O'Brien was not a philosopher.

Unlike most Irishmen, he had a great love for flowers. His garden was beautifully kept, and he was prouder of his roses than anything on earth save his eldest daughter Kitty, who was nearly sixteen. Picture, then, his rage and dismay when he one day found his beds scratched into holes, and his roses uprooted by “King William,” who had developed a perfect mania for hiding away bones under Jim's flowers. O'Brien made loud and angry complaints to the dog's owner, which she received with unconcern and disbelief.

“Please, Misther O'Brien,” she said with dignity, “don't try to put it on the poor dog. Even if you *do* dislike his name, that's no reason for saying he was in your garden. He knows better, so he does, than to go where he's not wanted.”

After this it was open war between the station-master and the widow.

Jim, with many grumblings, invested in a roll of wire netting, and spent a couple of days securing it to his garden railings, Mrs. Macfarlane protesting the while that she did not believe a word he had said, that he had trumped up a charge just out of spite, that it was only what might be expected from one of his kind, that for her part she had always lived with gentry, and had no patience with low agitators, and that she was quite sure it was his own children, and none else, that he had to thank for the state of

his garden—if, indeed, there was anything wrong with it at all, which she doubted.

Under the windows of the refreshment-room were two narrow flower-beds. These Jim took care never to touch, affecting to consider them the exclusive property of Mrs. Macfarlane. They were long left uncultivated, an eyesore to the station-master; but one day Kelly, the porter, came to him with an air of mystery, to say that “th’ould wan”—for by this term was Mrs. Macfarlane generally indicated—“was settin’ somethin’ in the beds beyant.”

Jim came out of his office, and walked up and down the platform with an air of elaborate unconsciousness. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Macfarlane gardening. She had donned old gloves and a clean checked apron, and trowel in hand was breaking up the caked earth, preparatory, it would seem, to setting seeds.

“What the dickens is she doin’?” asked Jim, when he got back.

“Not a wan av me knows,” said Kelly. “She’s been grubbin’ there since tîn o’clock.”

From this time Mrs. Macfarlane was assiduous in the care of her two flower-beds. Every day she might be seen weeding or watering, and though Jim steadily averted his gaze, he was devoured by curiosity as to the probable results. What on éarth did she want to grow? The weeks passed. Tiny green seedlings at last pushed their way through the soil, and in due course the nature of the plants became evident. Jim was highly excited, and rushed home to tell his wife.

“Be the Hokey, Mary,” he said, “’tis lilies she has there; an’ may I never sin, but it’s my belief they’re Orange lilies; an’ if they are, I’ll root ev’ry wan av thim out, if I die forrit.”

“Be quiet now,” said Mary, a pacific creature who spent much of her time soothing her quick-tempered husband. “Sure she wouldn’t do the likes o’ that on ye. ’Tis too hasty y’ are, Jim. How d’ye know they’re lilies at all? For the love o’ God keep her tongue off ye, an’ don’t be puttin’ yersel’ in her way.”

“Whisht, woman, d’ye think I’m a fool? ’Tis lilies th’ are annyways, an’ time ’ll tell if they’re Orange or no;

but faith, if th 'are, I won't sthand it. I 'll complain to the Boord."

"Sure the Boord 'll be on her side, man. They 'll say why shudden't she have Orange lilies if she likes."

"Ah, Mary, 't is too simple y' are inthirely. Have ye no sperrit, woman alive, to let her ride rough-shod over uz this way? 'Make a mouse o' yerself an' the cat 'll ate ye' 's a thrue sayin'. Sure Saint Pether himself cudn't sthand it—an' be the Piper that played before Moses, I won't."

"Ye misforthunit man, don't be dhrawin' down ructions on yer head. Haven't ye yer childher to think about? An' don't be throublin' yerself over what she does. 'T is plazin' her y' are, whin she sees you 're mad. Take no notice, man, an' p'raps she 'll shtop."

"The divil fly away wid her for a bitther ould sarpint. The vinom's in her sure enough. Why should I put up wid her, I 'd like to know?"

"Ah, keep yer tongue between yer teeth, Jim. 'T is too onprudent y' are. Not a worrd ye say but is brought back to her by some wan. Have sinse, man. You 'll go sayin' that to Joe Kelly, an' he 'll have it over the town in no time, an' some wan 'll carry it to her."

"An' do ye think I care a thrawneen¹ for the likes av her? Faith, not a pin. If you got yer way, Mary, ye 'd have me like the man that was hanged for sayin' nothin'. Sure I never did a hand's turn agin her, an' 't is a mane thrick av her to go settin' Orange lilies over foreninst me, an' she knowin' me opinions."

"Faith, I 'll not say it wasn't, Jim, if they *are* Orange lilies: but sure ye don't know rightly yet what they are, an' in God's name keep quiet till ye do."

Soothed somewhat by his wife, O'Brien recovered his composure, and as at that moment Joe Kelly rang the station bell, announcing that the eleven o'clock mail train from Dublin was signaled, he hurried out to his duties.

The days went by. The lilies grew taller and taller. They budded, they bloomed; and, sure enough, Jim had been in the right—Orange lilies they proved to be.

"They 'll make a fine show for the Twelfth of July, I 'm thinkin'," said Mrs. Macfarlane complacently to Head Constable Cullen, who had stopped "to pass her the time

¹ *Thrawneen*, a stem of grass.

o' day," as she walked by her beds, swinging a dripping watering-pot.

"So they will, ma'am," said the Constable; "so they will. But what does Misther O'Brien say to them?"

"I'm sure I don't know, an' I don't care," replied Mrs. Macfarlane loftily. "I haven't consulted Misther O'Brien. He's nothin' tu me."

"To be sure—to be sure; but bein' *Orange* lilies, ye know, an' we have so few of them about here; and him bein' such an out-an'-out Nationalist, an' a Catholic, I just thought it might make a differ between yez."

"An' if it does, it won't be the first. I'm proud tu differ from the likes of him. You've no sperrit down here to make a fellow like that a station-master, him that was a common porter to start with; and as for his low opinions, I scorn them—an ignorant, benighted, Papish rebel."

"Come, come, ma'am: 't was the Company made him station-master, not uz. Jim isn't a bad soort an' you've givin' him too hard names, so y' are."

"He's a murtherin' vagabone, like all his kind," said Mrs. Macfarlane with energy; "an' I'm surprised at yu,¹ Head Constable, so I am—yu, a decent man, that has had the benefit of the pure gospel, takin' his part."

"But sure, ma'am, the Bible bids uz love our inimies."

"So it does, but it bids us have no part with evil-doers, an' woon text is as good as another, I'm thinkin'. Ah, times is changed when a man like *yu*, wearin' the Queen's uniform an' all, can be found to wrest the Scriptures to the advantage of a fellow like that."

"Sure, ma'am, I'm for pace an' concord. What's the use of fightin'? We've all got our own idayas, an' maybe in th' ind, wan is as right as another."

"I'm surprised at you, Head Constable, that I am; and if my poor father was alive this day to hear yu, he'd say the same. God be with the time when he marched through Strabane at the head of six hundred Orangemen in full regalia, playin' 'Croppies lie down.'"

Speaking thus, Mrs. Macfarlane turned abruptly into the refreshment-room, and banged the door behind her.

The Head Constable smiled and looked foolish, for he

¹ In the north of Ireland *yu* and *tu* are pronounced as almost the exact equivalents of the French *yeux* and *tu*.

was a great man in a small way, and accustomed to be treated with respect; then he walked off whistling to hide his discomfiture.

At the time of the blossoming of the Orange lilies James O'Brien was not at home, having had to go some twenty miles down the line on official business. The obnoxious flowers took advantage of his absence to make a gay show. When he returned, as luck would have it, Mrs. Macfarlane was away, and had shut up the refreshment-room, but had not locked it. No one locks doors in Toomevara unless their absence is to be lengthy. She had left "King William" behind, and told Joe Kelly to take care of the dog, in case he should be lonely, for she had been invited to the wedding of an old fellow-servant, the butler at Lord Dunanway's, who was to be married that day to the steward's daughter.

All this Joe Kelly told the station-master on his return, but he did not say a word about the Orange lilies, being afraid of an explosion; and, as he said, "determined not to make or meddle, but just to let him find it out himself."

For quite a time Jim was occupied over way-bills in his little office; but at last his attention was distracted by the long-continued howling and yelping of a dog.

"Let the baste out, can't ye?" he at length said to Kelly. "I can't stand listening to 'um anny longer."

"I was afeard 't was run over he might be, agin' she came back," said Kelly, "an' so I shut 'um up."

"Sure there 's no danger. There won't be a thrain in for the next two hour, an' if he was run over *it* self, God knows he 'd be no loss. 'T isn't meself 'ud grieve for 'um, th' ill-favored cur."

"King William" was accordingly released.

When O'Brien had finished his task, he stood for a time at the office-door, his hands crossed behind him supporting his coat-tails, his eyes fixed abstractedly on the sky. Presently he started for his usual walk up and down the platform, when his eye was at once caught by the flare of the stately rows of Orange lilies.

"Be the Holy Poker," he exclaimed, "but I was right! 'T is orange th' are, sure enough. What 'll Mary say now? Faith, 't is lies they do be tellin' whin they say there 's no

riptides in Ireland. That ould woman bangs Banagher, an' Banagher bangs the divil."

He stopped in front of the obnoxious flowers.

"Isn't it the murthering pity there 's nothin' I can plant to spite her. She has the pull over me intirely. Shamerogues makes no show at all—you'd pass them unbeknownst,—while Orange lilies ye can see a mile off. Now, who but herself 'ud be up to the likes o' this?"

At the moment he became aware of an extraordinary commotion among the lilies, and looking closer perceived "King William" in their midst, scratching as if for bare life, scattering mould, leaves, and bulbs to the four winds, and with every stroke of his hind-legs dealing destruction to the carefully tended flowers.

The sight filled Jim with sudden gladness.

"More power to the dog!" he cried, with irrepressible glee. "More power to 'um! Sure he has more sinse than his missis. 'King William,' indeed, an' he rootin' up Orange lilies! Ho, ho! Tare an' ouns; but 't is the biggest joke that iver I hard in my life. More power to ye! Good dog!"

Rubbing his hands in an ecstasy of delight, he watched "King William" at his work of devastation, and, regretfully be it confessed, when the dog paused, animated him to fresh efforts by thrilling cries of "Rats!"

"King William" sprang wildly hither and thither, running from end to end of the beds, snapping the brittle lily stems, scattering the blossoms.

"Be gum, but it 's great. Look at 'um now. Cruel wars to the Queen o' Spain if iver I seen such shport! Go it, 'King William!' Smash thim, me boy! Good dog. Out wid thim!" roared Jim, tears of mirth streaming down his cheeks. "Faith, 't is mad she 'll be. I 'd give sixpence to see her face. O Lord! O Lord! Sure it 's the biggest joke that iver was."

At last "King William" tired of the game, but only when every lily lay low, and Mrs. Macfarlane's carefully tended flower-beds were a chaos of broken stalks and trampled blossoms.

It was the quietest hour of the afternoon at Toomevara station. Kelly was busy in the goods-store; Finnerty, the other porter, had just sauntered across to Mrs. M'Glynn's

for a half-glass of whisky, so Jim had all the fun to himself, and grudged losing any by rushing in search of some one to share it. Now, gloating over the destruction wrought, he picked up "King William" by the scruff of the neck, bundled him into the refreshment-room and shut the door, then, beaming with pure joy, rushed off to tell his subordinate the news.

"Joe," he gasped, peering into the dusky goods-store, "I'm fit to be tied. What d'ye think? Th'ould woman's Orange lilies is all knocked into smithereens."

"Be the laws, sir! ye don't say so?" cried Kelly. "Sure, I thought whin ye'd see 'um ye'd go mad an' break things."

"But, Jee, the fun av it is, I never laid a finger on thim. 'T was the dog—'t was 'King William,' if ye plaze, that did the work; 'King William,' begorra, rootin' up Orange lilies! Faith, 't was like Teague's cocks that fought wan another though they were all of the same breed."

"The dog?" said Kelly, and there was an accent in the interrogation that angered the station-master.

"Amn't I afther tellin' you 't was the dog: who else? Maybe ye don't b'leeve me?"

"Oh, I do b'leeve ye, sir. Why wouldn't I? On'y I hard ye say ye'd pull thim up if 't was Orange lilies they was, an' so I thought maybe——"

"There's manny's the thing a man sez, that he doesn't do: an' annyhow I didn't do this, but begad 't was fine shport all the same, an' I'm not a bit sorry. 'T would be more to me than a tin-poun' note this minnit if I could see the face av her whin she finds it out."

"She'll be back soon now," said Kelly, "an' I misdoubt but we'll hear from her before long."

Kelly's words were speedily justified.

As O'Brien in high good-humor, having communicated the side-splitting joke to Mary and Finnerty, was busy over an account-book, Kelly came in.

"She's back," he whispered, "an' she's neither to hold nor to bind. I was watchin' out, an' sure 't was shtruck all of a hape she was whin she seen thim lilies; an' now I'll take me oath she's goin' to come here, for, begob, she looks as cross as nine highways."

"Letter come," chuckled O'Brien, "I'm ready forrer."

At this moment the office-door was burst open with violence, and Mrs. Macfarlane, in her best Sunday costume, bonnet, black gloves, and umbrella included, her face very pale save the cheek-bones, where two bright pink spots burned, entered the room.

"Misther O'Brien," she said, in a voice that trembled with rage, "will you please to inform me the meanin' of this dastardly outrage?"

"Arrah, what outrage are ye talkin' ov, ma'am?" asked O'Brien innocently. "Sure, be the looks av ye, I think somethin' has upset ye intirely. Faith, you're lookin' as angry as if you were vexed, as the sayin' is."

"Oh, to be sure! A great wonder indeed that I should be vexed. 'Crabbit was that cause had,'" interrupted Mrs. Macfarlane with a sneer. "You're not deceivin' me, sir. Full well you know, Misther O'Brien, full well you know that it's good reason to be angry you've given me this day. Full well you know the outrage tu which I am alludin'. I'm not taken in by your pretinces, but if there's law in the land or justice I'll have it of yu."

"Would ye mind, ma'am," said O'Brien imperturbably, for his superabounding delight made him feel quite calm and superior to the angry woman—"would ye just mind statin' in plain English what you're talkin' about, for not a wan av me knows yit?"

"Oh, yu son of Judas! Oh, yu deceivin' wretch, as if it wasn't yu that is afther desthroyin' my flower-beds!"

"Ah, thin it is yer ould flower-beds you're makin' all this row about? Yer dirty Orange lilies? Sure 't is clared out of the place they ought t've been long ago for weeds. 'T is mesel' that's glad they're gone, an' so I tell ye plump an' plain, bud as for me desthroyin' them, sorra finger iver I laid on thim. I wouldn't demane mesel'."

"Hould yer tongue before ye choke with lies," cried Mrs. Macfarlane in towering wrath. "Who but yerself would do the like? Is it when I can get witnesses that heard yu swear yu'd pull them up? Don't try to fool me."

"Begorra, you're right enough in that. So I did say it, an' so I might have done it too, on'y it was done for me, an' the throuble spared me. I wasn't nixt or nigh thim whin the destruction began."

"An' if yu please, Misther O'Brien," said Mrs. Macfar-

lane with ferocious politeness, "will yu kindly mintion, if yu did not do the job, who did?"

"Faith, that 's where the joke comes in," said O'Brien pleasantly. "'T was the very same baste that ruinated my roses, bad cess to him; yer precious pet, 'King William.'"

"Oh! is it leavin' it on the dog y' are, yu traitorous Jesuit? the poor wee dog that never harmed yu? Sure 't is only a Papist would think of a mean trick like that to shift the blame."

The color rose to O'Brien's face.

"Mrs. Macfarlane, ma'am," he said with labored civility, "wid yer permission we 'll lave me religion out o' this. Maybe if ye say much more, I might be losin' me timper wid ye."

"Much I mind what yu lose," cried Mrs. Macfarlane, once more flinging her manners to the winds. "It 's thransported the likes of yu should be for a set of robbin', murderin', destroyin' thraytors."

"Have a care, ma'am, how ye spake to yer betthers. Robbin', deceivin', murdherin', destroyin' thraytors indeed! I like that! What brought over the lot av yez, Williamites, an' Cromwaylians, an' English, an' Scotch, but to rob, an' decave, an' desthroy, an' murdher uz, an' stale our land, an' bid uz go 'to hell or to Connaught,' an' grow fat on what was ours before iver yez came, an' thin jibe uz for bein' poor? Thraytors! Thraytor yerself, for that 's what the lot av yez is. Who wants yez here at all?"

Exasperated beyond endurance, Mrs. Macfarlane struck at the station-master with her neat black umbrella, and had given him a nasty cut across the brow, when Kelly interfered, as well as Finnerty and Mrs. O'Brien, who rushed in attracted by the noise. Between them O'Brien was held back under a shower of blows, and the angry woman hustled outside, whence she retreated to her own quarters, muttering threats all the way.

"Oh, Jim agra! 't is bleedin' y' are," shrieked poor anxious Mary wildly. "Oh, wirra, wirra, why did ye dbrow her on ye? Sure I tould ye how 't would be. As sure as God made little apples she 'll process ye, an' she has the quality on her side."

"Let her," said Jim. "Much good she 'll get by it. Is it makin' a liar av me she 'd be whin I tould her I didn't

touch her ould lilies. Sure I'll process her back for assaultin' an' battherin' me. Ye all saw her, an' me not touchin her, the *calliagh*." ¹

"Begorra, 't is thrue for him," said Kelly. "She flagellated him wid her umbrelly, an' sorra blow missed bud the wan that didn't hit, and on'y I was here, an' lit on her suddent like a bee on a posy, she 'd have had his life, so she would."

The lawsuit between Mrs. Macfarlane and O'Brien never came off. Perhaps on reflection the former saw she could not prove that the station-master had uprooted her plants, or, what was more probable, the sight of him going about with his head bound up made her realize that he might be able to turn the tables on her. Accordingly, she meditated a scheme by which to "pay him out," as she phrased it, for his conduct, without the intervention of judge or jury. Not for an instant did she forget her cause of offense, or believe O'Brien's story that it was the dog that had destroyed her Orange lilies. After some consideration she hit on an ingenious device, that satisfied her as being at once supremely annoying to her enemy and well within the law. Her lilies, emblems of the religious and political faith that were in her, were gone; but she still had means to testify to her beliefs, and protest against O'Brien and all that he represented to her mind.

Next day, when the midday train had just steamed into the station, Jim was startled by hearing a wild cheer.

"Hi, 'King William!' Hi, 'King William!' Come back, 'King William!' 'King William,' my darlin', 'King William!'"

The air rang with the shrill party-cry, and when Jim rushed out he found that Mrs. Macfarlane had allowed her dog to run down the platform just as the passengers were alighting, and was now following him, under the pretense of calling him back. There was nothing to be done. The dog's name certainly was "King William," and Mrs. Macfarlane was at liberty to recall him if he strayed.

Jim stood for a moment like one transfixed.

"Faith, I b'leeve 't is the divil's grandmother she is," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Macfarlane passed him with a deliberately unsee-

¹ *Calliagh*, hag.

ing eye. Had he been the gatepost she could not have taken less notice of his presence, as, having made her way to the extreme end of the platform cheering for "King William," she picked up her dog, and marched back in triumph.

"I wonder how he likes that?" she said to herself with a defiant toss of the head, and a pleasing conviction that he did not like it at all.

"Oh, say nothin' to her, Jim! Oh, Jim, for God's sake say nothin' to her!" pleaded Mary.

"I won't," said Jim grimly. "Not a word. But if she does id again, I'll be ready forrer, so I will. I'll make her sup sorrow."

Speedily did it become evident that Mrs. Macfarlane was pursuing a regular plan of campaign, for at the arrival of every train that entered the station that day, she went through the same performance of letting loose the dog and then pursuing him down the platform, waving her arms and yelling for "King William."

By the second challenge, Jim had risen to the situation and formed his counterplot. He saw and heard her in stony silence, apparently as indifferent to her tactics as she to his presence; but he was only biding his time. No sooner did passengers alight and enter the refreshment-room, than, having just given them time to be seated, he rushed up, threw open the door of his enemy's headquarters, and, putting in his head, cried:

"Take yer places, gintlemin, immaydiately. The thrain's just off. Hurry up, will yez! She's away."

The hungry and discomfited passengers hurried out, pell-mell, and Mrs. Macfarlane was left speechless with indignation.

"I bet I've got the whip-hand av her this time," chuckled Jim, as he gave the signal to start.

Mrs. Macfarlane's spirit, however, was not broken. From morning until night, whether the day was wet or fine, she greeted the arrival of each train by loud cries for "King William," and on each occasion Jim retorted by bundling out all her customers before they could touch bite or sup.

If those laugh best who laugh last O'Brien certainly had the victory in this curious contest, for the result of his

activity was that, during all the time their feud lasted, Mrs. Macfarlane scarcely made a penny. She began to look worn and anxious, but was still defiant, still indomitable.

"Ah thin! Jim, how can ye keep id up?" asked Mary. "Sure 't isn't like ye at all to be goin' on that ways. 'T is you ought to have the sinse, a married man, with yer business to look afther, an' callin' yerself a Catholic too. Faith, I dunno what Father McCarthy 'll say to ye whin ye go to yer duty. Givin' bad example like that to yer own childher."

"How can *she* keep id up?" asked Jim. "She began id, and let her shtop first."

"I know she did, but what id ye expect from her? God help her, she's that bitther, gall isn't in it with her. Sure you and her is the laughin'-shtock av iviry wan that comes nigh the shtation. The shmall boys do be crowdin' in to hear her, an' see ye chasin' out her customers afther."

"Let her shtop first," repeated Jim. "In all me born days, Mary, I nivir saw a woman like ye for bein' down on yer own husban'. 'T is ashamed of ye I am for not shtandin' up betther for yer side. Wasn't it she gave me the provoke? Who else? I done her no harm. Why did she begin at me?"

"Maybe, but yer doin' her harm now."

"So I am, so I am," said Jim with relish. "Faith she must be sorry she began the game. Troth she's like the tailor that sewed for nothin', and foun' the thread himself. Not much she's makin' these times, I 'm thinkin'."

"Oh, wirra, Jim! What 's come to ye at all? 'T is the kind-hearted man ye used to be, an' now I don't—"

But Jim had had enough of conjugal remonstrance, and went out banging the door behind him.

The feud still continued.

Each day Mrs. Macfarlane, gaunter, fiercer, paler, and more resolute in ignoring the station-master's presence, flaunted her principles up and down the platform. Each day did Jim hurry the departure of the trains and sweep off her customers. Never before had there been such punctuality known at Toomevara, which is situated on an easy-going line, where usually the guard, when indignant

tourists pointed out that the express was some twenty minutes late, was accustomed to reply:

"Why, so she is. 'T is thrue for ye."

One day, however, Mrs. Macfarlane did not appear.

She had come out for the first train, walking a trifle feebly, and uttering her war-cry in a somewhat quavering voice. When the next came no Mrs. Macfarlane greeted it.

The small boys who daily gathered to see the sight—anything is worth looking at in Toomevara—crept away disappointed when the train, after a delay quite like that of old times, at last steamed out of the station. Jim himself was perplexed, and a little aggrieved. He had grown used to the daily strife, and missed the excitement of retorting on his foe.

"Maybe 't is tired of it she is," he speculated. "Time forrer. She knows now she won't have things all her own way. She's too domineerin' by half."

"What's wrong with th' ould wan, sir?" asked Joe Kelly when he met O'Brien. "She didn't shtir whin she hard the thrain."

"Faith, I dunno," said Jim. "Hatchin' more disthurbance, I'll bet. Faith, she's nivir well but whin she's doin' mischief."

"She looks mighty donny¹ these times," remarked Kelly, but his superior appeared to take no heed.

Secretly, however, he was uneasy, and blustered a little to himself to keep up his spirits.

"'T is lyin' low she is," he muttered, "to shpring some other divilment on me, but I'm up to her."

It would not do, and after a time he found himself wandering in the direction of the refreshment-room. There was no sign of life visible, so far as Jim could see; but he was unwilling to observe too closely, for fear of catching Mrs. Macfarlane's eye while in the act of taking an undignified interest in her proceedings.

Suddenly he remembered that the windows at the back had the lower panes muffed to imitate ground glass, and that one was scratched in the corner, thus affording a convenient peephole. He stole round as if on burglary intent, with many cautious glances to right and left; then assured that no one was watching him, peered in. From his posi-

¹ *Donny, dauney*, delicate.

tion he could not see much, but he discerned a black heap of something lying in the middle of the room, and was sure he heard a groan. Considerably startled, he hastened round to Kelly.

"Joe," he said, "maybe y' ought just to look in an' see if anythin' is wrong wid th' ould woman."

"An' what 'ud be wrong wid her?" said Kelly easily. He hated being disturbed. "She 'll be out to meet the nixt thrain as fresh as a throu; see if she doesn't."

"All the same, I think ye 'd better go."

"Sure I 'll go whin I 'm done here. I 've a power o' worrk to git through."

"Work indeed! All the work ye do will nivir kill ye. Faith you 're as lazy as Finn McCool's dog, that rested his head agin' the wall to bark."

"'T is aisy for ye to talk," said Joe. "Sure I 'll go if ye like, sir, bud she 'll shnap the head off av me," and he disappeared in the direction of Mrs. Macfarlane's quarters.

A moment more, and Jim heard him shouting, "Misther O'Brien! Misther O'Brien!" He ran at the sound. There, a tumbled heap, lay Mrs. Macfarlane, no longer a defiant virago, but a weak, sickly, elderly woman, partly supported on Joe Kelly's knee, her face ghastly pale, her arms hanging limp.

"Be me sowl, bud I think she 's dyin'," cried Kelly. "She just raised her head whin she saw me an' wint off in a faint."

"Lay her flat, Joe, lay her flat. Where 's the whisky?"

Jim rushed behind the counter, rummaged amongst the bottles, and came back with half a glass of whisky in his hand.

"Lave her to me," he said, "an do you run an' tell the missus to come here at waunst. Maybe she 'll know what to do."

He tried to force the whisky between Mrs. Macfarlane's set teeth, spilling a good deal of it in the process. She opened her eyes for a moment, looked at him vacantly, and fainted again.

Mary came in to find her husband gazing in a bewildered fashion at his prostrate enemy, and took command in a way that excited his admiration.

"Here," said she, "give uz a hand to move her on to the

seat. Jim, do ye run home an' get Biddy to fill two or three jars wid boilin' wather, an' bring thim along wid a blanket. She 's as cowl'd as death. Joe, fly off wid ye for the docther."

"What docther will I go for, ma'am?"

"The first ye can git," said Mary, promptly beginning to chafe the inanimate woman's hands and loosen her clothes.

When the doctor came, he found Mrs. Macfarlane laid on an impromptu couch composed of two of the cushioned benches placed side by side. She was wrapped in blankets, had hot bottles to her feet and sides, and a mustard plaster over her heart.

"Bravo! Mrs. O'Brien," he said. "I couldn't have done better myself. I believe you have saved her life by being so quick—at least, saved it for the moment, for I think she is in for a severe illness. She will want careful nursing to pull her through."

"She looks rale bad," assented Mary.

"She must be put to bed at once. Where does she live?"

"She lodges down the town," said Mary, "at old Mrs. Smith's in Castle Street; bud sure she has no wan to look afther her there."

"It is too far to move her in her present state. The hospital is nearer; I might try to get her there."

As he spoke Mrs. Macfarlane opened her eyes. Apparently she had understood, for she shook her head with something of her former energy, and exclaimed: "No, no!"

"What did you say?" asked the doctor. "Don't you like the idea of the hospital?" But Mrs. Macfarlane had again lapsed into unconsciousness.

"What are we to do with her?" said the doctor. "Is there no place where they would take her in?"

Mary glanced at Jim, but he did not speak.

"Sure there 's a room in our house," she ventured, after an awkward pause.

"The very thing," said the doctor, "if you don't mind the trouble, and if Mr. O'Brien does not object."

Jim made no answer, but walked out.

"He doesn't, docther," cried Mary. "Sure he has a rale good heart. I'll run off now, an' get the bed ready."

As she passed Jim, who stood sulkily by the door, she

contrived to squeeze his hand. "God bless ye, me own Jim. You'll be none the worse forrit. 'Tis no time for bearin' malice, an' our blessed Lady'll pray for ye this day."

Jim was silent.

"'T is a cruel shame she should fall on uz," he said when his wife had disappeared; but he offered no further resistance.

Borne on an impromptu stretcher by Jim, Joe, Finnerty, and the doctor, Mrs. Macfarlane was carried to the station-master's house, undressed by Mary, and put to bed in the spotlessly clean whitewashed upper room.

The cold and shivering had now passed off, and she was burning. Nervous fever, the doctor anticipated. She raved about her dog, about Jim, about the passengers, her rent, and fifty other things that made it evident her circumstances had preyed on her mind.

Poor Mary was afraid of her at times; but there are no trained nurses at Toomevara, and guided by Dr. Doherty's directions she tried to do her best, and managed wonderfully well.

There could be no doubt Jim did not like having the invalid in the house.

"Here's everythin' upside down," he grumbled,—“Mary up to her eyes in worrk, an' the house an' childer at sixes an' sevens, an' all for an ould hag that cudn't giv uz a civil wordd.”

Kitty was wonderfully helpful to her mother, and took care of her brothers and sisters, but her father grumbled at his wife's absence.

"Why on earth should the woman be saddled on uz?" he asked. "Hasn't she anny frinds av her own soort, I'd like to know? Sure, 't is hard enough for uz to pay our own way, let alone gettin' beef-tay an' port wine for the likes av her, to say nothin' about her wearin' you, Mary, to skin an' bone."

"God help the craythur, sure I do it willin'," said Mary. "We cudn't lave her there to die on the flure."

"Faith, I'm thinkin' 't would be a long time before she done as much for you."

"Maybe," said Mary, "an' maybe not; but sure, where 'ud we be anny betther than her, if 't was that plan we wint on?"

"Ah, 't is too soft y' are intirely," said Jim, going off in a huff.

In his inmost soul, however, he was pleased with his wife, though he kept saying to himself:

"If it had on'y been anyone else besides that ould crow, I wouldn't begrudge it."

When from the unhappy woman's ravings he learned how the feud had preyed on her mind, and discovered the straits to which she had been reduced, a dreadfully guilty feeling stole over him, which he tried in vain to combat.

"Sure, 't was her own fault," he said to himself. "Doesn't every wan know I'm the peaceablist man goin', if I'm on'y let alone? She desarved to be paid out, so she did, an' I'm not wan bit sorry."

This did not prevent him from feeling very miserable. He became desperately anxious that Mrs. Macfarlane should not die, and astonished Mary by bringing home various jellies and meat extracts that he fancied might be good for the patient, but he did this with a shy and hang-dog air by no means natural to him, and always made some ungracious speech as to the trouble, to prevent Mary thinking he was sorry for the part he had played. He replied with a downcast expression to all inquiries from outsiders as to Mrs. Macfarlane's health, but he brought her dog into the house, and fed it well.

"Not for her sake, God knows," he explained, "but bekase the poor baste was frettin', an' I cudn't see him there wid no wan to look to him."

He refused, however, to style the animal "King William," and called it "Billy" instead, a name to which it soon learned to answer.

One evening, when the whitewashed room was all aglow with crimson light that flooded through the western window, Mrs. Macfarlane returned to consciousness. Mary was sitting by the bedside sewing, having sent out the children in charge of Kitty to secure quiet in the house. For a long time, unobserved by her nurse, the sick woman lay feebly trying to understand. Suddenly she spoke.

"What is the matter?"

Mary jumped.

"To be sure," she said, laying down her needlework.

"'T is very bad you were intirely, ma'am, but thanks be to God, sure you 're betther now."

"Where am I?" asked Mrs. Macfarlane after a considerable pause.

"In the Station House, ma'am."

"An' who are you?"

"Sure, don't ye know me? I 'm Mary O'Brien."

"Mary O'Brien—O'Brien?"

"Yis, faith! Jim O'Brien's wife."

"An' is this Jim O'Brien's house?"

"Whose else id it be? But there now, don't talk anny more. Sure, we 'll tell ye all about it whin you 're betther. The dochter sez you 're to be kep' quite."

"But who brought me here?"

"Troth, 't was carried in ye were, an' you near dyin'. Hush up now, will ye? Take a dhrop o' this, an' thry to go to shleep."

Mrs. Macfarlane lay silent, but she did not go to sleep. She seemed to be fitting things together in her mind like pieces of a Chinese puzzle, as she watched the sunset crimson glow and fade on the opposite wall.

"How long have I been here?" she asked Mary next morning, when she awoke refreshed by a good night's rest.

"Goin' on three weeks, ma'am."

"An' was it you nursed me?"

"Sure I did."

"An' who 's goin' to pay you? I 've no money."

"Not a wan of me knows," said Mary, with a touch of temper, "nor cares naythur. 'T wasn't for yer money we tuk ye in. Hould up now a minnit till I change yer cap. Dochter Doherty 's comin'."

Presently Doctor Doherty bustled in—a fresh-colored, cheery little man.

"That 's right, that 's right," he said. "Going on finely, so you are. 'Pon my word, Mrs. Macfarlane, you have every reason to thank Mrs. O'Brien here for being alive to-day. It was touch and go, I can tell you, at one time, touch and go; but here you are now, dōing beautifully."

When Mary went downstairs to get some beef-tea Mrs. Macfarlane turned anxiously to the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "who 's supportin' me here?"

"Don't worry your head about that yet awhile," replied the doctor. "Wait till you 're better."

"But I want tu know. 'T is preyin' on my mind."

"The O'Briens have taken care of you ever since you fell ill, and have let you want for nothing. A kinder creature than that woman never drew breath."

"But, doctor, I can't pay them back; an' if yu only knew, this is the last house in the kingdom I 'd like to be in, an' they are the last people I 'd like tu take charity from."

"Now, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Macfarlane, put all that nonsense out of your head. Who 's talking of charity? Time enough to think of this when you 're well and strong."

"It 's grieved I am intirely that 't was to them I was brought. Who sent me here at all?"

"I did," said the doctor. "There was no place else to send you to. It was too far to carry you to your lodgings, and they told me there was no one there to nurse you."

"No more there was; but I 'd sooner have died, doctor—'t is the truth I 'm tellin' yu. 'T was O'Brien brought me tu this."

"Oh, I heard of all that folly," said the doctor, "and upon my word it seems to me you should both be ashamed of yourselves. Let it pass. It is over and done with now."

"But, doctor, he rooted up my flowers."

"Well, he says he didn't; but sure it wasn't to please him you planted them."

"He said it was the poor dog."

"And perhaps it was; but anyhow, whatever he did it seems to me his wife has made amends, and you ought to live like decent, peaceful neighbors for the future."

"Where is my dog? I suppose he killed it."

"Not he. Your dog is downstairs, as fat as a fool: I 'll tell them to let it in here presently. But now lie down and sleep, like a good creature, for you 're talking far too much. Take that bottle every two hours, and as much nourishment as you can swallow, and you 'll soon have no need for me."

By and by said Mrs. Macfarlane to Mary, "The doctor thinks I 'm doin' nicely."

"So he does," said Mary. "Praise be to God, but you're gettin' stronger every minnit."

"I think, Mrs. O'Brien, 't is time for me tu be movin'

back to my lodgin's. Perhaps I could manage it to-morrow. I'm sure I'm greatly obligated to yu for all yu've done, but it's a shame to be beholden to yu any longer."

"Is it movin' you're talkin' ov?" asked Mary. "Why, woman alive, you're as wake as wather. You won't be fit to shtan' for another tin days, not to talk o' lavin' the house."

"I'd sooner go," said Mrs. Macfarlane obstinately.

"Now, don't be talkin' foolishness. You'll kill yerself wid yer nonsinse."

"An' if I do," said Mrs. Macfarlane bitterly, "who is tu grieve?"

At this moment in rushed "King William" in wild excitement, leaped on the bed, licked his mistress's face, wagged his tail, and whined for sheer joy.

"There's wan that loves ye anyways," said Mary smiling; and she noticed two big tears start suddenly from Mrs. Macfarlane's hard eyes, and drop on the dog's coat, as she bent her head to conceal them.

"Sure, she has a heart, afther all," was Mrs. O'Brien's unspoken comment. Then she tucked in her patient, and left her lying wearily back on the pillow, her thin hand resting on "King William's" back, as he snuggled beside her.

Next day, when she came upstairs, carrying a glass of milk with a fresh egg beaten into it, what was her dismay to find Mrs. Macfarlane, a long figure in her white nightgown, had got out of bed, and was trying to make her way across the room by clinging to tables and chairs.

"God be good to uz! what are ye about?" cried Mary in dismay. "Why didn't ye ring the bell I left beside ye, if ye wanted annythin'? I'd have been up to ye before ye cud say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Thank yu," said Mrs. Macfarlane, "I only wanted to find my clothes. I'm a deal better and stronger, and 't is tu bad tu be lyin' here any longer."

"Yer clothes, is it? Why, I hung thim in the room be-yant. Ye won't be wantin' thim for another week, sure."

"But I do," said Mrs. Macfarlane. "I'll not stay here any longer. I'm goin' away."

"Goin' away, an' you not fit to walk! Ah, thin, where 'd ye be goin' to? Now get back to your bed again, *alanna*, an' don't be foolish."

Mrs. Macfarlane would have resisted, would have resented being called foolish, but a sudden weakness came over her. Before she knew she was caught in Mary's strong arms, and half-supported, half-carried back to the bed that was so gratefully warm. There she lay exhausted.

At last she found voice.

"Yu've been very good to me, Mrs. O'Brien, an' I'm not unmindful of it; but I cannot stay any longer under this roof, and beholden to your husband. I must go."

"Sure ye'll go whin you're able."

"I'm able now."

"Deed you're not, an' as for bein' beholden, God knows we don't grudge it to you, and you shouldn't grudge takin' it."

"P'raps yu don't, but 't is *his* money."

"Whisht, now," said Mary. "Sure, Jim isn't as bad as ye make out. I tell ye what, I've been his wife this seventeen year, an' his heart's as soft as butther."

"I've not found it so."

"That was bekase you wint provokin' him; but me b'leef is of both of yez that yer bark's worse than yer bite, but I won't shtay here argying anny longer. You ax the docther to-morrow, an' see what he thinks."

When Jim came in to supper his wife said to him: "That craythur upstairs is mad to get away. She thinks we begrudge her the bit she ates."

Jim was silent. Then he said: "Sure, annythin' that's bad she'll b'leeve av uz."

"But ye've niver been up to see her. Shlip into the room now an' ax her how she's goin' on. Let bygones be bygones in the name of God."

"I won't," said Jim.

"Oh yes, ye will! Sure afther all, though ye didn't mane it, you're the cause av it. Go to her now."

"I don't like."

"Ah, go! 'T is yer place, an' you sinsibler than she is. Go an' tell her to shtay till she's well. Faith I think that undher all that way of hers she's softer than she looks. I tell ye, Jim, I seen her cryin' over the dog, bekase she thought 't was th' only thing that loved her."

Half-pushed by Mary, Jim made his way up the steep stair, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Macfarlane's attic.

"Come in," said a feeble voice, and he stumbled into the room.

When Mrs. Macfarlane saw who it was, a flame lit in her hollow eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said with grim politeness, "that ye find me here, Misther O'Brien; but it isn't my fault. I wanted tu go a while ago, an' your wife wouldn't let me."

"An' very right she was; you're not fit for it. Sure, don't be talkin' av goin' till you're better, ma'am," said Jim awkwardly. "You're heartily welcome for me. I come up to say—to say, I hope ye'll be in no hurry to move."

"Yu're very good, but it's not to be expected I'd find myself easy under this roof, where I can assure yu I'd never have come of my own free will, an' I apologize to yu, Misther O'Brien, for givin' so much trouble—not that I could help myself."

"Sure, 't is I that should apologize," blurted out Jim. "An' rale sorry I am—though maybe ye won't b'leeve me—that ever I dhruv the customers out."

For a long time Mrs. Macfarlane did not speak.

"I could forgive that easier than your rootin' up my lilies," she said in a strained voice.

"But that I never did. God knows an' sees me this night an' He knows that I niver laid a finger on thim. I kem out an' foun' the dog there scrattin' at thim, an' if this was me last dyin' worrd, 't is thru."

"An' 't was really the dog?"

"It was, though I done wrong in laughin' at him, an' cheerin' him on; but sure ye wouldn't mind me whin I told ye he was at me roses, an' I thought it sarved ye right, an' that ye called him 'King William' to spite me."

"So I did," said Mrs. Macfarlane, and she added more gently, "I'm sorry now."

"Are ye so?" said Jim brightening. "Faith, I'm glad to hear ye say it. We was both in the wrong, ye see, an' if ye bear no malice, I don't."

"You have been very good to me, seein' how I misjudged you," said Mrs. Macfarlane.

"Not a bit av it; an' 't was the wife annyhow, for be-gorra I was hardened against ye, so I was."

"An' you've spent yer money on me, an' I—"

"Sure don't say a word about id. I owed it to you, so I did, but begorra ye won't have to complain av wantin' custom wanst you're well."

"I hadn't taken a shillin' for a fortnight," said Mrs. Macfarlane in a low voice.

Jim got very hot, and shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another.

"Sure, I was a brute baste," he said, "an' you a woman."

"No; I see now I drew it on myself. 'T was I provoked you; I was set against you because—because—"

"Oh, sure I know why, an' there's too much of it in the world, God help uz, espically in this misfortunit counthry, but we'll live and let live. Sure people isn't half as bad as ye think whin ye don't know thim."

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Macfarlane; "I won't call the dog 'King William' any more."

"An' why not?" said Jim in his repentance. "Sure I don't mind, as long as 't isn't done to anger me. 'T is as good a name as another."

"I had no right ever to call him that, an' you objectin'."

"Begorra," said Jim, "I'll tell ye what: I think mesel' King William was a betther man any day than King James—to his own side,—but 't was the feelin' av the thing that vexed me. An' now I want to tell ye not to be down-sperited. You'll soon be about an' makin' heaps o' money."

Mrs. Macfarlane smiled wanly.

"No chance o' that, I'm afraid. What with my illuess an' all that went before it, business is gone. Look at the place shut up this three weeks an' more."

"Not it," said Jim. "Sure, sence ye've been sick I put our little Kitty, the shlip, in charge of the place, an' she's made a power o' money for ye, an' she on'y risin' sixteen, an' havin' to help her mother an' all. She's a clever girl, so she is, though I sez it, an' she ruz the prices all round. She couldn't manage with the cakes, not knowin' how to bake thim like yerself; but sure I bought her plenty av biscuits at Connolly's, and her mother cut her sandwidges, and made tay, an' the dhrinks was all there as you left them, an' Kitty kep' count av all she sould."

Mrs. Macfarlane looked at him for a moment queerly; then she drew the sheet over her face and began to sob.

Jim, feeling wretchedly uncomfortable, crept downstairs.

"Go to the craythur, Mary," he said. "Sure she 's cryin'. We 've made it up,—an' see here, let her want for nothin'."

Mary ran upstairs, took grim Mrs. Macfarlane in her arms and actually kissed her; and Mrs. Macfarlane's grimness melted away, and the two women cried together for sympathy.

Now, as the trains come into Toomevara station, Jim goes from carriage to carriage making himself a perfect nuisance to passengers with well-filled luncheon-baskets. "Won't ye have a cup o' tay, me lady? There 's plinty av time, an' sure we 've the finest tay here that you 'll get on the line. There 's nothin' like it this side o' Dublin. A glass o' whisky, sir? 'Tis only the best that 's kep'; or sherry wine? Ye won't be shtoppin' agin anywheres that you 'll like it as well. Sure if ye don't want to get out—though there 's plenty o' time—I 'll give the ordher an' have it sent to yez. Cakes, ma'am, for the little ladies? 'Tis a long journey, an' maybe they 'll be hungry—an' apples? Apples is mighty good for childher. She keeps fine apples, if ye like thim."

Mrs. Macfarlane has grown quite fat, is at peace with all mankind, takes the deepest interest in the O'Brien family, and calls her dog "Billy."



MARIA EDGEWORTH

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

(1767—1849.)

MARIA EDGEWORTH, the author who gave the first impulse to the novel of national character and to the novel with a moral purpose, was born Jan. 1. 1767. She was the eldest daughter by his first marriage of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who came of a family settled in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth which had given its name to the village of Edgeworthstown in County Longford. Shortly after 1773 Mr. Edgeworth removed with his family to Ireland, and the mansion-house of Edgeworthstown from this time became their home.

Under her father's care Maria soon became an accomplished scholar, and at a very early age was able to join him in various literary projects. These, however, were not given to the world at the time, and it was only in 1798 that their first joint production, 'A Treatise on Practical Education,' appeared. The famous 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' another joint production, was published in 1802, and at once took a high place in the estimation both of the critics and of the public.

In 1810 Miss Edgeworth published 'Early Lessons' in ten parts, and in 1815 her father added a continuation to this work. 'Castle Rackrent,' the first of Miss Edgeworth's independent works, appeared in 1801. This tale, which in some respects is one of her best, proved a great success, and was followed for a number of years by a remarkable series, comprising 'Belinda,' 'Leonora,' 'Popular Tales,' 'Tales of Fashionable Life' (containing 'The Absentee'), 'Patronage,' 'Harrington,' 'Ormond,' and others. The rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact displayed in these works prompted Sir Walter Scott, as he himself says, to "attempt something for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland." In her works Miss Edgeworth showed very considerable versatility, being now philosophic with wisdom, now humorous, now cleverly descriptive, now pathetic, and always master of the immediate subject in hand.

Mr. Edgeworth died in 1817, and this was a severe blow to Maria. Of him she writes: "Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness, or such advantages, as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend." Mr. Edgeworth had been married four times and left a numerous family, the care and education of whom were ever a grateful duty to his affectionate daughter. In 1820 she published his 'Memoirs,' partly written by himself.

In 1822, 'Rosamond,' a sequel to 'Early Lessons,' appeared, followed by 'Harry and Lucy' and 'The Parent's Assistant,' which contains some of her best known stories for children.

Stories for children were, indeed, her earliest work. She wrote them for the amusement and instruction of her younger sisters and

brothers, who were under her charge in the frequent absence of her father and stepmother.

She herself tells us that she was about twenty-four years old when she began this work, and she also explains that these tales were first of all written on a slate; if they were approved by the children, they were copied and added to the collection. Maria Edgeworth was thus enabled to write from the child's point of view, and in simple, direct language suited to their comprehension. As compared with the characters in the books published during the fifty years preceding their advent, Maria Edgeworth's were real children, and not mere lay figures named to represent them, or pegs upon which to hang appropriate moral and religious sentiments. Moreover, they were generally well-bred and reasonable children, who were early taught patience, self-control, and the necessity of bearing the consequences of their follies and mistakes—three important lessons which can never be without their effects in after-life. All of her stories contain some very strong and direct moral teaching, but it is rarely so obtruded as to rob the tale of its living human interest.

It was not long before she ventured on more ambitious designs, but when she had fairly won her place in literature as a writer of novels she returned to her early work in 'Frank' and one or two other tales for children. Nevertheless, her novels, clever as they are, have not held the attention of readers more surely than her children's stories, and it is by these that she may after all be longest remembered.

In 1823 Miss Edgeworth, with two of her sisters, visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, where they spent a fortnight. Here she was delighted with everything she heard and saw, and captivated by the massive genius of the "man of the house." He was equally delighted with her culture and the simplicity of her manners, and the visit ended in conducing still more to their mutual respect and esteem. In 1834 appeared her popular story 'Helen.' She concluded her life's work by 'Orlandino,' a story for the young.

In recognition of her valuable contributions to the literature of her country she was elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy. The value of this distinction may be estimated when it is known that but three ladies besides Miss Edgeworth have been so rewarded—Miss Beaufort, Mrs. Somerville, and Miss Stokes. The later years of her long life, with few exceptions, were passed at Edgeworthstown, where she remained "unspoiled by literary fame, loved in the family circle which daily assembled in the library, and admired by all as a pattern of an intellectual and amiable woman." Here too, she died on the 22d of May, 1849.

Such are the leading points in the literary life of this gifted lady, who was a woman of remarkable vigor of character. She refused to marry the man she loved because she did not think it right to leave her friends, her parents, and her country. She had the courage to begin the study of the Spanish language when she was seventy years old. Her rare modesty caused her to wish that no life of her should ever be published, and she once declared, "My only remains shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown." It is to be regretted that

for the same reason no portrait of her exists; but we give the following sketch of her appearance from the loving pen of her friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall: "In person she was very small—she was 'lost in a crowd': her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, that one never thought of her with reference to either beauty or plainness. She ever occupied without claiming attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue, very blue eyes, increased the value of every word she uttered. She knew how to *listen* as well as *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good child in the fairy tale, from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened. She was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small as to be almost childlike. In a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty."

The circulation of Miss Edgeworth's works has been enormous. An edition of the novels and tales was published in eighteen small volumes, London, 1832; and of the tales and miscellaneous pieces in nine volumes, in 1848, and the more popular stories are constantly being reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic.

CASTLE RACKRENT.

Monday Morning.

Having, out of friendship for the family, upon whose estate, praised be Heaven! I and mine have lived rent-free time out of mind, voluntarily undertaken to publish the MEMOIRS OF THE RACKRENT FAMILY, I think it my duty to say a few words, in the first place, concerning myself. My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "Honest Thady," afterward, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "Old Thady," and now I've come to "Poor Thady;" for I wear a long great-coat winter and summer, which is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are as good as new, though come Hollantide next I've had it these seven years; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak fashion. To look at me, you would hardly think "Poor Thady" was the father of Attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and

never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time.

My grandfather was a driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it: that he should, by Act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country—such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog—made it their choice, often and often, when there was no room to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honored him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long.

The whole country rang with his praises!—Long life to him! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now op-

posite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whisky, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in—God bless him!—to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying: "What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave, and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman—he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:

"He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in Oc-
tober;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an
honest fellow."

Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the county! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near, how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women, even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the

farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse!

But who'd have thought it? Just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt—a rescue was apprehended from the mob; but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law: so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country: and Sir Murtagh Rack-rent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance; Sir Murtagh alleging in ail companies that he had all along meant to pay his father's debts of honor, but the moment the law was taken of him, there was an end of honor to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts which he had bound himself to pay in honor.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house, or anything as it used to be: the tenants even were sent away without their whisky. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing: I knew how it was. Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate; there, however, he overshot himself; for, though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day—he could not see that to be sure when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable, stirring woman, and looking close to everything. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins; anything else I could have looked over in her from a regard to the family. She was

a strict observer for self and servants of Lent and all fast days, but not holidays. One of the maids having fainted three times the last day of Lent, to keep soul and body together we put a morsel of roast beef into her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner, who never fasted, not he; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced, as soon as she could walk, to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution, in the house or out of it.

However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a lawsuit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the watercourse. With these ways of managing, 't is surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table the same way, kept for next to nothing; duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese, came as fast as we could eat 'em, for my lady kept a sharp lookout, and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady—eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half-year's rent into arrear: there was something in that to be sure.

But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way; for let alone making English tenants of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving, and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting, and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose, trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh, that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty-work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and, in short, all the work about his house done for nothing: for in all our leases there were strict clauses heavy with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce; so many days' duty work of man and horse, from every tenant, he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse: so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant. As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself: roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel-wires, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravel-pits, sandpits, dunghills, and nuisances, everything upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble, but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, "Learning is better than house or land."

Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money: in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except hav-

ing a great regard for the family; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague.

"I know, honest Thady," says he, to comfort me, "what I'm about better than you do; I'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise—for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount against my advice, and had no luck afterwards. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee that my grandfather heard under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough, with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favorite causes. He was a great speaker, with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them.

My lady had her privy purse; and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and, besides, again often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to my face (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement my lady would have the last

word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud, the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I; and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away, to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said anything one way or the other, whilst she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning.

"It's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-bye to ye." And into the carriage she stepped, without a word more, good or bad, or even half-a-crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle; but the house was all hurry-skurry, preparing for my new master. Sir Murtagh, I forgot to notice, had no childer; so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came amongst us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco, should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught a glimpse of me as I was looking at his horse's heels, in hopes of a word from him. "And is that old Thady?" says he, as he got into his gig; I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with the other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me*, a family likeness. A fine life we should have led, had he stayed amongst us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man; money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning.

A circular-letter came next post from the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit £500 to Bath for his use before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honor of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middlemen, who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head; he ferreted the tenants out of their lives; not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit; but I laid it all to the fault of the agent, for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man? But still it went. Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms; no sooner was a lease out but the land was advertised to the highest bidder; all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now let at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who meant to run away, and did so after taking two crops out

of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion—anything for the ready penny; and with all this and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it. I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family, but I walked about thinking if his honor Sir Kit knew all this, it would go hard with him but he'd see us righted; not that I had anything for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason.

Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad; I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself; seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the country, the agent gave him his rent accounts to copy, which he did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family. By and by a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honor's hands, and my son put in a proposal for it; why shouldn't he, as well as another? The proposals all went over to the master at Bath, who knowing no more of the land than the child unborn, only having once been out a-grouching on it before he went to England; and the value of lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honor wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must let it as well as he could—to the best bidder, to be sure—and send him over £200 by return of post; with this the agent gave me a hint, and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us. So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant, and he got a promise of an abatement in the rent after the first year, for advancing the half-year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to complete the agent's £200 by the return of the post, with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied.

About this time we learnt from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play, and Bath, they say, was no place for a young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen, too, hunting him up and down day and night, who

had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season, for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it. When the answer came there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out, and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honor occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honor to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over, till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be sure; Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for traveling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out, because, God bless him! he wrote in such a flurry.

My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this: I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper, to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousands pounds to her fortune; then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on their way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; there-

fore, a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate. I never shall forget the day he came home; we had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall-door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flame full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled; but that was only sitting so long in the chariot.

"You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I (recollecting who she was). "Did your honor hear of the bonfires?"

His honor spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps—he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honor. I was not sure what to say to one or t' other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her; so I went back again to the bonfires.

"My lady," says I, as she crossed the hall, "there would have been fifty times as many; but for fear of the horses, and frightening your ladyship, Jason and I forbid them, please your honor."

"Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night?" was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered; so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the grooms set him a-talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune—she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sau-

sages, and went neither to church nor mass. Mercy upon his honor's poor soul, thought I; what will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate? I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself, for I had a great regard for the family; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and everything.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw plain enough how things were between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm in arm after breakfast, looking at the new building and the improvements.

"Old Thady," said my master, just as he used to do, "how do you do?"

"Very well, I thank your honor's honor," said I; but I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him.

"Is the large room damp, Thady?" said his honor.

"Oh, damp, your honor! how should it be but as dry as a bone," says I, "after all the fires we have kept in it day and night? It's the barrack-room your honor's talking on."

"And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?" were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.

"No matter, my dear," said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was, "What's this, Sir Kit?" and "What's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her.

"And what do you call that, Sir Kit?" said she; "that—that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?"

"My turf-stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip.

Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it? thought I; but I said nothing. Then, by-and-by, she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country.

"And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she.

"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling.

"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she.

"You don't see it, my dear," says he; "for we've planted it out; when the trees grow up in summer-time—" says he.

"Where are the trees," said she, "my dear?" still looking through her glass.

"You are blind, my dear," says he: "what are these under your eyes?"

"These shrubs?" said she.

"Trees," said he.

"Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear," said she; "but they are not a yard high, are they?"

"They were planted out but last year, my lady," says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honor mad with her: "they are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin at-all-at-all through the skreen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin upon no account at all; it cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it."

Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over, for her to get it by heart, a dozen times; then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while. I verily believed she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the country was all disappointed—Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross.

"What cross?" says I; "is it about her being a heretic?"

"Oh, no such matter," says he; "my master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross—it's worth I can't tell you how much, and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married; but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honeymoon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his honor one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in housekeeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely my lady should order and disorder what she pleases. But the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen; then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig-meat in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath; and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that: he carried her dinner himself. Then his honor had a great deal of company to dine with him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant, and as much himself as before he was married; and at dinner he always drank my Lady Rackrent's good health and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was anything at table he might send her, and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my Lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very

much obliged to Sir Kit—she did not wish for anything, but drank the company's health.

The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterwards: he was a famous shot, had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dared look at him whilst at Bath. Sir Kit's character was so well known in the country that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great favorite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my Lady Rackrent fell ill and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter. In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her deathbed, and to get her to make a will in his favor of her separate possessions, but there she was too tough for him. He used to swear at her behind her back after kneeling to her face, and call her in the presence of his gentleman his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he would bring it out, I don't know) "my pretty Jessica!" To be sure it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her.

When she was lying, to all expectation, on her deathbed of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish, and considering too it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master, so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her; and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawn with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner—I could not but think them bewitched, but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle

Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him!

My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out that she was dead, by mistake; this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master. One of the three ladies showed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defense, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct; and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, whilst his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother; the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg, and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new-ploughed field, the wooden-leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candor fired his pistol over his head; upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them; thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to re-establish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries.

I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out—sure enough he was within an ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies; but unluckily, after hitting the tooth-pick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow to my lady. We got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident. The surprise bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap her out of her jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and showed

her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the handbarrow, which had immediately the desired effect; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed, and lifting up her eyes to heaven uttered some ejaculation which none present heard; but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favor when she had least reason to expect it. My master was greatly lamented: there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and "waked" the same night. The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon his murderer, who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial, whilst the gentlemen in the country were up about it; but he very prudently withdrew himself to the Continent before the affair was made public. As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never show her head after at the balls in the county or any place; and by the advice of her friends and physicians she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if anywhere on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind. As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add that there was a song made upon my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in everybody's mouth, singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit. He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh, where his cattle were well known; and all who had taken up his bets were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society. His stud sold at the cant at the greatest price ever known in the county; his favorite horses were chiefly disposed of amongst his particular friends, who would give any price for them, for his sake; but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any of the gentlemen of the neighborhood just upon his coming to settle amongst them; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But to return to my lady. She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for

certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body, as it were, to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time understood was against her own consent. The ladies too were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country, and everything belonging to it, and was so partial to her native land, that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon my master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us. Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland, I stood a great chance of being a great favorite with her; for when she found I understood the weathercock, she was always finding some pretense to be talking to me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue fair for England.

But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family. She gave no veils to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb of "as rich as a Jew," which, she being a Jewish, they built upon with reason. But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortune amongst us; and if it had not been all along with her, his honor, Sir Kit, would have been now alive in all appearance. Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along made it no secret he married for money. But we will not bestow another thought upon her. This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

'T is an ill wind that blows nobody no good; the same

wind that took the Jew Lady Rackrent over to England brought over the new heir to Castle Rackrent.

Here let me pause for breath in my story, for though I had a great regard for every member of the family, yet without compare Sir Conolly, commonly called, for short, amongst his friends, Sir Condry Rackrent, was ever my great favorite; and indeed, the most universally beloved man I had ever seen or heard of, not excepting his great ancestor Sir Patrick, to whose memory he, amongst other instances of generosity, erected a handsome marble stone in the church of Castle Rackrent, setting forth in large letters his age, birth, parentage, and many other virtues, concluding with the compliment so justly due, that "Sir Patrick Rackrent lived and died a monument of old Irish hospitality."

CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE RACKRENT FAMILY.

HISTORY OF SIR CONOLLY RACKRENT.

Sir Condry Rackrent by the grace of God heir-at-law to the Castle Rackrent estate was a remote branch of the family. Born to little or no fortune of his own, he was bred to the bar, at which, having many friends to push him and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made King's Counsel at the least, but things were disposed of otherwise, and he never went the circuit but twice, and then made no figure for want of a fee and being unable to speak in public. He received his education chiefly in the College of Dublin, but before he came to years of discretion lived in the country, in a small but slated house within view of the end of the avenue. I remember him, bare-footed and headed, running through the street of O'Shaughlin's Town, and playing at pitch-and-toss, ball, marbles, and what not, with the boys of the town, amongst whom my son Jason was a great favorite with him. As for me, he was ever my white-headed boy; often 's the time, when I would call in at his father's, where I was always made welcome, he would slip down to

me in the kitchen, and love to sit on my knee whilst I told him stories of the family and the blood from which he was sprung, and how he might look forward, if the then present man should die without children, to being at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate.

This was then spoke quite and clear, at random to please the child, but it pleased Heaven to accomplish my prophecy afterwards, which gave him a great opinion of my judgment in business. He went to a little grammar-school with many others, and my son amongst the rest, who was in his class, and not a little useful to him in his book-learning, which he acknowledged with gratitude ever after. These rudiments of his education thus completed, he got a-horse-back, to which exercise he was ever addicted, and used to gallop over the country while yet but a slip of a boy, under the care of Sir Kit's huntsman, who was very fond of him, and often lent him his gun, and took him out a-shooting under his own eye. By these means he became well acquainted and popular amongst the poor in the neighborhood early, for there was not a cabin at which he had not stopped some morning or other, along with the huntsman, to drink a glass of burnt whisky out of an egg-shell, to do him good and warm his heart and drive the cold out of his stomach. The old people always told him he was a great likeness of Sir Patrick, which made him first have an ambition to take after him, as far as his fortune should allow. He left us when of an age to enter the college, and there completed his education and nineteenth year, for as he was not born to an estate, his friends thought it incumbent on them to give him the best education which could be had for love or money, and a great deal of money consequently was spent upon him at College and Temple. He was a very little altered for the worse by what he saw there of the great world, for when he came down into the country to pay us a visit, we thought him just the same man as ever—hand and glove with every one, and as far from high, though not without his own proper share of family pride, as any man ever you see.

Latterly, seeing how Sir Kit and the Jewish lived together, and that there was no one between him and the Castle Rackrent estate, he neglected to apply to the law as much as was expected of him, and secretly many of the

tenants and others advanced him cash upon his note of hand value received, promising bargains of leases and lawful interest, should he ever come into the estate. All this was kept a great secret for fear the present man, hearing of it, should take it into his head to take it ill of poor Condry, and so should cut him off for ever by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery to dock the entail. Sir Murtagh would have been the man for that; but Sir Kit was too much taken up philandering to consider the law in this case, or any other. These practices I have mentioned to account for the state of his affairs—I mean Sir Condry's upon his coming into the Castle Rackrent estate. He could not command a penny of his first year's income, which, and keeping no accounts, and the great sight of company he did, with many other causes too numerous to mention, was the origin of his distresses.

My son Jason, who was now established agent, and knew everything, explained matters out of the face to Sir Conolly, and made him sensible of his embarrassed situation. With a great nominal rent-roll, it was almost all paid away in interest; which being for convenience suffered to run on, soon doubled the principal, and Sir Condry was obliged to pass new bonds for the interest, now grown principal, and so on. Whilst this was going on, my son, requiring to be paid for his trouble and many years' service in the family gratis, and Sir Condry not willing to take his affairs into his own hands, or to look them even in the face, he gave my son a bargain of some acres which fell out of lease at a reasonable rent. Jason let the land, as soon as his lease was sealed, to under-tenants, to make the rent, and got two hundred a year profit rent; which was little enough considering his long agency. He bought the land at twelve years' purchase two years afterwards, when Sir Condry was pushed for money on an execution, and was at the same time allowed for his improvements thereon.

There was a sort of hunting-lodge upon the estate, convenient to my son Jason's land, which he had his eye upon about this time; and he was a little jealous of Sir Condry, who talked of letting it to a stranger who was just come into the country—Captain Moneygawl was the man. He was son and heir to the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's

and my master was loth to disoblige the young gentleman, whose heart was set upon the Lodge; so he wrote him back that the Lodge was at his service, and if he would honor him with his company at Castle Rackrent, they could ride over together some morning and look at it before signing the lease. Accordingly, the captain came over to us, and he and Sir Condry grew the greatest friends ever you see, and were for ever out a-shooting or hunting together, and were very merry in the evenings; and Sir Condry was invited of course to Mount Juliet's Town; and the family intimacy that had been in Sir Patrick's time was now recollected, and nothing would serve Sir Condry but he must be three times a week at the least with his new friends, which grieved me, who knew, by the captain's groom and gentleman, how they talked of him at Mount Juliet's Town, making him quite, as one may say, a laughing-stock and a butt for the whole company; but they were soon cured of that by an accident that surprised 'em not a little, as it did me.

There was a bit of a scrawl found upon the waiting-maid of old Mr. Moneygawl's youngest daughter, Miss Isabella, that laid open the whole; and her father, they say, was like one out of his right mind, and swore it was the last thing he ever should have thought of, when he invited my master to his house, that his daughter should think of such a match. But their talk signified not a straw, for as Miss Isabella's maid reported, her young mistress was fallen over head and ears in love with Sir Condry from the first time that ever her brother brought him into the house to dinner. The servant who waited that day behind my master's chair was the first who knew it, as he says; though it 's hard to believe him, for he did not tell it till a great while afterwards; but, however, it 's likely enough, as the thing turned out, that he was not far out of the way, for towards the middle of dinner, as he says, they were talking of stage-plays, having a play-house, and being great play-actors at Mount Juliet's Town; and Miss Isabella turns short to my master, and says:

“Have you seen the play-bill, Sir Condry?”

“No, I have not,” said he.

“Then more shame for you,” said the captain her brother, “not to know that my sister is to play Juliet to-

night, who plays it better than any woman on or off the stage in all Ireland."

"I am very happy to hear it," said Sir Condý; and there the matter dropped for the present.

But Sir Condý all this time, and a great while afterward, was at a terrible non-plus; for he had no liking, not he, to stage-plays, nor to Miss Isabella either—to his mind, as it came out over a bowl of whisky-punch at home, his little Judy M'Quirk, who was daughter to a sister's son of mine, was worth twenty of Miss Isabella. He had seen her often when he stopped at her father's cabin to drink whisky out of the egg-shell, out hunting, before he came to the estate, and, as she gave out, was under something like a promise of marriage to her. Anyhow, I could not but pity my poor master, who was so bothered between them, and he an easy-hearted man, that could not disoblige nobody—God bless him! To be sure, it was not his place to behave ungenerous to Miss Isabella, who had disoblige all her relations for his sake, as he remarked; and then she was locked up in her chamber, and forbid to think of him any more, which raised his spirit, because his family was as good as theirs at any rate, and the Rackrents a suitable match for the Moneygawls any day in the year; all which was true enough. But it grieved me to see that, upon the strength of all this, Sir Condý was growing more in the mind to carry off Miss Isabella to Scotland, in spite of her relations, as she desired.

"It's all over with our poor Judy!" said I, with a heavy sigh, making bold to speak to him one night when he was a little cheerful, and standing in the servants' hall all alone with me, as was often his custom.

"Not at all," said he; "I never was fonder of Judy than at this present speaking; and to prove it to you," said he—and he took from my hand a halfpenny change that I had just got along with my tobacco—"and to prove it to you, Thady," says he, "it's a toss-up with me which I should marry this minute, her or Mr. Moneygawl of Mount Juliet's Town's daughter—so it is."

"Oh—boo! boo!" says I, making light of it, to see what he would go on to next; "your honor's joking, to be sure; there's no compare between our poor Judy and Miss Isabella, who has a great fortune, they say."

"I 'm not a man to mind a fortune, nor never was," said Sir Condyl, proudly, "whatever her friends may say; and to make short of it," says he, "I 'm come to a determination upon the spot." With that he swore such a terrible oath as made me cross myself. "And by this book," said he, snatching up my ballad-book, mistaking it for my prayer-book, which lay in the window; "and by this book," says he, "and by all the books that ever were shut and opened, it 's come to a toss-up with me, and I 'll stand or fall by the toss; and so Thady, hand me over that *pin* out of the ink-horn"; and he makes a cross on the smooth side of the halfpenny; "Judy M'Quirk," says he, "her mark."

God bless him! his hand was a little unsteadied by all the whisky-punch he had taken, but it was plain to see his heart was for poor Judy. My heart was all as one as in my mouth when I saw the halfpenny up in the air, but I said nothing at all; and when it came down I was glad I had kept myself to myself, for to be sure now it was all over with poor Judy.

"Judy 's out a luck," said I, striving to laugh.

"I 'm out a luck," said he; and I never saw a man look so cast down: he took up the halfpenny off the flag, and walked away quite sober-like by the shock. Now, though as easy a man, you would think, as any in the wide world, there was no such thing as making him unsay one of these sort of vows, which he had learned to reverence when young, as I well remember teaching him to toss up for bog-berries on my knee. So I saw the affair was as good as settled between him and Miss Isabella, and I had no more to say but to wish her joy, which I did the week afterwards, upon her return from Scotland with my poor master.

My new lady was young, as might be supposed of a lady that had been carried off by her own consent to Scotland; but I could only see her at first through her veil, which, from bashfulness or fashion, she kept over her face.

"And am I to walk through all this crowd of people, my dearest love?" said she to Sir Condyl, meaning us servants and tenants, who had gathered at the back gate.

"My dear," said Sir Condyl, "there 's nothing for it but to walk, or to let me carry you as far as the house, for you see the back road is too narrow for a carriage, and the

great piers have tumbled down across the front approach: so there 's no driving the right way, by reason of the ruins."

"Plato, thou reasonest well!" said she, or words to that effect, which I could noways understand; and again, when her foot stumbled against a broken bit of a car-wheel, she cried out, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Well, thought I, to be sure, if she 's no Jewish, like the last, she is a mad-woman for certain, which is as bad: it would have been as well for my poor master to have taken up with poor Judy, who is in her right mind anyhow.

She was dressed like a mad-woman, moreover, more than like any one I ever saw afore or since, and I could not take my eyes off her, but still followed behind her; and her feathers on the top of her hat were broke going in at the low back door, and she pulled out her little bottle out of her pocket to smell when she found herself in the kitchen, and said, "I shall faint with the heat of this odious, odious place."

"My dear, it 's only three steps across the kitchen, and there 's a fine air if your veil was up," said Sir Condy; and with that threw back her veil, so that I had then a full sight of her face. She had not at all the color of one going to faint, but a fine complexion of her own, as I then took it to be, though her maid told me after it was all put on; but even, complexion and all taken in, she was no way, in point of good looks, to compare to poor Judy, and withal she had a quality toss with her; but maybe it was my over-partiality to Judy, into whose place I may say she stepped, that made me notice all this.

To do her justice, however, she was, when we came to know her better, very liberal in her housekeeping—nothing at all of the skinflint in her; she left everything to the housekeeper, and her own maid, Mrs. Jane, who went with her to Scotland, gave her the best of characters for generosity. She seldom or ever wore a thing twice the same way, Mrs. Jane told us, and was always pulling her things to pieces and giving them away, never being used, in her father's house, to think of expense in anything; and she reckoned to be sure to go on the same way at Castle Rackrent; but when I came to inquire, I learned that her father was so mad with her for running off, after his locking her up and forbidding her to think any more of Sir

Condry, that he would not give her a farthing; and it was lucky for her she had a few thousands of her own, which had been left to her by a good grandmother, and these were convenient to begin with.

My master and my lady set out in great style; they had the finest coach and chariot, and horses and liveries, and cut the greatest dash in the county, returning their wedding visits; and it was immediately reported that her father had undertaken to pay all my master's debts, and of course all his tradesmen gave him a new credit, and every thing went on smack-smooth, and I could not but admire my lady's spirit, and was proud to see Castle Rackrent again in all its glory. My lady had a fine taste for building, and furniture, and playhouses, and she turned every thing topsy-turvy, and made the barrack-room into a theater, as she called it, and she went on as if she had a mint of money at her elbow; and to be sure I thought she knew best, especially as Sir Condry said nothing to it one way or the other. All he asked, God bless him! was to live in peace and quietness, and have his bottle or his whisky-punch at night to himself. Now this was little enough, to be sure, for any gentleman; but my lady couldn't abide the smell of the whisky-punch.

"My dear," says he, "you liked it well enough before we were married, and why not now?"

"My dear," said she, "I never smelt it, or I assure you I should never have prevailed upon myself to marry you."

"My dear, I am sorry you did not smell it, but we can't help that now," returned my master, without putting himself in a passion or going out of his way, but just fair and easy helped himself to another glass, and drank it off to her good health.

All this the butler told me, who was going backwards and forwards unnoticed with the jug, and hot water and sugar, and all he thought wanting. Upon my master's swallowing the last glass of whisky-punch, my lady burst into tears, calling him an ungrateful, base, barbarous wretch, and went off into a fit of hysterics, as I think Mrs. Jane called it; and my poor master was greatly frightened, this being the first thing of the kind he had seen, and he fell straight on his knees before her, and, like a good-hearted cratur as he was, ordered the whisky-punch out of

the room, and bid 'em throw open all the windows, and cursed himself; and then my lady came to herself again, and when she saw him kneeling there, bid him get up, and not forswear himself any more, for that she was sure he did not love her, and never had. This we learned from Mrs. Jane, who was the only person left present at all this.

"My dear," returns my master, thinking, to be sure, of Judy, as well he might, "whoever told you so is an incendiary, and I'll have 'em turned out of the house this minute, if you'll only let me know which of them it was."

"Told me what?" said my lady, starting upright in her chair.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all," said my master, seeing he had overshot himself, and that my lady spoke at random; "but what you said just now, that I did not love you, Bella; who told you that?"

"My own sense," she said, and she put her handkerchief to her face and leant back upon Mrs. Jane, and fell to sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why now, Bella, this is very strange of you," said my poor master; "if nobody has told you nothing, what is it you are talking on for at this rate, and exposing yourself and me for this way?"

"Oh, say no more, say no more; every word you say kills me," cried my lady; and she ran on like one, as Mrs. Jane says, raving, "Oh, Sir Condy, Sir Condy! I that had hoped to find in you——"

"Why now, faith, this is a little too much; do, Bella, try to recollect yourself, my dear; am not I your husband, and of your own choosing, and is not that enough?"

"Oh, too much! too much!" cried my lady, wringing her hands.

"Why, my dear, come to your right senses, for the love of Heaven. See, is not the whisky-punch, jug and bowl and all, gone out of the room long ago? What is it, in the wide world, you have to complain of?"

But still my lady sobbed and sobbed, and called herself the most wretched of women; and among other out-of-the-way, provoking things, asked my master was he fit company for her, and he drinking all night? This nettling him, which it was hard to do, he replied that, as to drinking all night, he was then as sober as she was herself, and that

it was no matter how much a man drank, provided it did no ways affect or stagger him; that as to being fit company for her, he thought himself of a family to be fit company for any lord or lady in the land; but that he never prevented her from seeing and keeping what company she pleased, and that he had done his best to make Castle Rackrent pleasing to her since her marriage, having always had the house full of visitors, and if her own relations were not amongst them, he said that was their own fault, and their pride's fault, of which he was sorry to find her ladyship had so unbecoming a share.

So concluding, he took his candle and walked off to his room, and my lady was in her tantrums for three days after, and would have been so much longer, no doubt, but some of her friends, young ladies and cousins and second cousins, came to Castle Rackrent, by poor master's express invitation, to see her, and she was in a hurry to get up, as Mrs. Jane called it, a play for them, and so got well, and was as finely dressed and as happy to look at as ever; and all the young ladies, who used to be in her room dressing of her, said in Mrs. Jane's hearing that my lady was the happiest bride ever they had seen, and that, to be sure, a love-match was the only thing for happiness where the parties could any way afford it.

As to affording it, God knows it was little they knew of the matter: my lady's few thousands could not last forever, especially the way she went on with them, and letters from tradesfolk came every post thick and threefold, with bills as long as my arm, of years' and years' standing. My son Jason had 'em all handed over to him, and the pressing letters were all unread by Sir Condry, who hated trouble, and could never be brought to hear talk of business, but still put it off and put it off, saying, "Settle it anyhow," or "Bid 'em call again to-morrow," or "Speak to me about it some other time." Now it was hard to find the right time to speak, for in the mornings he was a-bed, and in the evenings over his bottle, where no gentleman chooses to be disturbed. Things in a twelve-month or so came to such a pass there was no making a shift to go on any longer, though we were all of us well enough used to live from hand to mouth at Castle Rackrent. One day, I remember, when there was a power of company, all sitting after din-

ner in the dusk, not to say dark, in the drawing-room, my lady having rung five times for candles and none to go up, the housekeeper sent up the footman, who went to my mistress and whispered behind her chair how it was.

"My lady," says he, "there are no caudles in the house."

"Bless me," says she; "then take a horse and gallop off as fast as you can to Carrick O'Fungus, and get some."

"And in the meantime tell them to step into the play-house, and try if there are not some bits left," added Sir Condry, who happened to be within hearing. The man was sent up again to my lady to let her know there was no horse to go but one that wanted a shoe.

"Go to Sir Condry, then; I know nothing at all about the horses," said my lady; "why do you plague me with these things?" How it was settled I really forget, but to the best of my remembrance the boy was sent down to my son Jason's to borrow candles for the night. Another time, in the winter, and on a desperate cold day, there was no turf in for the parlor and above stairs, and scarce enough for the cook in the kitchen. The little *gossoon* was sent off to the neighbors to see and beg or borrow some, but none could he bring back with him for love or money, so, as needs must, we were forced to trouble Sir Condry—"Well, and if there's no turf to be had in the town or country, why, what signifies talking any more about it; can't ye go and cut down a tree?"

"Which tree, please your honor?" I made bold to say.

"Any tree at all that's good to burn," said Sir Condry; "send off smart and get one down and the fires lighted before my lady gets up to breakfast, or the house will be too hot to hold us."

He was always very considerate in all things about my lady, and she wanted for nothing whilst he had it to give. Well, when things were tight with them about this time, my son Jason put in a word again about the Lodge, and made a genteel offer to lay down the purchase-money, to relieve Sir Condry's distresses. Now Sir Condry had it from the best authority that there were two writs come down to the sheriff against his person, and the sheriff, as ill-luck would have it, was no friend of his, and talked how he must do his duty, and how he would do it, if it was against the first man in the country, or even his own brother, let alone

one who had voted against him at the last election, as Sir Condry had done. So Sir Condry was fain to take the purchase-money of the Lodge from my son Jason to settle matters; and sure enough it was a good bargain for both parties, for my son bought the fee-simple of a good house for him and his heirs forever, for little or nothing, and by selling of it for that same my master saved himself from a jail. Every way it turned out fortunate for Sir Condry, for before the money was all gone there came a general election, and he being so well beloved in the county, and one of the oldest families, no one had a better right to stand candidate for the vacancy; and he was called upon by all his friends, and the whole county, I may say, to declare himself against the old member, who had little thought of a contest. My master did not relish the thoughts of a troublesome canvass and all the ill-will he might bring upon himself by disturbing the peace of the county, besides the expense, which was no trifle; but all his friends called upon one another to subscribe, and they formed themselves into a committee, and wrote all his circular-letters for him, and engaged all his agents, and did all the business unknown to him; and he was well pleased that it should be so at last, and my lady herself was very sanguine about the election; and there was open house kept night and day at Castle Rackrent, and I thought I never saw my lady look so well in her life as she did at that time. There were grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condry till they were carried off; and then dances and balls, and the ladies all finishing with a raking pot of tea in the morning. Indeed, it was well the company made it their choice to sit up all nights, for there were not half beds enough for the sights of people that were in it, though there were shake-downs in the drawing-room always made up before sunrise for those that liked it.

For my part, when I saw the doings that were going on, and the loads of claret that went down the throats of them that had no right to be asking for it, and the sights of meat that went up to table and never came down, besides what was carried off to one or t' other below stair, I couldn't but pity my poor master, who was to pay for all; but I said nothing, for fear of gaining myself ill-will. The day of election will come some time or other, says I to myself, and

all will be over; and so it did, and a glorious day it was as any I ever had the happiness to see.

"Huzza! huzza! Sir Condry Rackrent forever!" was the first thing I hears in the morning, and the same and nothing else all day, and not a soul sober only just when polling, enough to give their votes as became 'em, and to stand the browbeating of the lawyers, who came tight enough upon us; and many of our freeholders were knocked off, having never a freehold that they could safely swear to, and Sir Condry was not willing to have any man perjure himself for his sake, as was done on the other side, God knows; but no matter for that. Some of our friends were dumbfounded by the lawyers asking them: "Had they ever been upon the ground where their freeholds lay?" Now, Sir Condry, being tender of the consciences of them that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleavefuls¹ of the sods of his farm of Gulteeshinnagh; and as soon as the sods came into town, he set each man upon his sod, and so then, ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground. We gained the day by this piece of honesty. I thought I should have died in the streets for joy when I seed my poor master chaired, and he bareheaded, and it raining as hard as it could pour; but all the crowds following him up and down, and he bowing and shaking hands with the whole town.

"Is that Sir Condry Rackrent in the chair?" says a stranger man in the crowd.

"The same," says I. "Who else could it be? God bless him!"

"And I take it, then, you belong to him?" says he.

"Not at all," says I; "but I live under him, and have done so these two hundred years and upwards, me and mine."

"It's lucky for you, then," rejoins he, "that he is where he is; for was he anywhere else but in the chair, this minute he'd be in a worse place; for I was sent down on purpose to put him up, and here's my order for so doing in my pocket."

It was a writ that villain the wine merchant had marked

¹ *Cleave*, a large basket.

against my poor master for some hundreds of an old debt, which it was a shame to be talking of at such a time as this.

"Put it in your pocket again, and think no more of it anyways for seven years to come, my honest friend," says I; "he's a member of Parliament now, praised be God, and such as you can't touch him; and if you'll take a fool's advice, I'd have you keep out of the way this day, or you'll run a good chance of getting your deserts amongst my master's friends, unless you choose to drink his health like everybody else."

"I've no objection to that in life," said he. So we went into one of the public-houses kept open for my master; and we had a great deal of talk about this thing and that. "And how is it," says he, "your master keeps on so well upon his legs? I heard say he was off Holantide twelve-month past."

"Never was better or heartier in his life," said I.

"It's not that I'm after speaking of," said he; "but there was a great report of his being ruined."

"No matter," says I; "the sheriffs two years running were his particular friends, and the sub-sheriffs were both of them gentlemen, and were properly spoken to; and so the writs lay snug with them, and they, as I understand by my son Jason the custom in them cases is, returned the writs as they came to them to those that sent 'em—much good may it do them!—with a word in Latin, that no such person as Sir Condry Rackrent, Bart., was to be found in those parts."

"Oh, I understand all those ways better—no offense—than you," says he, laughing, and at the same time filling his glass to my master's good health, which convinced me he was a warm friend in his heart after all, though appearances were a little suspicious or so at first. "To be sure," says he, still cutting his joke, "when a man's over head and shoulders in debt, he may live the faster for it, and the better if he goes the right way about it, or else how is it so many live on so well, as we see every day after they are ruined?"

"How is it," says I, being a little merry at the time; "how is it but just as you see the ducks in the chicken-yard, just after their heads are cut off by the cook, running round and round faster than when alive?"

At which conceit he fell a-laughing, and remarked he had never had the happiness yet to see the chicken-yard at Castle Rackrent.

"It won't be long so, I hope," says I; "you 'll be kindly welcome there, as everybody is made by my master; there is not a freer-spoken gentleman or a better beloved, high or low, in all Ireland."

And of what passed after this I'm not sensible, for we drank Sir Condry's good health and the downfall of his enemies till we could stand no longer ourselves. And little did I think at the time, or till long after, how I was harboring my poor master's greatest of enemies myself. This fellow had the impudence, after coming to see the chicken-yard, to get me to introduce him to my son Jason; little more than the man that never was born did I guess at his meaning by this visit: he gets him a correct list fairly drawn out from my son Jason of all my master's debts, and goes straight round to the creditors and buys them all up, which he did easy enough, seeing the half of them never expected to see their money out of Sir Condry's hands. Then, when this base-minded limb of the law, as I afterwards detected him in being, grew to be sole creditor over all, he takes him out a custodiam on all the denominations and sub-denominations, and even carton and half-carton upon the estate; and not content with that, must have an execution against the master's goods and down to the furniture, though little worth, of Castle Rackrent itself. But this is a part of my story I'm not come to yet, and it's bad to be forestalling: ill news flies fast enough all the world over.

To go back to the day of the election, which I never think of but with pleasure and tears of gratitude for those good times, after the election was quite and clean over, there comes shoals of people from all parts, claiming to have obliged my master with their votes, and putting him in mind of promises which he could never remember himself to have made: one was to have a freehold for each of his four sons; another was to have a renewal of a lease; another an abatement; one came to be paid ten guineas for a pair of silver buckles sold my master on the hustings, which turned out to be no better than copper gilt; another had a long bill for oats, the half of which never went into

the granary to my certain knowledge, and the other half was not fit for the cattle to touch; but the bargain was made the week before the election, and the coach and saddle-horses were got into order for the day, besides a vote fairly got by them oats; so no more reasoning on that head. But then there was no end to them that were telling Sir Condy he had engaged to make their sons excisemen, or high constables, or the like; and as for them that had bills to give in for liquor, and beds, and straw, and ribands, and horses, and post-chaises for the gentlemen freeholders that came from all parts and other counties to vote for my master, and were not, to be sure, to be at any charges, there was no standing against all these; and, worse than all, the gentlemen of my master's committee, who managed all for him, and talked how they'd bring him in without costing him a penny, and subscribed by hundreds very genteelly, forgot to pay their subscriptions, and had laid out in agents' and lawyers' fees and secret-service money to the Lord knows how much; and my master could never ask one of them for their subscription you are sensible, nor for the price of a fine horse he had sold one of them; so it all was left at his door.

He could never, God bless him again! I say, bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such sort of conversation himself; but others, who were not gentlemen born, behaved very uncivil in pressing him at this very time, and all he could do to content 'em all was to take himself out of the way as fast as possible to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house fitting for him as a member of Parliament, to attend his duty in there all the winter. I was very lonely when the whole family was gone, and all the things they had ordered to go, and forgot, sent after them by the car. There was then a great silence in Castle Rackrent, and I went moping from room to room, hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind through the broken windows, that the glazier never would come to mend, and the rain coming through the roof and best ceilings all over the house for want of the slater, whose bill was not paid, besides our having no slates or shingles for that part of the old building which was shingled and burnt when the chimney took fire, and had been open to the weather ever since.

I took myself to the servants' hall in the evening to smoke my pipe as usual, but missed the bit of talk we used to have there sadly, and ever after was content to stay in the kitchen and boil my little potatoes and put up my bed there, and every post-day I looked in the newspaper, but no news of my master in the House; he never spoke good or bad, but, as the butler wrote down word to my son Jason, was very ill-used by the Government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before. The house and living in Dublin, too, were not to be had for nothing, and my son Jason said: "Sir Condry must soon be looking out for a new agent, for I've done my part and can do no more. If my lady had the Bank of Ireland to spend, it would go all in one winter, and Sir Condry would never gainsay her, though he does not care the rind of a lemon for her all the while."

Now I could not bear to hear Jason giving out after this manner against the family, and twenty people standing by in the street. Ever since he had lived at the Lodge of his own, he looked down, howsoever, upon poor old Thady, and was grown quite a great gentleman, and had none of his relations near him; no wonder he was no kinder to poor Sir Condry than to his own kith or kin. In the spring it was the villain that got the list of the debts from him brought down the custodiam, Sir Condry still attending his duty in Parliament; and I could scarcely believe my own old eyes, or the spectacles with which I read it, when I was shown my son Jason's name joined in the custodiam, but he told me it was only for form's sake, and to make things easier than if all the land was under the power of a total stranger. Well, I did not know what to think; it was hard to be talking ill of my own, and I could not but grieve for my poor master's fine estate, all torn by these vultures of the law; so I said nothing, but just looked on to see how it would all end.

It was not till the month of June that he and my lady came down to the country. My master was pleased to take me aside with him to the brewhouse that same evening, to complain to me of my son and other matters, in which he

said he was confident I had neither art nor part; he said a great deal more to me, to whom he had been fond to talk ever since he was my white-headed boy before he came to the estate; and all that he said about poor Judy I can never forget, but scorn to repeat. He did not say an unkind word of my lady, but wondered, as well he might, her relations would do nothing for him or her, and they in all this great distress. He did not take anything long to heart, let it be as it would, and had no more malice or thought of the like in him than a child that can't speak; this night it was all out of his head before he went to his bed.

He took his jug of whisky-punch—my lady was grown quite easy about the whisky-punch by this time, and so I did suppose all was going on right betwixt them, till I learnt the truth through Mrs. Jane, who talked over the affairs to the housekeeper, and I within hearing. The night my master came home, thinking of nothing at all but just making merry, he drank his bumper toast “to the deserts of that old curmudgeon my father-in-law, and all enemies at Mount Juliet's Town.” Now my lady was no longer in the mind she formerly was, and did noways relish hearing her own friends abused in her presence, she said.

“Then why don't they show themselves your friends,” said my master, “and oblige me with the loan of the money I condescended by your advice, my dear, to ask? It's now three posts since I sent off my letter, desiring in the post-script a speedy answer by the return of the post, and no account at all from them yet.”

“I expect they'll write to *me* next post,” says my lady, and that was all that passed then; but it was easy from this to guess there was a coolness betwixt them, and with good cause.

The next morning, being post-day, I sent off the *gossoon* early to the post-office, to see was there any letter likely to set matters to rights, and he brought back one with the proper postmark upon it, sure enough, and I had no time to examine or make any conjecture more about it, for into the servants' hall pops Mrs. Jane with a blue bandbox in her hand, quite entirely mad.

“Dear ma'am, and what's the matter?” says I.

“Matter enough,” says she; “don't you see my bandbox is wet through, and my best bonnet here spoiled, besides

my lady's, and all by the rain coming in through that gallery window that you might have got mended if you'd had any sense, Thady, all the time we were in town in the winter?"

"Sure, I could not get the glazier, ma'am," says I.

"You might have stopped it up anyhow," says she.

"So I did, ma'am, to the best of my ability; one of the panes with the old pillow-case, and the other with a piece of the old stage green curtain. Sure I was as careful as possible all the time you were away, and not a drop of rain came in at that window of all the windows in the house, all winter, ma'am, when under my care; and now the family's come home, and it's summer-time, I never thought no more about it, to be sure; but dear, it's a pity to think of your bonnet, ma'am. But here's what will please you, ma'am—a letter from Mount Juliet's Town for my lady."

With that she snatches it from me without a word more, and runs up the back stairs to my mistress; I follows with a slate to make up the window. This window was in the long passage, or gallery, as my lady gave out orders to have it called, in the gallery leading to my master's bed-chamber and hers. And when I went up with the slate, the door having no lock, and the bolt spoilt, was ajar after Mrs. Jane, and, as I was busy with the window, I heard all that was saying within.

"Well, what's in your letter, Bella, my dear?" says he: "you're a long time spelling it over."

"Won't you shave this morning, Sir Condy?" says she, and put the letter into her pocket.

"I shaved the day before yesterday," said he, "my dear, and that's not what I'm thinking of now; but anything to oblige you, and to have peace and quietness, my dear"—and presently I had a glimpse of him at the cracked glass over the chimney-piece, standing up shaving himself to please my lady. But she took no notice, but went on reading her book, and Mrs. Jane doing her hair behind.

"What is it you're reading there, my dear? —phoo, I've cut myself with this razor; the man's a cheat that sold it me, but I have not paid him for it yet. What is it you're reading there? Did you hear me asking you, my dear?"

"'The Sorrows of Werter,'" replies my lady, as well as I could hear.

"I think more of the sorrows of Sir Condy," says my master, joking like. "What news from Mount Juliet's Town?"

"No news," says she, "but the old story over again; my friends all reproaching me still for what I can't help now."

"Is it for marrying me?" said my master, still shaving. "What signifies, as you say, talking of that, when it can't be helped now?"

With that she heaved a great sigh that I heard plain enough in the passage.

"And did not you use me basely, Sir Condy," says she, "not to tell me you were ruined before I married you?"

"Tell you, my dear!" said he. "Did you ever ask me one word about it? And had not you friends enough of your own, that were telling you nothing else from morning to night, if you'd have listened to them slanders?"

"No slanders, nor are my friends slanderers; and I can't bear to hear them treated with disrespect as I do," says my lady, and took out her pocket-handkerchief; "they are the best of friends, and if I had taken their advice—But my father was wrong to lock me up, I own. That was the only unkind thing I can charge him with; for if he had not locked me up, I should never have had a serious thought of running away as I did."

"Well, my dear," said my master, "don't cry and make yourself uneasy about it now, when it's all over, and you have the man of your own choice, in spite of 'em all."

"I was too young, I know, to make a choice at the time you ran away with me, I'm sure," says my lady, and another sigh, which made my master, half-shaved as he was, turn round upon her in surprise.

"Why, Bell," says he, "you can't deny what you know as well as I do, that it was at your own particular desire, and that twice under your own hand and seal expressed, that I should carry you off as I did to Scotland, and marry you there."

"Well, say no more about it, Sir Condy," said my lady, pettish-like; "I was a child then, you know."

"And as far as I know, you're little better now, my dear Bella, to be talking in this manner to your husband's face; but I won't take it ill of you, for I know it's something in that letter you put into your pocket just now that has set

you against me all on a sudden, and imposed upon your understanding."

"It's not so very easy as you think it, Sir Condy, to impose upon my understanding," said my lady.

"My dear," says he, "I have, and with reason the best opinion of your understanding of any man now breathing; and you know I have never set my own in competition with it till now, my dear Bella," says he, taking her hand from her book as kind as could be—"till now, when I have the great advantage of being quite cool, and you not; so don't believe one word your friends say against your own Sir Condy, and lend me the letter out of your pocket, till I see what it is they can have to say."

"Take it then," says she; "and as you are quite cool, I hope it is a proper time to request you'll allow me to comply with the wishes of all my own friends, and return to live with my father and family, during the remainder of my wretched existence, at Mount Juliet's Town."

At this my poor master fell back a few paces, like one that had been shot.

"You're not serious, Bella," says he; "and could you find it in your heart to leave me this way in the very middle of my distresses, all alone?" But recollecting himself after his first surprise, and a moment's time for reflection, he said, with a great deal of consideration for my lady: "Well, Bella, my dear, I believe you are right; for what could you do at Castle Rackrent, and an execution against the goods coming down, and the furniture to be canted, and an auction in the house all next week? So you have my full consent to go, since that is your desire; only you must not think of my accompanying you, which I could not in honor do upon the terms I always have been, since our marriage, with your friends. Besides, I have business to transact at home; so in the meantime, if we are to have any breakfast this morning, let us go down and have it for the last time in peace and comfort, Bella."

Then as I heard my master coming to the passage door, I finished fastening up my slate against the broken pane; and when he came out I wiped down the window-seat with my wig, and bade him a "good morrow" as kindly as I could, seeing he was in trouble, though he strove and thought to hide it from me.

"This window is all racked and tattered," says I, "and it's what I'm striving to mend."

"It is all racked and tattered, plain enough," says he, "and never mind mending it, honest old Thady," says he; "it will do well enough for you and I, and that's all the company we shall have left in the house by-and-by."

"I'm sorry to see your honor so low this morning," says I; "but you'll be better after taking your breakfast."

"Step down to the servants' hall," said he, "and bring me up the pen and ink into the parlor, and get a sheet of paper from Mrs. Jane, for I have business that can't brook to be delayed; and come into the parlor with the pen and ink yourself, Thady, for I must have you to witness my signing a paper I have to execute in a hurry."

Well, while I was getting of the pen and ink-horn, and the sheet of paper, I ransacked my brains to think what could be the papers my poor master could have to execute in such a hurry, he that never thought of such a thing as doing business afore breakfast in the whole course of his life, for any man living; but this was for my lady, as I afterwards found, and the more genteel of him after all her treatment.

I was just witnessing the paper that he had scrawled over, and was shaking the ink out of my pen upon the carpet, when my lady came in to breakfast, and she started as if it had been a ghost; as well she might, when she saw Sir Condry writing at this unseasonable hour.

"That will do very well, Thady," says he to me, and took the paper I had signed to, without knowing what upon the earth it might be, out of my hands, and walked, folding it up, to my lady.

"You are concerned in this, my Lady Rackrent," said he, putting it into her hands; "and I beg you'll keep this memorandum safe, and show it to your friends the first thing you do when you get home; but put it in your pocket now, my dear, and let us eat our breakfast, in God's name."

"What is all this?" said my lady, opening the paper in great curiosity.

"It's only a bit of a memorandum of what I think becomes me to do whenever I am able," says my master; "you know my situation, tied hand and foot at the present time being, but that can't last always, and when I'm dead and

gone the land will be to the good, Thady, you know; and take notice it 's my intention your lady should have a clear five hundred a year jointure off the estate afore any of my debts are paid."

"Oh, please your honor," says I, "I can't expect to live to see that time, being now upwards of fourscore years of age, and you a young man, and likely to continue so by the help of God."

I was vexed to see my lady so insensible, too, for all she said was: "This is very genteel of you, Sir Condy. You need not wait any longer, Thady." So I just picked up the pen and ink that had tumbled on the floor, and heard my master finish with saying: "You behaved very genteel to me, my dear, when you threw all the little you had in your power along with yourself into my hands; and as I don't deny but what you may have had some things to complain of"—to be sure he was thinking then of Judy or of the whisky-punch, one or t' other, or both,—“and as I don't deny but you may have had something to complain of, my dear, it is but fair you should have something in the form of compensation to look forward to agreeably in the future; besides, it 's an act of justice to myself, that none of your friends, my dear, may ever have it to say against me, I married for money, and not for love."

"That is the last thing I should ever have thought of saying of you, Sir Condy," said my lady, looking very gracious.

"Then, my dear," said Sir Condy, "we shall part as good friends as we met; so all 's right."

I was greatly rejoiced to hear this, and went out of the parlor to report it all to the kitchen. The next morning my lady and Mrs. Jane set out for Mount Juliet's Town in the jaunting-car. Many wondered at my lady's choosing to go away, considering all things, upon the jaunting-car, as if it was only a party of pleasure; but they did not know till I told them that the coach was all broke in the journey down, and no other vehicle but the car to be had. Besides, my lady's friends were to send their coach to meet her at the cross-roads; so it was all done very proper.

My poor master was in great trouble after my lady left us. The execution came down, and everything at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to

his shame be it spoken, amongst them. I wondered, for the life of me, how he could harden himself to do it; but then he had been studying the law, and had made himself Attorney Quirk; so he brought down at once a heap of accounts upon my master's head. To cash lent, and to ditto, and to ditto, and to ditto, and oats, and bills paid at milliner's and linen-draper's, and many dresses for the fancy balls in Dublin for my lady, and all the bills to the workmen and tradesmen for the scenery of the theater, and the chandler's and grocer's bills, and tailor's, besides butcher's and baker's and, worse than all, the old one of that base wine merchant's who wanted to arrest my poor master for the amount on the election day, for which amount Sir Condy afterwards passed his note of hand, bearing lawful interest from the date thereof; and the interest and compound interest was now mounted to a terrible deal on many other notes and bonds for money borrowed, and there was, besides, hush-money to the sub-sheriffs, and sheets upon sheets of old and new attorneys' bills, with heavy balances, "as per former account furnished," brought forward with interest thereon; then there was a powerful deal due to the Crown for sixteen years' arrears of quit-rent of the townlands of Carrickshaughlin, with driver's fees, and a compliment to the receiver every year for letting the quit-rent run on to oblige Sir Condy, and Sir Kit afore him.

Then there were bills for spirits and ribbons at the election time, and the gentlemen of the committee's accounts unsettled, and their subscription never gathered; and there were cows to be paid for, with the smith and farrier's bills to be set against the rent of the demesne, with calf and hay money; then there was all the servants' wages, since I don't know when, coming due to them, and sums advanced for them by my son Jason for clothes, and boots, and whips, and odd moneys for sundries expended by them in journeys to town and elsewhere, and pocket-money for the master continually, and messengers and postage before his being a Parliament man. I can't myself tell you what besides; but this I know, that when the evening came on the which Sir Condy had appointed to settle all with my son Jason, and when he comes into the parlor, and sees the sight of bills and load of papers all gathered on the great dining-

table for him, he puts his hands before both his eyes, and cried out, "Merciful Jasus! what is it I see before me?" Then I sets an arm-chair at the table for him, and with a deal of difficulty he sits him down, and my son Jason hands him over the pen and ink to sign to this man's bill and t' other man's bill, all of which he did without making the least objections. Indeed, to give him his due, I never seen a man more fair and honest, and easy in all his dealings, from first to last, as Sir Condry, or more willing to pay every man his own as far as he was able, which is as much as any one can do.

"Well," says he, joking-like with Jason, "I wish we could settle it all with a stroke of my gray goose-quill. What signifies making me wade through all this ocean of papers here; can't you now, who understand drawing out an account, debtor and creditor, just sit down here at the corner of the table and get it done out for me, that I may have a clear view of the balance, which is all I need be talking about, you know?"

"Very true, Sir Condry; nobody understands business better than yourself," says Jason.

"So I 've a right to do, being born and bred to the bar," says Sir Condry. "Thady, do step out and see are they bringing in the things for the punch, for we 've just done all we have to do for this evening."

I goes out accordingly, and when I came back Jason was pointing to the balance, which was a terrible sight to my poor master.

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" says he. "Here's so many noughts they dazzle my eyes, so they do, and put me in mind of all I suffered larning of my numeration table when I was a boy at the day school along with you, Jason—units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundreds. Is the punch ready, Thady?" says he, seeing me.

"Immediately; the boy has the jug in his hand; it's coming upstairs, please your honor, as fast as possible," says I, for I saw his honor was tired out of his life; but Jason, very short and cruel, cuts me off with—"Don't be talking of punch yet awhile; it's no time for punch yet a bit—units, tens, hundreds," goes he on, counting over the master's shoulder, "units, tens, hundreds, thousands."

"A-a-ah! hold your hand," cries my master. "Where

in this wide world am I to find hundreds, or units itself, let alone thousands?"

"The balance has been running on too long," says Jason, sticking to him as I could not have done at the time if you 'd have given both the Indies and Cork to boot; "the balance has been running on too long, and I'm distressed myself on your account, Sir Condry, for money, and the thing must be settled now on the spot, and the balance cleared off," says Jason.

"I'll thank you if you'll only show me how," says Sir Condry.

"There's but one way," says Jason, "and that's ready enough. When there's no cash, what can a gentleman do but go to the land?"

"How can you go to the land, and it under custodiam to yourself already?" says Sir Condry; "and another custodiam hanging over it? And no one at all can touch it, you know, but the custodees."

"Sure, can't you sell, though at a loss? Sure you can sell, and I've a purchaser ready for you," says Jason.

"Have you so?" says Sir Condry. "That's a great point gained. But there's a thing now beyond all, that perhaps you don't know yet, barring Thady has let you into the secret."

"Sarrah bit of a secret, or anything at all of the kind, has he learned from me these fifteen weeks come St. John's Eve," says I, "for we have scarce been upon speaking terms of late. But what is it your honor means of a secret?"

"Why, the secret of the little keepsake I gave my Lady Rackrent the morning she left us, that she might not go back empty-handed to her friends."

"My Lady Rackrent, I'm sure, has baubles and keepsakes enough, as those bills on the table will show," says Jason; "but whatever it is," says he, taking up his pen, "we must add it to the balance, for to be sure it can't be paid for."

"No, nor can't till after my decease," says Sir Condry; "that's one good thing." Then coloring up a good deal, he tells Jason of the memorandum of the five-hundred-a-year jointure he had settled upon my lady; at which Jason was indeed mad, and said a great deal in very high words, that it was using a gentleman who had the management of

his affairs, and was, moreover, his principal creditor, extremely ill to do such a thing without consulting him, and against his knowledge and consent. To all which Sir Condry had nothing to reply, but that, upon his conscience, it was in a hurry and without a moment's thought on his part, and he was very sorry for it, but if it was to do over again he would do the same; and he appealed to me, and I was ready to give my evidence, if that would do, to the truth of all he said.

So Jason, with much ado, was brought to agree to a compromise.

"The purchaser that I have ready," says he, "will be much displeased, to be sure, at the incumbrance on the land, but I must see and manage him. Here 's a deed ready drawn up; we have nothing to do but to put in the consideration money and our names to it."

"And how much am I going to sell?—the lands of O'Shaughlin's Town, and the lands of Gruneaghoolaghan, and the lands of Crookagnawaturgh," says he, just reading to himself. "And—oh, murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in—the castle, stable, and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent?"

"Oh, murder!" says I, clapping my hands; "this is too bad, Jason."

"Why so?" said Jason. "When it 's all, and a good deal more to the back of it, lawfully mine, was I to push for it?"

"Look at him," says I, pointing to Sir Condry, who was just leaning back in his arm-chair, with his arms falling beside him like one stupefied; "is it you, Jason, that can stand in his presence, and recollect all he has been to us, and all that we have been to him, and yet use him so at the last?"

"Who will you find to use him better, I ask you?" said Jason; "if he can get a better purchaser, I'm content; I only offer to purchase, to make things easy, and oblige him; though I don't see what compliment I am under, if you come to that. I have never had, asked, or charged more than sixpence in the pound, receiver's fees, and where would he have got an agent for a penny less?"

"Oh, Jason! Jason! how will you stand to this in the face of the county, and all who know you?" says I; "and

what will people think and say when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent, and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors, without a cabin to put his head into, or so much as a potato to eat?"

Jason, whilst I was saying this and a great deal more, made me signs, and winks, and frowns; but I took no heed, for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master, and couldn't but speak.

"Here's the punch," says Jason, for the door opened; "here's the punch!"

Hearing that, my master starts up in his chair, and recollects himself, and Jason uncorks the whisky.

"Set down the jug here," says he, making room for it beside the papers opposite to Sir Condy, but still not stirring the deed that was to make over all.

Well, I was in great hopes he had some touch of mercy about him when I saw him making the punch, and my master took a glass; but Jason put it back as he was going to fill again, saying: "No, Sir Condy, it sha'n't be said of me I got your signature to this deed when you were half seas over; you know your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw; wherefore, let us settle all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl."

"Settle all as you will," said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears; "but let me hear no more. I'm bothered to death this night."

"You've only to sign," said Jason, putting the pen to him.

"Take all, and be content," said my master. So he signed; and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able, but crying like a child; and besides, Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness, being so old and doting. It was so bad with me, I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself, God bless him! in the midst of his trouble, poured out a glass for me, and brought it up to my lips.

"Not a drop; I thank your honor's honor as much as if I took it, though." And I just set down the glass as it was, and went out, and when I got to the street door the neighbor's childer, who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play, and gathered about me to

know what ailed me; and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to these poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them; and when they were made sensible that Sir Condry was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillalu that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one—fine boy he was—that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest; but they all were the same sorry, for Sir Condry was greatly beloved amongst the childer, for letting them go a-nutting in the demesne, without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them. The people in the town, who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childer cry, would know the reason of it; and when the report was made known, the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason, and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried: “No Jason! no Jason! Sir Condry! Sir Condry! Sir Condry Rackrent forever!”

And the mob grew so great and so loud, I was frightened, and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape or hide himself for fear of the consequences. Jason would not believe me till they came all round the house, and to the windows, with great shouts. Then he grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condry what had he best do?

“I’ll tell you what you had best do,” said Sir Condry, who was laughing to see his fright; “finish your glass first, then let’s go to the window and show ourselves, and I’ll tell ’em—or you shall, if you please—that I’m going to the Lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days.”

“Do so,” said Jason, who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the Lodge at this unseasonable time. Accordingly, Sir Condry threw up the sash and explained matters, and thanked all his friends, and bid them look in at the punch-bowl, and observe that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends; so the mob was content, and he sent them out some whisky to drink his health, and that was the last time his honor’s health was ever drunk at Castle Rackrent.

The very next day, being too proud, as he said to me, to

stay an hour longer in a house that did not belong to him, he sets off to the Lodge, and I along with him not many hours after. And there was great bemoaning through all O'Shauglin's Town, which I stayed to witness, and gave my poor master a full account of when I got to the Lodge. He was very low, and in his bed when I got there, and complained of a great pain about his heart; but I guessed it was only trouble and all the business, let alone vexation, he had gone through of late, and knowing the nature of him from a boy, I took my pipe, and whilst smoking it by the chimney began telling him how he was beloved and regretted in the county, and it did him a deal of good to hear it.

"Your honor has a great many friends yet that you don't know of, rich and poor, in the county," says I; "for as I was coming along the road I met two gentlemen in their own carriages, who asked after you, knowing me, and wanted to know where you was and all about you, and even how old I was. Think of that."

Then he wakened out of his doze and began questioning me who the gentlemen were. And the next morning it came into my head to go, unknown to anybody, with my master's compliments, round to many of the gentlemen's houses where he and my lady used to visit, and people that I knew were his great friends, and would go to Cork to serve him any day in the year, and I made bold to try to borrow a trifle of cash from them. They all treated me very civil for the most part, and asked a great many questions very kind about my lady and Sir Condy and all the family, and were greatly surprised to learn from me Castle Rackrent was sold, and my master at the Lodge for health; and they all pitied him greatly, and he had their good wishes, if that would do; but money was a thing they unfortunately had not any of them at this time to spare. I had my journey for my pains, and I, not used to walking, nor supple as formerly, was greatly tired, but had the satisfaction of telling my master when I got to the Lodge all the civil things said by high and low.

"Thady," says he, "all you've been telling me brings a strange thought into my head. I've a notion I shall not be long for this world anyhow, and I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die." I was greatly shocked, at

the first speaking, to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he to all appearance in good health; but recollecting myself, answered:

"To be sure it would be as fine a sight as one could see," I dared to say, "and one I should be proud to witness, and I did not doubt his honor's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the county afore or since." But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own funeral himself till the next day he returns to it again.

"Thady," says he, "as far as the wake goes, sure I might without any great trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral."

"Well, since your honor's honor 's so bent upon it," says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble, "we must see what we can do."

So he fell into a sort of sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed, and no one to see him; and I got my shister, who was an old woman very handy about the sick, and very skillful, to come up to the Lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond anything; and there was a great throng of people, men, women, and childer, and there being only two rooms at the Lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it could hold, and the heat, and smoke, and noise wonderful great; and standing amongst them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was startled by the sound of my master's voice from under the greatcoats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing.

"Thady," says he, "I've had enough of this; I'm smothering, and can't hear a word of all they're saying of the deceased."

"God bless you, and lie still and quiet," says I, "a bit longer, for my shister 's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation."

So he lays him still, though wellnigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t' other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would. "And aren't we to

have the pipes and tobacco, after coming so far to-night?" said some; but they were all well enough pleased when his honor got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebeenhouse, where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily, but to my mind Sir Condry was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear.

The next morning, when the house was cleared of them, and none but my shister and myself left in the kitchen with Sir Condry, one opens the door and walks in, and who should it be but Judy M'Quirk herself! I forgot to notice that she had been married long since, whilst young Captain Moneygawl lived in the Lodge, to the captain's huntsman, who after a whilst 'listed and left her, and was killed in the wars. Poor Judy fell off greatly in her good looks after her being married a year or two; and being smoke-dried in the cabin, and neglecting herself like, it was hard for Sir Condry himself to know her again till she spoke; but when she says, "It's Judy M'Quirk, please your honor; don't you remember her?"

"Oh, Judy, is it you?" says his honor. "Yes, sure, I remember you very well; but you're greatly altered, Judy."

"Sure it's time for me," says she, "and I think your honor, since I seen you last—but that's a great while ago—is altered too."

"And with reason, Judy," says Sir Condry, fetching a sort of a sigh. "But how's this, Judy?" he goes on. "I take it a little amiss of you that you were not at my wake last night."

"Ah, don't be being jealous of that," says she; "I didn't hear a sentence of your honor's wake till it was all over, or it would have gone hard with me but I would been at it, sure; but I was forced to go ten miles up the country three days ago to a wedding of a relation of my own's, and didn't get home till after the wake was over. But," says she, "it won't be so, I hope, the next time, please your honor."

"That we shall see, Judy," says his honor, "and maybe sooner than you think for, for I've been very unwell this

while past, and don't reckon anyway I'm long for this world."

At this Judy takes up the corner of her apron, and puts it first to one eye and then to t' other, being to all appearance in great trouble; and my shister put in her word, and bid his honor have a good heart, for she was sure it was only the gout that Sir Patrick used to have flying about him, and he ought to drink a glass or a bottle extraordinary to keep it out of his stomach; and he promised to take her advice, and sent out for more spirits immediately; and Judy made a sign to me, and I went over to the door to her, and she said: "I wonder to see Sir Condry so low; has he heard the news?"

"What news?" says I.

"Didn't ye hear it, then?" says she; "my Lady Rackrent that was is kilt and lying for dead, and I don't doubt but it's all over with her by this time."

"Mercy on us all," says I; "how was it?"

"The jaunting-car it was that ran away with her," says Judy. "I was coming home that same time from Biddy M'Guggin's marriage, and a great crowd of people, too, upon the road coming from the fair of Crookagnawaturgh, and I sees a jaunting-car standing in the middle of the road, and with the two wheels off and all tattered. 'What's this?' says I. 'Didn't ye hear of it?' says they that were looking on; 'it's my Lady Rackrent's car, that was running away from her husband, and the horse took fright at a carrion that lay across the road, and so ran away with the jaunting-car, and my Lady Rackrent and her maid screaming, and the horse ran with them against a car that was coming from the fair with the boy asleep on it, and the lady's petticoat hanging out of the jaunting-car caught, and she was dragged I can't tell you how far upon the road, and it all broken up with the stones just going to be pounded, and one of the road-makers, with his sledge-hammer in his hand, stops the horse at the last, but my Lady Rackrent was all kilt and smashed, and they lifted her into a cabin hard by, and the maid was found after where she had been thrown in the gripe of a ditch, her cap and bonnet all full of bog water, and they say my lady can't live any way. Thady, pray now is it true what I'm

told for sartain, that Sir Condry has made over all to your son Jason? ”

“All,” says I.

“All entirely?” says she again.

“All entirely,” says I.

“Then,” says she, “that’s a great shame; but don’t be telling Jason what I say.”

“And what is it you say?” cries Sir Condry, leaning over betwixt us, which made Judy start greatly. “I know the time when Judy M’Quirk would never have stayed so long talking at the door and I in the house.”

“Oh!” says Judy, “for shame, Sir Condry; times are altered since then, and it’s my Lady Rackrent you ought to be thinking of.”

“And why should I be thinking of her, that’s not thinking of me now?” says Sir Condry.

“No matter for that,” says Judy, very properly; “it’s time you should be thinking of her, if ever you mean to do it at all, for don’t you know she’s lying for death?”

“My Lady Rackrent!” says Sir Condry, in a surprise; “why, it’s but two days since we parted, as you very well know, Thady, in her full health and spirits, and she, and her maid along with her, going to Mount Juliet’s Town on her jaunting-car.”

“She’ll never ride no more on her jaunting-car,” said Judy, “for it has been the death of her sure enough.”

“And is she dead, then?” says his honor.

“As good as dead, I hear,” says Judy; “but there’s Thady here as just learnt the whole truth of the story as I had it, and it’s fitter he or anybody else should be telling it you than I, Sir Condry: I must be going home to the childer.”

But he stops her, but rather from civility in him, as I could see very plainly, than anything else, for Judy was, as his honor remarked at her first coming in, greatly changed, and little likely, as far as I could see—though she did not seem to be clear of it herself,—little likely to be my Lady Rackrent now, should there be a second toss-up to be made. But I told him the whole story out of the face, just as Judy had told it to me, and he sent off a messenger with his compliments to Mount Juliet’s Town that evening to learn the truth of the report, and Judy bid the

boy that was going call in at Tim M'Enerney's shop in O'Shaughlin's Town and buy her a new shawl.

"Do so," said Sir Condry, "and tell Tim to take no money from you, for I must pay him for the shawl myself." At this my shister throws me over a look, and I says nothing, but turned the tobacco in my mouth, whilst Judy began making a many words about it, and saying how she could not be beholden for shawls to any gentleman. I left her there to consult with my shister, did she think there was anything in it, and my shister thought I was blind to be asking her the question, and I thought my shister must see more into it than I did, and recollecting all past times and everything, I changed my mind, and came over to her way of thinking, and we settled it that Judy was very like to be my Lady Rackrent after all, if a vacancy should have happened.

The next day, before his honor was up, somebody comes with a double knock at the door, and I was greatly surprised to see it was my son Jason.

"Jason, is it you?" said I; "what brings you to the Lodge?" says I. "Is it my Lady Rackrent? We know that already since yesterday."

"Maybe so," says he; "but I must see Sir Condry about it."

"You can't see him yet," says I; "sure he is not awake."

"What then," says he, "can't he be wakened, and I standing at the door?"

"I'll not be disturbing his honor for you, Jason," says I; "many's the hour you've waited in your time, and been proud to do it, till his honor was at leisure to speak to you. His honor," says I, raising my voice, at which his honor wakens of his own accord, and calls to me from the room to know who it was I was speaking to. Jason made no more ceremony, but follows me into the room.

"How are you, Sir Condry?" says he; "I'm happy to see you looking so well; I came up to know how you did to-day, and to see did you want for anything at the Lodge."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Jason, I thank you," says he; for his honor had his own share of pride, and did not choose, after all that had passed, to be beholden, I suppose, to my son; "but pray take a chair and be seated, Mr. Jason."

Jason sat him down upon the chest, for chair there was

none, and after he had sat there some time, and a silence on all sides,—

“What news is there stirring in the country, Mr. Jason M’Quirk?” says Sir Condry, very easy, yet high like.

“None that’s news to you, Sir Condry, I hear,” says Jason. “I am sorry to hear of my Lady Rackrent’s accident.”

“I’m much obliged to you, and so is her ladyship, I’m sure,” answered Sir Condry, still stiff; and there was another sort of a silence, which seemed to lie the heaviest on my son Jason.

“Sir Condry,” says he at last, seeing Sir Condry disposing himself to go to sleep again, “Sir Condry, I dare say you recollect mentioning to me the little memorandum you gave to Lady Rackrent about the £500-a-year jointure.”

“Very true,” said Sir Condry; “it is all in my recollection.”

“But if my Lady Rackrent dies, there’s an end of all jointure,” says Jason.

“Of course,” says Sir Condry.

“But it’s not a matter of certainty that my Lady Rackrent won’t recover,” says Jason.

“Very true, sir,” says my master.

“It’s a fair speculation, then, for you to consider what the chance of the jointure of those lands, when out of custodiam, will be to you.”

“Just five hundred a year, I take it, without any speculation at all,” said Sir Condry.

“That’s supposing the life dropt, and the custodiam off, you know; begging your pardon, Sir Condry, who understands business, that is a wrong calculation.”

“Very likely so,” said Sir Condry; “but, Mr. Jason, if you have anything to say to me this morning about it, I’d be obliged to you to say it, for I had an indifferent night’s rest last night, and wouldn’t be sorry to sleep a little this morning.”

“I have only three words to say, and those more of consequence to you, Sir Condry, than me. You are a little cool, I observe; but I hope you will not be offended at what I have brought here in my pocket,” and he pulls out two long rolls, and showers down golden guineas upon the bed.

"What's this?" said Sir Condry; "it's long since"—but his pride stops him.

"All these are your lawful property this minute, Sir Condry, if you please," said Jason.

"Not for nothing, I'm sure," said Sir Condry, and laughs a little. "Nothing for nothing, or I'm under a mistake with you, Jason."

"Oh, Sir Condry, we'll not be indulging ourselves in any unpleasant retrospects," says Jason; "it's my present intention to behave, as I'm sure you will, like a gentleman in this affair. Here's two hundred guineas, and a third I mean to add if you should think proper to make over to me all your right and title to those lands that you know of."

"I'll consider of it," said my master; and a great deal more, that I was tired listening to, was said by Jason, and all that, and the sight of the ready cash upon the bed, worked with his honor; and the short and the long of it was, Sir Condry gathered up the golden guineas, and tied them up in a handkerchief, and signed some paper Jason brought with him as usual, and there was an end of the business: Jason took himself away, and my master turned himself round and fell asleep again.

I soon found what had put Jason in such a hurry to conclude this business. The little gossoon we had sent off the day before with my master's compliments to Mount Juliet's Town, and to know how my lady did after her accident, was stopped early this morning, coming back with his answer through O'Shaughlin's Town, at Castle Rackrent, by my son Jason, and questioned of all he knew of my lady from the servant at Mount Juliet's Town; and the gossoon told him my Lady Rackrent was not expected to live overnight; so Jason thought it high time to be moving to the Lodge, to make his bargain with my master about the jointure afore it should be too late, and afore the little gossoon should reach us with the news. My master was greatly vexed—that is, I may say, as much as ever I seen him—when he found how he had been taken in; but it was some comfort to have the ready cash for immediate consumption in the house, anyway.

And when Judy came up that evening, and brought the childer to see his honor, he unties the handkerchief, and—

God bless him! whether it was little or much he had, 't was all the same with him—he gives 'em all round guineas apiece.

“Hold up your head,” says my shister to Judy, as Sir Condy was busy filling out a glass of punch for her eldest boy—“Hold up your head, Judy; for who knows but we may live to see you yet at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate?”

“Maybe so,” says she, “but not the way you are thinking of.”

I did not rightly understand which way Judy was looking when she made this speech till a while after.

“Why, Thady, you were telling me yesterday that Sir Condy had sold all entirely to Jason, and where then does all them guineas in the handkerchief come from?”

“They are the purchase-money of my lady's jointure,” says I.

Judy looks a little bit puzzled at this. “A penny for your thoughts, Judy,” says my shister; “hark, sure Sir Condy is drinking her health.”

He was at the table in the room, drinking with the exciseman and the gauger, who came up to see his honor, and we were standing over the fire in the kitchen.

“I don't much care is he drinking my health or not,” says Judy; “and it is not Sir Condy I'm thinking of, with all your jokes, whatever he is of me.”

“Sure you wouldn't refuse to be my Lady Rackrent, Judy, if you had the offer?” says I.

“But if I could do better!” says she.

“How better?” says I and my shister both at once.

“How better?” says she. “Why, what signifies it to be my Lady Rackrent and no castle? Sure what good is the ear, and no horse to draw it?”

“And where will ye get the horse, Judy?” says I.

“Never mind that,” says she; “maybe it is your own son Jason might find that.”

“Jason!” says I; “don't be trusting to him, Judy. Sir Condy, as I have good reason to know, spoke well of you when Jason spoke very indifferently of you, Judy.”

“No matter,” says Judy; “it's often men speak the contrary just to what they think of us.”

“And you the same way of them, no doubt,” answered I.

"Nay, don't be denying it, Judy, for I think the better of ye for it, and shouldn't be proud to call ye the daughter of a shister's son of mine, if I was to hear ye talk ungrateful, and any way disrespectful of his honor."

"What disrespect," says she, "to say I'd rather, if it was my luck, be the wife of another man?"

"You'll have no luck, mind my words, Judy," says I; and all I remembered about my poor master's goodness in tossing up for her afore he married at all came across me, and I had a choking in my throat that hindered me to say more.

"Better luck, anyhow, Thady," says she, "than to be like some folk, following the fortunes of them that have none left."

"Oh! King of Glory!" says I, "hear the pride and ungratitude of her, and he giving his last guineas but a minute ago to her childer, and she with the fine shawl on her he made her a present of but yesterday!"

"Oh, troth, Judy, you're wrong now," says my shister, looking at the shawl.

"And was not he wrong yesterday, then," says she, "to be telling me I was greatly altered, to affront me?"

"But, Judy," says I, "what is it brings you here then at all in the mind you are in; is it to make Jason think the better of you?"

"I'll tell you no more of my secrets, Thady," says she, "nor would have told you this much, had I taken you for such an unnatural fader as I find you are, not to wish your own son preferred to another."

"Oh, troth, you are wrong now, Thady," says my shister.

Well, I was never so put to it in my life; between these women, and my son, and my master, and all I felt and thought just now, I could not, upon my conscience, tell which was the wrong from the right. So I said not a word more, but was only glad his honor had not the luck to hear all Judy had been saying of him, for I reckoned it would have gone nigh to break his heart; not that I was of opinion he cared for her as much as she and my shister fancied, but the ungratitude of the whole from Judy might not please him; and he could never stand the notion of not being well spoken of or beloved-like behind his back. Fortunately for all parties concerned, he was so much elevated at this time,

there was no danger of his understanding anything, even if it had reached his ears. There was a great horn at the Lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor; and his honor was fond often of telling the story that he learned from me when a child, how Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since could without drawing breath. Now Sir Condry challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and had it filled to the brim with punch; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he'd hold Sir Condry a hundred guineas he'd do it.

"Done," says my master; "I'll lay you a hundred golden guineas to a tester you don't."

"Done," says the gauger; and done and done's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due by the exciseman. It was all one to him; he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

The gauger—bad luck to him!—was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself, could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn.

"Sir Patrick's horn!" said his honor; "hand it to me: I'll hold you your own bet over again I'll swallow it."

"Done," says the gauger; "I'll lay ye anything at all you do no such thing."

"A hundred guineas to sixpence I do," says he; "bring me the handkerchief." I was loth, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it, to bring it out in such company, and his honor not very able to reckon it. "Bring me the handkerchief, then, Thady," says he, and stamps with his foot; so with that I pulls it out of my greatcoat pocket, where I had put it for safety. Oh how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had! Says Sir Condry to me: "Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, old Thady, and that's a wonder; fill you the horn for me." And so, wishing his honor success, I did; but I filled it, little thinking of what would befall him. He swallows it down, and drops like

one shot. We lifts him up, and he was speechless, and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened, raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear.

"Judy! Judy! have you no touch of feeling? Won't you stay to help us nurse him?" says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house.

"I'm frightened to see him," says she, "and wouldn't nor couldn't stay in it: and what use? He can't last till the morning." With that she ran off. There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had.

The fever came and went, and came and went, and lasted five days, and the sixth he was sensible for a few minutes, and said to me, knowing me very well, "I'm in a burning pain all withinside of me, Thady." I could not speak, but my shister asked him would he have this thing or t' other to do him good? "No," says he, "nothing will do me good no more," and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in; then again a minute's ease—"brought to this by drink," says he. "Where are all the friends?—where's Judy? Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days," said he; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral after all.

If you want to know any more, I'm not very well able to tell you; but my Lady Rackrent did not die, as was expected of her, but was only disfigured in the face ever after by the fall and bruises she got; and she and Jason, immediately after my poor master's death, set about going to law about that jointure; the memorandum not being on stamped paper, some say it is worth nothing, others again it may do; others say Jason won't have the lands at any rate; many wishes it so. For my part, I'm tired wishing for anything in this world, after all I've seen in it; but I'll say nothing—it would be a folly to be getting myself ill-will in my old age. Jason did not marry, nor think of marrying, Judy, as I prophesied, and I am not sorry for it: who is? As for all I have here set down from memory and hearsay of the family there's nothing but truth in it from beginning to end. That you may depend upon, for where's the use of telling lies about the things which everybody knows as well as I do?

[The Editor could have readily made the catastrophe of Sir Condy's history more dramatic and more pathetic, if he thought it allowable to varnish the plain round tale of faithful Thady. He lays it before the English reader as a specimen of manners and character which are perhaps unknown in England. Indeed, the domestic habits of no nation in Europe were less known to the English than those of their sister country till within these few years.

Mr. Young's picture of Ireland, in his tour through that country, was the first faithful portrait of its inhabitants. All the features in the foregoing sketch were taken from the life, and they are characteristic of that mixture of quickness, simplicity, cunning, carelessness, dissipation, disinterestedness, shrewdness, and blunder, which, in different forms and with various success, has been brought upon the stage or delineated in novels.

It is a problem of difficult solution to determine whether a union will hasten or retard the amelioration of this country. The few gentlemen of education who now reside in this country will resort to England. They are few, but they are in nothing inferior to men of the same rank in Great Britain. The best that can happen will be the introduction of British manufacturers in their places.

Did the Warwickshire militia, who were chiefly artisans, teach the Irish to drink beer? or did they learn from the Irish to drink whisky?]

THE ORIGINALITY OF IRISH BULLS EXAMINED.

From 'An Essay on Irish Bulls.'

The difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine. Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivaled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital points: for instance, there is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy

Blake's. When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed: "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway: if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy unique in its kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at Port Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say Va-t-en.' (go away) "

The Parisian echo is surely superior to the Hibernian! Paddy Blake's simply understood and practiced the common rules of good breeding; but the Port Charenton echo is "instinct with spirit," and endowed with a nice moral sense.

Among the famous bulls recorded by the illustrious Joe Miller, there is one which has been continually quoted as an example of original Irish genius. An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Hephæstion used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the Englishman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice; he concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a —— tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent; but it is not originally Irish: it comes, with other riches, from the East, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled, "The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations."

"A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome

fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words, 'If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would write many other things to you which should be known only to you and to me.'

"The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, 'I swear to you that I have not read or looked at what you are writing.'

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead, as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"

Making allowance for the difference of manners in eastern and northern nations, there is certainly such a similarity between this Oriental anecdote and Joe Miller's story, that we may conclude the latter is stolen from the former. Now an Irish bull must be a species of blunder peculiar to Ireland; those that we have hitherto examined, though they may be called Irish bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right, title, or claim to such a distinction. We should invariably exclude from that class all blunders which can be found in another country. For instance, a speech of the celebrated Irish beauty, Lady C——, has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced, in the speech of an English nobleman, it tells for nothing. When her ladyship was presented at court, his Majesty George II. politely hoped "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gayeties of London."

"O yes, please your Majesty, I have seen every sight in London worth seeing, except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English earl marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your Majesty I hope it will be better the next time."

A *naïveté* of the same species entailed a heavy tax upon the inhabitants of Beaune, in France. Beaune is famous for Burgundy; and Henry IV. passing through his kingdom, stopped there, and was well entertained by his loyal subjects. His Majesty praised the Burgundy which they set before him—"It was excellent! it was admirable!"

"O sire!" cried they, "do you think this excellent? we have much finer Burgundy than this."

"Have you so? then you can afford to pay for it," cried Henry IV.; and he laid a double tax thenceforward upon the Burgundy of Beaune.

Of the same class of blunders is the following speech, which we actually heard not long ago from an Irishman:—

"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honor."

We thought this an original Irish blunder, till we recollected its prototype in Marmontel's '*Annette and Lubin.*' Lubin concludes his harangue with, "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we came to put ourselves under your protection, my lord."

The French, at least in former times, were celebrated for politeness; yet we meet with a *naïve* compliment of a Frenchman which would have been accounted a bull if it had been found in Ireland:—

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome." "Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter *naïve-ment*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

We know not any original Irish blunder superior to this, unless it be that which Lord Orford pronounced to be the best bull that he had ever heard:—

"I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse, "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."

Lord Orford particularly admires this bull, because in the confusion of the blunderer's ideas he is not clear even of his personal identity. Philosophers will not perhaps be so ready as his lordship has been to call this a blunder of the first magnitude. Those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of metaphysics may have the presumptuous ignorance to fancy that they understand what is meant by the common words I or me; but the able metaphysician knows better than Lord Orford's changeling how to prove, to our satisfaction, that we know nothing of the matter.

"Personal identity," says Locke, "consists not in the identity of substance, but in the identity of consciousness, wherein Socrates and the present Mayor of Quinborough agree they are the same person; if the same Socrates sleep-

ing and waking do not partake of the same consciousness, Socrates waking and sleeping is not the same person; and to punish Socrates waking for what sleeping Socrates thought, and waking Socrates was never conscious of, would be no more right than to punish one twin for what his brother twin did, whereof he knew nothing, because their outsides are so like that they could not be distinguished; for such twins have been seen."

We may presume that our Hibernian's consciousness could not retrograde to the time when he was changed at nurse; consequently there was no continuity of identity between the infant and the man who expressed his hatred of the nurse for perpetrating the fraud. At all events, the confusion of identity which excited Lord Orford's admiration in our Hibernian is by no means unprecedented in France, England, or ancient Greece, and consequently it cannot be an instance of national idiosyncrasy, or an Irish blunder. We find a similar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes:—

"Pray tell me Squire," says the duchess, in 'Don Quixote,' "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned in that history, unless they have changed me in the cradle."

In Molière's 'Amphitryon' there is a dialogue between Mercure and Sosie evidently taken from the Attic Lucian. Sosie, being completely puzzled out of his personal identity, if not out of his senses, says literally, "Of my being myself I begin to doubt in good earnest; yet when I feel myself, and when I recollect myself, it seems to me that I am I."

We see that the puzzle about identity proves at last to be of Grecian origin. It is really edifying to observe how those things which have long been objects of popular admiration shrink and fade when exposed to the light of strict examination. An experienced critic proposed that a work should be written to inquire into the pretensions of modern writers to original invention, to trace their

thefts, and to restore the property to the ancient owners. Such a work would require powers and erudition beyond what can be expected from any ordinary individual; the labor must be shared among numbers, and we are proud to assist in ascertaining the rightful property even of bulls and blunders; though without pretending, like some literary bloodhounds, to follow up a plagiarism where common sagacity is at a fault.

LITTLE DOMINICK.

From 'An Essay on Irish Bulls.'

Little Dominick was born at Fort Reilly, in Ireland, and was bred nowhere till his tenth year; when he was sent to Wales, to learn manners, and grammar, at the school of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reason to think himself the greatest of men; for he had, over his chimney-piece, a well-smoked genealogy, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologist, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume to prove that the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excusable for sometimes seeming to forget that a school-master is but a man. He, however, sometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a boy; and this happened most frequently with respect to Little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master; not for his vices, but for his vicious constructions; and laughed at by his companions every evening, for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathize in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Irish boy at school; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull, every two words he put together proved a false concord, and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue. But as he possessed some of

the characteristic boldness of those who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only little Dominick, he showed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were of nearly twice his stature. This may be exaggerated: but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured, with sly Irish humor, to revenge himself on his most powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welsh accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him—"Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never *learn* you English crammar?"

It was whispered in the ear of this Dionysius that our little hero was a mimic, and he was now treated with increased severity.

The midsummer holidays approached; but he feared that they would shine no holidays for him. He had written to his mother to tell her that school would break up on the 21st; and to beg an answer, without fail, by return of post: but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes: he slept little, eat less, and played not at all. Indeed, nobody would play with him on equal terms, because he was nobody's equal: his schoolfellows continued to consider him as a being, if not of a different species, at least of a different *cast* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones' triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O, how unlike the others!—His name was Edwards: he was the son of a neighboring Welsh gentleman; and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman. When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection; fought his battles with the Welsh boys; and instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish, he endeavored to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first questions Edwards ever asked him, Little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar; yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In answer to the question—"Who is your father?"

Dominick said, with a deep sigh—"I have no father—I am an orphan—I have only a mother."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No! I wish I had; for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me," said Dominick, with tears in his eyes; "but I have no brothers *but myself*."

One day Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the schoolroom with an open letter in his hand, saying—"Here, you little Irish plockit, here's a letter from your mother."

The little Irish blockhead started from his form; and, throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before; then, clapping his hands, he exclaimed—"A letter from my mother! And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I see her once more?—And *will* I go home these holidays?—O, then I will be too happy!"

"There's no tanger of that," said Mr. Owen ap Jones; "for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that, py the atvice of your cardian, to oom she is going to be married, she will not pring you home to Ireland till I send her word you are perfect in your English crammar at least."

"I have my lesson perfect, sir," said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor; "*will* I say it now?"

"No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I will write your mother word, you have proke Priscian's head four times this tay, since her letter came."

Little Dominick, for the first time, was seen to burst into tears—"Will I hear the letter?—Will I see my mother?—Will I go home?"

"You Irish plockit!" continued the relentless grammarian: "you Irish plockit, will you never learn the difference between *shall* and *will*?"

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard—

"And *will* I see him once again?
And *will* I hear him speak?"

Many of the boys were, unfortunately, too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it, turned on his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterwards, he summoned Dominick to his awful

desk; and pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris' 'Hermes,' bade him "reat it, and understant it," if he could.

Little Dominick read, but could not understand.

"Then reat it aloud, you plockit."

Dominick read aloud—

"There is *nothing appears so clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as *the future* does: since we can find no place for its existence anywhere else: not but the same, if we consider, *is equally true* of the past—"

"Well, co on—What stops the plockit?—Can't you reat Enelish now?"

"Yes, sir; but I was trying to understand it—I was considering, that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it."

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand; and to punish him for his impertinent observation, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*.—The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's Grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799; and Harris' 'Hermes,' pp. 10, 11, and 12, fourth edition.

Undismayed at the length of his task, Little Dominick only said—"I hope, if I say it all, without missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, sir?"

"Say it all first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say," replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task; learned it perfectly; said it at night, without missing one word, to his friend Edwards; and said it the next morning, without missing one word, to his master.

"And now, sir," said the boy, looking up, "will you write to my mother?—And shall I see her? And shall I go home?"

"Tell me, first, whether you understand all this that you have learned so cliply?" said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell; and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

"Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammar studies to your mother; my conscience coes against it!" said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No entreaties could move him. Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother; but he felt the consequence. She wrote word, this time punctually by *return of the post*, that she was sorry she could not send for him home these holidays, as she had heard so bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c., and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies.

Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packings up of all his schoolfellows; and dropped a few tears as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their Welsh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

"I have no home to go to!" said he.

"Yes, you have," cried Edwards; "and our horses are at the door, to carry us there."

"To Ireland? Me! the horses!" said the poor boy, quite bewildered.

"No; the horses cannot carry you to Ireland," said Edwards, laughing good-naturedly; "but you have a home, now, in England. I asked my father to let me bring you home with me; and he says—'Yes,' like a dear, good father, and has sent the horses—Come, let's away."

"But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?"

"Yes! he dare not refuse; for my father has a living in his gift, that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he do not change his tune to you."

Little Dominick could not speak one word, his heart was so full.

No boy could be happier than he was during these holidays: "the genial current of his soul," which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reasons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones, from this time forward, was observed to change his manners towards his Irish pupil. He never more complained, unjustly, of his preaking Priscian's head; seldom called him Irish plockit; and once, would have flogged a Welsh boy

for taking up this cast-off expression of the master's but that the Irish blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward rapidly in his studies; he soon surpassed every boy in the school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterwards, they followed different professions, in distant parts of the world; and they neither saw, nor heard, any more of each other, for many years.

Dominick, now no longer little Dominick, went over to India, as private secretary to one of our commanders-in-chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed: we know only that he was the reputed author of a much admired pamphlet on India affairs; that the dispatches of the general to whom he was secretary were remarkably well written; and that Dominick O'Reilly, Esq., returned to England, after several years' absence, not miraculously rich, but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant: his utmost ambition was, to return to his native country with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world; especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more.

On his first arrival in London, one of the first things he did was to read the Irish newspapers. To his inexpressible joy he saw the estate of Fort Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his own family. Away he posted, directly, to an attorney's in Cecil Street, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When this attorney produced a map of the well-known demesne, and an elevation of that house in which he spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched, that he was on the point of paying down more for an old ruin than a good new house would cost. The attorney acted *honestly by his client*, and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices; which, as sometimes is the case in Ireland, were in a style far superior to the dwelling-house. Our hero surveyed these with transport. He rapidly planned various improvements in

imagination, and planted certain favorite spots in the demesne! During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business; suddenly the name of Owen ap Jones struck his ear.—He started.

“Let him wait in the front parlor: his money is not forthcoming,” said the attorney, “and if he keep Edwards in jail till he rots—”

“Edwards! Good heavens! in jail! What Edwards?” exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards!

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress, by taking on himself his father’s debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that, of all the creditors, none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson, who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

“What is the rascal’s demand? He shall be paid off this instant,” cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort Reilly; “send for him up, and let me pay him off on this spot.”

“Had we not best finish our business first, about the O’Reilly estate, sir?” said the attorney.

“No, sir; damn the O’Reilly estate!” cried he, huddling the maps together on the desk; and, taking up the bank-notes, which he had begun to reckon for the purchase money—“I beg your pardon, sir—if you knew the facts, you would excuse me.—Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?”

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm-chair, O’Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, in a stentorian voice, “Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones; come up and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid *at all*.”

Upstairs hobbled the old schoolmaster, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him—“Cot pless me, that voice?” he began—

“Where’s your bond, sir?” said the attorney.

“Safe here, Cot be praised!” said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom first a blue pocket-hand-

kerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammer, which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

"Here is my pond," said he, "in the crammer," which he gathered from the ground; then, fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposit.

O'Reilly saw the bond, seized it, looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the seal from the bond; then, without looking at old Owen ap Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat on his head, and rushed out of the room. He was, however, obliged to come back again, to ask where Edwards was to be found.

"In the King's Bench prison, sir," said the attorney. "But am I to understand," cried he, holding up the map of the O'Reilly estate, "am I to understand that you have no further wish for this bargain?"

"Yes—No—I mean, you are to understand that I'm off," replied our hero, without looking back—"I'm off— That's plain English."

Arrived at the King's Bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined—The bolts flew back; for even the turnkeys seemed to catch our hero's enthusiasm.

"Edwards, my dear boy! how do you do?—Here's a bond debt, justly due to you for my education—O, never mind asking any unnecessary questions; only just make haste out of this undeserved abode—Our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones you know—Well how the man stares?—Why, now, will you have the assurance to pretend to forget who I am?—and must I *spake*," continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood—"and must I *spake* to you again in my old Irish brogue, before you will *ricolliet* your own *Little Dominick*?"

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into the business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been satisfied.

"Sir," said the attorney, "I have paid the plaintiff in this suit, and he is satisfied: but I must say," added he, with a contemptuous smile, "that you Irish gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing business; business, sir, is a thing that must be done slowly, to be well done."

“ I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison, I thought the quicker I did his business the better. Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly.”

“ Instantly! ’T is well, sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks so very uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank-notes of yours, sir, amounting to a good round sum! You have made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty, instead of the principal, of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done.”

“ Just twice as much as was in the bond; but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion!” said O’Reilly: “ but whatever I did, it was with my eyes open. I was persuaded you were an honest man; in which, you see, I was not mistaken; and as a man of business, I knew that you would pay Mr. Owen ap Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant, and now mean, should lie in your hands for my friend Edwards’ use. I feared he would not have taken it from my hands: I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of prison, merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder, indeed! but not an Irish blunder: our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart!”

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

Mr. Gresham, a Bristol merchant, who had, by honorable industry and economy, accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine that a new house alone could make him happy. He did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance; for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children; and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an

opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were each about ten years old. They had been educated very differently. Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family. His father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of everything than he used. He had been told, that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving;" and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion that extravagance was the sign of a generous disposition, and economy of an avaricious one.

Benjamin, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight. His father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn that economy insures independence, and sometimes puts it in the power of those who are not very rich to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks and exclamations.

"Oh! what an excellent motto!" exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words, which were written in large characters over the chimneypiece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen:—

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone; "I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face." Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways of cooks and gentlemen's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away whilst his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing there?" "Nothing, sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us, and we did

not know which way to go." "And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham.

"No, sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness.

"No, sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord. Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing-wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force.

"I wish these people wouldn't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why, how did you get yours undone, man?—What's in your parcel?—I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off—I must cut it."

"Oh, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal. Look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same: it's a pity to cut it; 'Waste not, want not!' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of pack-thread?"

"It is whip-cord."

"Well, whip-cord! what signifies a bit of whip-cord! you can get a bit of whip-cord twice as long as that for two-pence; and who cares for two-pence! Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlor-door as he spoke. "Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half-cut, half-entangled string,—“here's the parcel.” “And here's my parcel, uncle; and here's the string,” said Ben. “You may keep the string for your pains,” said Mr. Gresham. “Thank

you, sir," said Ben; "what an excellent whip-cord it is!" "And you, Hal," continued Mr. Gresham, "you may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you." "It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir," said Hal. "No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle, taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings; what shall we do for strings?" "I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, smooth string which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"Oh, how I wish I had but a string!" said Hal; "what shall I do for a string? I'll tell you what; I can use the string that goes round my hat!" "But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?" "I'll manage to do without one," said Hal; and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin Ben let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good humor. "Come," said he, "it can't be helped: but give me the string, because that may still be of use for something else."

It happened some time afterwards that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons, who were friends of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or at least something to say. Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and Lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady, and her two sons intended to be very great gen-

tlemer. He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall door, little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me, quick, can't you, child?" cried Hal, "for Lady Di's sons are waiting for me."

Little Patty did not know anything about Lady Di's sons; but she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, so she ran downstairs as fast as she possibly could, towards the landing-place, where the handkerchief lay; but, alas! before she reached the handkerchief, she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs, and when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed as if she was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling downstairs. "Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, papa," said the little girl, touching her ankle; "I believe I am hurt here, but not much," added she, trying to rise; "only it hurts me when I move." "I'll carry you; don't move, then," said her father; and he took her up in his arms. "My shoe; I've lost one of my shoes," said she.

Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it sticking in a loop of whip-cord, which was entangled round one of the banisters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and downstairs, whipping the banisters with it, for he thought he could convert it to no better use; and, with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty's ankle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if Lady Di Sweepstakes' sons had not hurried him away.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

(1744—1817.)

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, an elegant writer and an ingenious mechanic, was born in 1744, at Edgeworthstown, County Longford, Ireland, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he spent much time in experiments, and invented many ingenious devices, among them a telegraph. He was a member of the Irish Parliament, and with other Irish patriots opposed the Union. He gave great attention to education and the most practical modes of diffusing it.

In conjunction with his talented daughter, Maria, he wrote a series of essays on 'Practical Education,' and also published a series of stories for the young with the same view. He wrote a work on 'Roads and Carriages,' and began his own memoirs, which were finished by his daughter. He was a man of varied talent, great practical knowledge, and philanthropic aims. He died at Edgeworthstown, in June, 1817.

MY BOYHOOD DAYS.

From 'Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.'

When I was between two and three years old, I was carried over, with my father and mother, to Ireland, to their house at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford. I remember distinctly several small circumstances, which happened before I was four years old. This I notice, because the possibility of remembering from so early an age has been doubted. When I was about five years old, I was taught my alphabet: I remember well the appearance of my hornbook; and once I was beaten for not knowing the word *instep*. I recollect as distinctly as if it happened yesterday, that I had never before heard or spelled that word. This unjust chastisement put me back a little in my learning; but as the injustice was afterwards discovered, it saved me in succeeding times from all violence from my teachers. My mother then taught me to read herself. I lent my little soul to the business, and I read fluently before I was six years old. The first books that were put into my hands were the Old Testament, and AEsop's Fables. AEsop's Fables were scarcely intelligible to me: the frogs and their kings,—the fox with the bunch of grapes, con-

fused my understanding; and the satyr and the traveler appeared to me absolute nonsense. I understood the lion and the mouse, and was charmed with the generous conduct of the one, and with the gratitude of the other.

When I began to read the Old Testament, the creation made a great impression upon my mind: I personified the Deity as is usual with ignorance. A particular part of my father's garden was Paradise: my imagination represented Adam as walking in this garden; and the whole history became a drama in my mind. I pitied Adam, was angry with Eve, and I most cordially hated the devil. What was meant by Adam's bruising the serpent's head, I could not comprehend, and I frequently asked for explanations. The history of Joseph and his brethren I perfectly understood, it seized fast hold of my imagination, and of my feelings. I admired and loved Joseph with enthusiasm; and I believe, that the impression, which this history made upon my mind, continued for many years to have an influence upon my conduct.

My only playfellow in my early childhood was my youngest sister Margaret; my elder sister was four years older than I was. The early attachment which was formed between my sister Margaret (now Mrs. John Ruxton) and me, has been one of the most constant sources of pleasure that I have ever possessed. There was and is a great resemblance in our tempers, and characters, and tastes. I know how highly I praise myself in saying this, but it must be true, or we could not through so many different scenes of life have preserved as perfect a friendship and affection for each other, as ever existed between brother and sister. We were constant playfellows, and such constant friends, that for much more than half a century the most violent, indeed I may say the only quarrel, that we ever had, was upon the following important occasion.

The gardener gave us some playthings, made of rushes; the good-natured old man presented them to us with much complacency, and divided them with impartiality. A grid-iron he gave to little Miss; to little Master, a grenadier's cap. Little Miss, however, was not pleased with the distribution; she insisted upon having the grenadier's cap, which, after some reluctance on Master's part, she obtained: but, after having strutted her little hour under this

heroic accoutrement, she became covetous of the more useful implement, with which she had seen me amusing myself. I had fried the gold fish that were caught in the lake of the pond of the Black Islands; and I had gone through a considerable part of the story of the prince half marble and half man, as I had lately read it in the Arabian Nights, Entertainments. I was in the character of the Black Genius, exclaiming, "Fish! fish! do your duty"—when my sister insisted that she ought to be the cook. I told her there were men cooks, but not female grenadiers. We disputed; we grew angry; we proceeded to violence; a battle ensued, in which the grenadier's cap was beaten to pieces. Loud were the lamentations. My mother heard the disturbance; and, instead of what is commonly called *scolding us*, took pains to do justice between us, and brought us to reason and peace, by mildly pointing out the folly of our quarrel. It is often from disputes like these, that children learn the consequences of passion, and the danger of giving way to it; and it is by the impartial and judicious conduct of parents, on such seemingly trivial occasions, that they may begin to form the temper to habits of self-command.

Of this sister of mine I may say, that she has an uncommonly good temper, and she is as little inclined to violence as any of the gentlest of her sex. My mother took various means early to give me honorable feelings and good principles; and by these she endeavored to correct, and to teach me to govern, the violence of my natural temper. She was lame, and not able to subdue me by force: if I ran away from her when she was going to punish me, she could not follow and catch me; but she obtained such power over my mind, that she induced me to come to her to be punished whenever she required it. I resigned myself, and without a struggle submitted to the chastisement she thought proper to inflict. The consequence of this submission was my acquiring, if I may say so, the *esteem* as well as the affection of my mother. But she was not blind to my faults: she saw the danger of my passionate temper. It was a difficult task to correct it; though perfectly submissive to her, I was with others rebellious and outrageous in my anger. My mother heard continual complaints of me; yet she wisely forebore to lecture or punish me for every

trifling misdemeanor; she seized proper occasions to make a strong impression upon my mind.

One day, my elder brother Tom, who, as I have said, was almost a man when I was a little child, came into the nursery where I was playing, and where the maids were ironing. Upon some slight provocation or contradiction from him, I flew into a violent passion; and, snatching up one of the box-irons, which the maid had just laid down, I flung it across the table at my brother. He stooped instantly; and, thank God! it missed him. There was a red-hot heater in it, of which I knew nothing until I saw it thrown out, and till I heard the scream from the maids. They seized me, and dragged me downstairs to my mother. Knowing that she was extremely fond of my brother, and that she was of a warm indignant temper, they expected that signal vengeance would burst upon me. They all spoke at once. When my mother heard what I had done, I saw she was struck with horror, but she said not one word in anger to me. She ordered everybody out of the room except myself, and then drawing me near her, she spoke to me in a mild voice, but in a most serious manner. First, she explained to me the nature of the crime, which I had run the hazard of committing; she told me, she was sure that I had no intention seriously to hurt my brother, and did not know, that if the iron had hit my brother, it must have killed him. While I felt this first shock, and whilst the horror of murder was upon me, my mother seized the moment, to conjure me to try in future to command my passions.

I remember her telling me, that I had an uncle by the mother's side who had such a violent temper, that in a fit of passion one of his eyes actually started out of its socket. "You," said my mother to me, "have naturally a violent temper: if you grow up to be a man without learning to govern it, it will be impossible for you then to command yourself; and there is no knowing what crime you may in a fit of passion commit, and how miserable you may in consequence of it become. You are but a very young child, yet I think you can understand me. Instead of speaking to you as I do at this moment, I might punish you severely; but I think it better to treat you like a reasonable creature. My wish is to teach you to command your tem-

per; nobody can do that for you, so well as you can do it for yourself."

As nearly as I can recollect, these were my mother's words; I am certain this was the sense of what she then said to me. The impression made by the earnest solemnity with which she spoke never, during the whole course of my life, was effaced from my mind. From that moment I determined to govern my temper. The determinations and the good resolutions of a boy of between five and six years old are not much to be depended upon, and I do not mean to boast that mine were thenceforward uniformly kept; but I am conscious that my mother's warning frequently recurred to me, when I felt the passion of anger rising within me; and that both whilst I was a child, and after I became a man, these her words of early advice had most powerful and salutary influence in restraining my temper.

Of the further rudiments of my education I recollect only that I was taught arithmetic, and made expert in counting at the card table, when my father and mother used to play cribbage. The attention to teach me numbers was bestowed particularly, because my father, not being infected with that foolish pride, which renders parents averse to the idea of putting a son *into business or commerce*, destined me for a merchant. . . .

My mother inspired me with a love of truth, a dislike of low company, and an admiration of whatever was generous. Fortunately for me, the few visitors who frequented our house seemed to join with her in a wish to instil generous sentiments. One lady in particular, who, as I observed, was treated by my mother with much respect, made a salutary impression upon me. She gave me Gay's Fables with prints, with which I was much delighted; and desired me to get by heart the fable of the Lion and the Cub. She explained to me the design of this fable, which was within the compass of my understanding. It gave me early the notion, that I ought to dislike low company, and to despise the applause of the vulgar. Some traits in the history of Cyrus, which was read to me, seized my imagination, and, next to Joseph in the Old Testament, Cyrus became the favorite of my childhood. My sister and I used to amuse ourselves with playing Cyrus at the court of his grandfather Astyages. At the great Persian feasts I was, like

young Cyrus, to set an example of temperance, to eat nothing but water-cresses, to drink nothing but water, and to reprove the cup-bearer for making the king my grandfather drunk. To this day I remember the taste of those water-cresses; and for those who love to trace the characters of men in the sports of children I may mention, that my character for sobriety, if not for water drinking, has continued through life.

At seven years old, I became very devout. I had heard some of the New Testament, and some account of the sufferings of martyrs; these inflamed my imagination so much, that I remember weeping bitterly before I was eight years old, because I lived at a time when I had no opportunity of being a martyr. I however dared to think for myself. —My father was about this time enclosing a garden; part of the wall in its progress afforded means of climbing to the top of it, which I soon effected. My father reprimanded me severely, and as no fruit was at that time ripe, he could not readily conceive what motive I could have for taking so much trouble, and running so great a risk. I told him truly, that I had no motive but the pleasure of climbing. I added, that if the garden were full of ripe peaches, it would be a much greater temptation; and that unless he should be certain that nobody *would* climb over the wall, he ought not to have peaches in the garden. After having talked to me for some time, he discovered that I had reasoned thus: if my father knows beforehand, that the temptation of peaches will necessarily induce me to climb over the garden wall; and that if I do, it is more than probable that I shall break my neck, I shall not be guilty of any crime, but my father will be the cause of my breaking my neck. This I applied to Adam, without at the time being able to perceive the great difference between things human and divine. My father, feeling that he was not prepared to give me a satisfactory answer to this difficulty, judiciously declined the contest, and desired me not to meddle with what was above my comprehension. I mention this, because all parents, who encourage their children to speak freely, often hear from them puzzling questions and observations, and I wish to point out, that on such occasions children should not be discouraged, but

on the contrary, according to the advice of Rousseau, parents should fairly and truly confess their ignorance.

So strong were my religious feelings at this time of my life, that I strenuously believed, that if I had sufficient faith, I could remove mountains; and accordingly I prayed for the objects of my childish wishes with the utmost fervency, and with the strongest persuasion that my prayers would be heard. How long the fervor of this sort of devotion lasted I do not remember; but I suppose that going to school insensibly allayed it.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

(1852 —)

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, professor of English language and literature at the Catholic University of Washington; was born in 1852 and was educated at La Salle College and Georgetown, D. C. He was successively sub-editor of *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* and *The Catholic Review*, and editor of *Freeman's Journal*; afterward he became professor of English literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and was also one of the editors of the 'World's Best Literature.'

He has written the following books: 'That Girl of Mine,' 'That Lover of Mine,' 'A Garden of Roses,' 'Stories of Duty,' 'The Life Around Us,' 'The Theater and Christian Parents,' 'Modern Novelists,' 'Lectures on English Literature,' 'A Gentleman,' 'Jack Chumleigh,' 'Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School,' 'A Primer of English Literature,' 'The Disappearance of John Longworthy,' 'A Marriage of Reason,' 'The Success of Patrick Desmond,' 'The Flower of the Flock,' 'Preludes' (poems), 'Songs and Sonnets and other Poems,' 'The Vocation of Edward Conway,' 'The Chatelaine of the Roses,' 'Jasper Thorne,' 'In a Brazilian Forest,' 'The Leopard of Lancianus,' 'Studies in Literature,' 'The Watson Girls.'

THE ORANGE LILIES.

From 'From the Land of St. Lawrence.'

When Neil Durnan's wife died, there was no lonelier man in the County Meath. His farm was in good condition. He was not, in the estimation of elderly men, old; he was healthy, and he had seen triumphant Orangemen defeated in his lifetime, over and over again. He was a very "warm" farmer. His elder son was a Franciscan friar over in Italy; his younger had gone to America. The first was out of his world; he had never quite forgiven Friar Francis, who, after the education he had, might have been a decent parish priest at home, for joining "the beggars," as he called the members of the great Order. The younger son, Maurice, was in America,—in a place called Wisconsin. Father and son had never got on well together. They both had strong opinions; so one day, with a hundred pounds to his credit, Maurice went over the sea, and the father's heart had ached ever since, though he had not shown this in word or deed.



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF IRISH LITERATURE.

From a photograph by Bachrach & Bro., Washing'on, D. C.

It was this heartache that made him look seaward. His old neighbors were gone. To the farm on his left had come a Belfast man who kept hunters, whose wife and daughters went about "dropping pieces of pasteboard at their neighbors."

"It's on wheels they come," he said, "and them calling themselves decent women, and then drop a handful of pasteboards with their names on them. And there are afternoon tays and feet champeeters and few de joys going on all the time, and him an Orange squireen of a fellow, with his garden full of yellow lilies, just to spite the likes of me on the twelfth of July."

His neighbor on the right was not the less obnoxious; he had acquired poor Pat Dolan's farm, and was making it pay by means of all sort of new-fangled machinery.

"Taking the bread out of poor men's mouths," the aggrieved Mr. Durnan said; "sure, what right has he to do *that*? Pat Dolan would have cut off his finger before he turned a man from his day's work,—and *he* turned out of the farm his grandfather had before him, just because he was too kind and generous to his own people."

The sight of the squireen's women folk, on wheels, with cardcases in their hands, was an evil thing, the farm machinery was worse, but the front garden with its orange lilies worst of all.

"And when I remarked to that woman," says I, "the orange lilies, saving your presence, ma'am, are symbolical of the devil himself and of all Orange haythen,—what did she say in a high English voice, but 'Oh, Mr. Durnan, you're so old-fashioned! We must forget old feuds.' And the likes of her keeping them up with their orange lilies!"

If it had not been for the enormous mastiff that guarded the Squire's house at night, he would have made short work of the masses of bloom that glowed in a hundred tints of yellow, like coiled, jeweled snakes, in the center of his neighbor's lawn. As it was, he was helpless; the splendid flowers were a menace, a threat, a hated blot on the landscape. Finally he could endure them no more; he made a good bargain in the sale of his farm, and then a struggle began within him. Should he go to his son?—to this independent son of his, who had gone off with the portion his mother had a right to give him, refusing aught else; who

had married a "Yankee;" who—and this made Neil Durnan feel very bitter—had never asked for anything, and who—and this made the bitterness more bitter—might be better off in this world's goods than he was?

If Maurice had come to him, poor, suppliant, he would have clasped him in his arms, and killed the fatted calf, and sent out for all the purple and fine linen to be brought. If he should find Maurice with his three little children, suffering, poor, in need of help, his heart and his hand would go out to them with all the force of a strong nature. But the thought that Maurice might be "warmer" than he, rejoicing perhaps in all those new machines which he so much detested, filled him with anger. Rumors had come to him of the prosperity of Maurice in that far-off Wisconsin; he had pretended to doubt them; he had smiled when hints of this prosperity had appeared in the letters the son wrote to his mother, but he feared they were true.

"Three sons, and one dead," he murmured, "and not one of them named for me. Sure, he sent word to ask me once as to the naming of his first one, but I said, 'No.—'t was unbecomming that a child of his Yankee wife should be named for me.' I did not mean it, but I suppose they thought I did."

Love, which was warm at the core of the old man's heart, conquered at last, and on Sunday before he started for Queenstown, he achieved a victory over himself. It was the day on which the Blue Ribbon Society went to Communion. He had a grudge against one member, whose father had been a Scotchman, and whose mother was a County Meath woman; the son called himself Scotch-Irish. He had always avoided walking in the procession next to this man, though once or twice he had been paired with him. But on this morning he took his place beside him. It was hard; but he did not wince.

"I've done *that*," he said, when it was over, "and now I can stand anything!"

Over the ocean, through New York and Chicago, Neil Durnan sped. He cared neither for the Brooklyn Bridge, nor Niagara Falls, nor the great buildings in the western metropolis; he was intent on his son,—full of love, full of envy, jealous as any father could be, and hoping that a cyclone or some horror might have made this proud son of

his dependent on him. Of what use was the goodly sum to his credit in the bank, if Maurice had a greater sum?

He found Maurice grave, cordial, quiet; a man of consequence, and of sound judgment; he was large, handsome, red-haired,—of the type of his mother. The old man's worst fears were fulfilled: the Wisconsin farm of over five hundred acres was in perfect condition. And, in this month of July, all modern appliances were in use to develop its richness.

Neil Durnan had to go to his comfortable room, to groan and almost to weep. The spectacle of his proud son's success, in which he had no hand, was like a dagger to his heart. His three grandsons were called Lewis, John, and Maurice,—not one Neil among them. His son's wife was very sweet in her manner to him, "too much of a lady, entirely," he said. There was no denying that his grandsons were fine, affectionate little boys, well instructed in their religion. The smallest of the three was gentle, and somewhat delicate,—“like the one that died,” his mother said, softly. Neil found great consolation in this boy. He told him of the leprechauns, and of all the wonderful things that happened over in Ireland, in the old days. Still his heart was bitter; he would not pray; his beads hung against the wall, untouched. His son had dared to make for himself a world of his own,—and he was outside of it.

He had promised to meet his little grandson at a stream near the graveyard; the church, red brick, with a Gothic tower, was at the edge of his son's farm. In this stream grandfather and grandson fished with the gaudy flies brought from Ireland. During the long, sultry afternoons, this spot, covered by great spruce trees, was cool, and though not even a minnow bit at the elaborate flies, the two were happy. On this afternoon the little boy came, flushed and bright-eyed, carrying a bunch of orange lilies.

“For you, grandpapa!” he called out.

Neil Durnan stood like a bull at the sight of red. Then he tore the obnoxious flowers from the child's hand, threw them upon the ground, and trampled upon them. The boy opened his blue eyes, horrified, amazed, by the angry face and brutal gestures of his grandfather.

"O grandpapa!" he cried, "how can you! They were for you; I gathered them at—"

But Neil Durnan had gone off, muttering. Everywhere he was to endure insults, and from his own kin!

"My son did this," he said, bitterly, "or his Yankee wife!"

He strode into the graveyard, not knowing where he was. He would leave this place; he would go at once, he resolved. And when he resolved to act in any matter, it was hard to move him. He would not say good-bye; a cold hand seemed to clutch at his heart as he thought of the tear-filled eyes of the little Maurice; but he would go,—and at once.

There was a trailing mock-orange vine in his path, and as he made his next step, a tendril-coil of it caught his foot; he went down, and lay for a moment prone, in a bed of the splendid yellow-and-red flowers his heart detested. He tore them away from him, and saw that they clustered about a small stone cross; he read

NEIL DURNAN:

AGED TWELVE: 1896.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

"Neil Durnan!" His proud son had indeed named the dead little boy for him. He forgot the yellow splendor about him, and read the name again; tears ran down his wind-reddened cheeks. He knelt for a moment; then he plucked a handful of the flowers that grew on this sacred grave, those hated flowers that dotted in a dozen places the green of the graveyard. He clasped the long leaves almost tenderly, and went back to the place where his little grandson had begun to fish, in a sober and subdued way, with the gorgeous flies.

"Here, Maurice," he said, "are some of the flowers you brought me just now. I know where you got them. Tell me about your little brother—Neil." The old man's voice choked.

Maurice smiled brightly, and began to talk of the dear, little brother who had died almost a year ago. And so

they sat there, lovingly, the whole twelfth of July afternoon, with the orange lilies between them, symbols, not of war, but of victory.

THE SHAMROCK.

When April rains make flowers bloom
And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,
And clouds of color and perfume
Float from the orchards pink and white,
I see my shamrock in the rain,
An emerald spray with raindrops set,
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore
Sprang from a rich and sacred soil
Where saint and hero lived of yore,
And where their sons in sorrow toil;
And here, transplanted, it to me
Seems weeping for the soil it left,
The diamonds that all others see
Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,
And sparkles on their tiny buds
That in June nights will overflow
And fill the world with scented floods;
The lonely shamrock in our land—
So fine among the clover leaves—
For the old springtime often grieves—
I feel its tears upon my hand.

ROBERT EMMET.

(1778—1803.)

ROBERT EMMET was born in Cork March 4, 1778. He was originally intended for the bar and entered Trinity College, but in 1798 he had joined the Society of United Irishmen and in a speech at the Debating Society of the college said : " When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case ? What but to pull the government up to the people ? " The result was that Emmet was expelled.

He then went to live with his brother at Fort George, and afterward traveled through Spain, Holland, and Switzerland, and visited Paris, where he became the confidant of the Jacobins and the center of a select circle of exiles who were both Irish patriots and French republicans.

Buoyed up with promises of assistance from France, Emmet once more returned to Ireland and did all in his power to organize an insurrection. His patriotism was measured not only by words but by deeds. The death of his father had put him in possession of stock to the amount of £1,500 (\$7,500). This he converted into cash, and, taking a house in Patrick Street, Dublin, he had pikes, rockets, and hand-grenades made and stored there in great quantities. An explosion occurred which destroyed a portion of the house, killing one man and injuring others ; but Emmet, instead of being discouraged by this disaster, only redoubled his care and resided entirely on the premises. At this time he wrote : " I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which stand between me and the completion of my wishes. That these difficulties will disappear I have an ardent and, I trust, rational hope. But if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection : and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opened under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back—I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to those visions of happiness which my fancy has formed in the air."

On July 23, 1803, the day appointed for the rising, not more than a hundred insurgents assembled, and they were at once joined by a noisy rabble, who, in passing through the streets to attack the Castle, shot dead one Colonel Brown and rushed upon a carriage containing Lord Kilwarden, the Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland, his daughter, and the Rev. Mr. Wolfe. Lord Kilwarden and Mr. Wolfe were savagely murdered, but Emmet, on hearing of the outrage, rushed from the head of his party and bore the lady to an adjoining house for safety. The leaders now lost all control over the mob, and in utter disgust Emmet and his companions left them and fled to the Wicklow Hills.

His friends did their best to aid in his escape, and all preparations were made, but he refused to quit Ireland without first seeing and bidding farewell to Miss Sarah Curran, daughter of John Philpot Curran, to whom he was betrothed. The delay was fatal, and he was arrested. Only the pathetic lines of Moore can depict the feelings of Miss Curran on this event :—

“ Oh ! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame ?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art !

“ Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.”

While in prison, Emmet tried to induce his jailer by a gift of money to deliver a letter to Miss Curran, but the official gave it to the Attorney-General instead. On hearing of this, he offered to the authorities to plead guilty and speak no word of defense if they would permit his letter to reach its intended destination, but the offer was refused. He was brought to trial in September for high treason and sentenced to be executed, a sentence which was immediately carried out.

Thomas Moore, who was the intimate friend of Emmet at college, says of him in his ‘ Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald ’: “ Were I to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should among the highest of the few place Robert Emmet.”

LAST SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET.

My Lords,—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is.

I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying—“that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.”]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and

through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a

judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhalloved policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or swayed by the purest motives....

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My Country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide,—from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscious de-

pravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require.

Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be a signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be

more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhalloved ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor and the



ROBERT EMMET

bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which Mr. Emmet replied:—]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world, it is—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

LINES BY ROBERT EMMET.

WRITTEN ON ARBOR HILL BURYING-GROUND, DUBLIN, WHERE THE
BODIES OF INSURGENTS SHOT IN 1798 WERE INTERED.

No rising column marks this spot,
Where many a victim lies;
But oh! the blood which here has streamed,
To Heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head,
Who joys in human woe,
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed,
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

It claims it for this ruined isle,
Her wretched children's grave;
Where withered Freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.

O sacred Justice! free this land
From tyranny abhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seat—
Resume—but sheathe thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned;
By mercy marked may freedom rise,
By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
Oh! hallowed be each name;
Their memories are forever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,
Unblest by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead,
These waft their fame to heaven.

MRS. ESLER.

MRS. E. RENTOUL ESLER was born in County Donegal. She is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. A. Rentoul. She was educated privately and in France and Germany. In 1883 she married Dr. Robert Esler of London and Ballymenor. She has published 'The Way of Transgressors,' 'The Way They Loved at Grimpat,' 'A Maid of the Manse,' 'Mid Green Pastures,' 'The Wardlaws,' 'Youth at the Prow,' and 'The Awakening of Helena Thorpe.' Her studies of North Ireland life, of that Presbyterian portion of it which is as different as possible from the Catholic, are vivid and true.

THE CRIMINALITY OF LETTY MOORE.

Mary Willett had decided to emigrate. As this is not her story, it is unnecessary at this juncture to explain why.

It was an October afternoon, but chilly; the frost had come too soon, and the leaves were too russet and too brown for the time of year, and the breath of the north wind was cold.

Mary stood by the window of Letty Moore's kitchen, looking out. One takes a careless attitude sometimes when not quite at ease with the topic under discussion. Letty sat facing the light, which fell fully on her small-featured, large-eyed face, and showed the anxiety there.

"I wouldn't go, if I were you," Letty said.

"If you were me you just would," Mary answered with a short laugh.

"You are so young," Letty went on wistfully.

"That is a fault one outgrows with time."

"And you are so pretty."

"That should help me."

"I don't know that it does, always, when a girl has her way to make."

"It is decided that I am going, anyway, so there is no use in seeing the worst side of things now."

Letty began to cry. "Does John approve?" she asked. John was Mary's brother.

"Of course he does; but for him I couldn't go—he will find the money; he says it is only fair, since I am set on it."

Letty wiped away her fast-falling tears. "I wish—I wish—" she said miserably.

"If there was any good in wishing," Mary interrupted

in a hard tone, "I should wish that home was a happier place for us young ones, and that John might marry you."

"That has been nothing but your fancy ever," Letty said firmly, and for the moment the bright flush of color in her face made her almost as pretty as her friend. "Because you like me you think he does, it 's nothing but that."

"I don't know that he 'll ever tell you of it," Mary went on, "having so little to offer you as things are, but he has always been fond of you."

A current of thought ran, like slow and harmless flame, through Letty's mind; she had not a fortune, it was true, but she had her industry—that meant money, and a home of her own, in case John thought the paternal home was too full already. But girls do not enunciate thoughts of this kind, even to their closest intimates. Letty seemed to think in lightning flashes, but when she spoke her words were measured, and quite irrelevant to the subject of her thoughts.

"When do you mean to go?" she asked.

"Next week, if I am living."

"Oh, dear," Letty said with a bursting sigh, "and the weather growing colder every day, and—everything!"

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"I'll give you my fur cloak," said Letty, hurriedly. "It'll not need much altering to fit you, and it's that warm it'll keep the life in you, and I'll make you a hood for the journey, a lined one, to fit close round your face."

Mary threw her arms about her friend's neck, and burst into tears, all her wounded pride, her resentment, perhaps her dread of the enterprise before her, finding utterance thus.

Letty Moore was a professional; that is to say, she had been trained to dressmaking, and lived by it exclusively, in which respect she differed from several others at Grimpat, who worked at the business fitfully, and had some income apart from it. But there was not a fortune in the industry even to a professional. No Grimpat woman ever thought of more than one new dress in the year, and, where that was a good one, such as a silk, why, it did for several subsequent years, of course. But this involved few changes of fashion, and on the whole was for the peace of mind of dressmakers.

There were times when Letty wished that she was not the best dressmaker, which goes to prove that she was a little more of a woman and a little less of an artist than might have been believed, and that was when accident brought her now and then a sudden rush of work and responsibility. It was on the very evening of Mary's visit to her that old Mr. Tedford died, and as he was very well-to-do, and of the highest respectability, it seemed as if the whole neighborhood claimed kindred with him and went into mourning. Letty stitched and stitched, and fitted, and altered, and sent home parcels all day long, so that the eve of her friend's departure had arrived before she found time to make in her fur cloak the few alterations she had spoken of.

When these were completed she locked up her house and took the carrier's cart to Nutford. She was bound to supply the hood she had promised, and there was no suitable material to be procured nearer home. Owing to work and preoccupation, Letty had forgotten that the day was a Thursday, and that the Nutford shops closed early on Thursdays. When she found the windows all shuttered and the doors all barricaded, Letty's natural conclusion was that Nutford was also in mourning for Mr. Tedford. But after a moment the reasonable explanation occurred to her, and she sped from house to house and from street to street—in vain; such shops as remained open offered nothing better than could be found at Grimpat.

Letty went home in a kind of despair. She had promised that hood, and Mary was depending on it, and to present herself before Mary in the morning without it was a prospect she had not the moral courage to face. Arrived at her own house, she opened every trunk, and drawer, and receptacle. She studied the possibilities of every remnant, but there was nothing that would be of the slightest service. Scarlet satin, striped yellow and black silk, and patchwork were equally out of the question. She could not send her friend out into the world barred like a zebra or gay as a parroquet.

"To think of disappointing her, and her so fond of me!" said Letty, with a sob. She recalled Mary's quick rush of rapture at the mention of the hood, her half-whispered words, "If only everybody was as good as you!" and felt

that to break her promise was too grievous to think about.

"I don't know how I'll face her, and that's the truth," she said.

The floor was littered with scraps, cuttings, and odds and ends. She began to sort them mechanically, putting the larger pieces back whence they had been taken, gathering the smaller bits into a covered basket that she kept for refuse, opening and shutting the drawers mechanically, scarcely knowing what she did.

Suddenly she paused, and a kind of tremor stole over her. In one of the drawers was a piece of silk which she had been commissioned to keep till the spring. Old Mrs. Smith had bought it as a present for her niece, and had intrusted it to the dressmaker pending her niece's next visit. Letty withdrew the silk from its wrappings of tissue paper and laid it on the bed. On the outer cover was the vendor's name, "John Marshall, Nutford."

"If only I had been in time," said Letty, "I could have got a bit of that; it's the very thing."

She drew forth a fold of the silk and touched it with caressing fingers. The ground was black, with a pattern of triangular patches of pink—a quaint, old-fashioned pattern, the mode of an hour, a pretty but ephemeral thing; but Letty did not know that. She took her yard-measure and ran along the length of the piece. "Nine yards," she said. Those were not the days of voluminous sleeves or bouffant skirts. "Three-quarters of a yard would make the hood, and I have the lining, and the wadding, and black strings that would do, and I could match the silk to-morrow at Marshall's and put it back. It wouldn't be a sin; I don't think it would be a sin. It is for Mary's sake, not to disappoint her, and her so fond of me. Oh, dear! I hope it's not a sin; I wouldn't do a sin for anything." But she had taken up the scissors, and had cut off the length of silk required, even while she protested.

Until late in the night she sewed feverishly. When the hood was finished, she tried it on herself. "It makes me just bonnie!" she said with a gay little laugh, and truly at the moment her eyes were as bright as stars and her cheeks like roses. Letty did not know that the fever of a first misdoing was in her veins.

She slept little that night, because she had Mary, and the hood, and John Willett, and all the others to think about. The thought that when Mary had gone she would scarcely hear of John, and certainly never anything intimate concerning him, added a conscious element to her depression.

There was much excitement at the Willetts' when Letty arrived there, almost as much as if the occasion had involved a marriage or a funeral. The neighbors had come to say good-bye; a few of the more intimate would remain to speed Mary's departure, the others left their little gifts and good wishes and went away.

To dispose of gifts at the last moment, when one is starting on a journey to another continent, involves trouble; Mary was very busy and excited, half-laughing, half-tearful, her sisters disposed to envy her, and to promise that they would join her as soon as she advised them to do so, while Mrs. Willett moved about like a large and solemn Minerva, talking mournfully of wilful children and dangers that awaited those who were ungrateful for a home.

Letty had determined to go with Mary to Nutford; she wanted her to wear the cloak on her journey to Liverpool, but she did not want her to wear it at Grimpat, where it would be recognized. When she had said good-bye to her friend she would go to Marshall's and match the silk. She did not acknowledge this even to herself, but it is possible that amid her sorrow and her fears she found it not altogether unpleasant to travel half an hour side by side with Mary's brother.

The leavetakings were over at last, and Mary, a little despondent, a little elated, steamed away towards the New World. Letty watched her out of sight, wiped her tears, and then took her way briskly towards the draper's. The practical trod hard on the heels of the dramatic, as always happens in this mixed life of ours.

Mr. Marshall could not match the silk; he said it was useless even to attempt to do so; that the dress was one of a set purchased in lengths and so retailed, that he bought the lot at a clearance sale, and had not the faintest idea where they had been made.

Letty thought she would faint when she received this information; floating darkness seemed to shut the man's unimaginative face away from her, and the breath on her

lips felt cold. Mr. Marshall was frightened—he caught at her hastily across the counter, and helped her to seat herself. “You are not well,” he said.

“Not just too well,” she answered dully. “I have been working very hard lately, owing to Mr. Tedford’s death, you know, and then to see Mary Willett go away has been a kind of trial; she is my oldest friend.”

“The world is full of trouble,” said Mr. Marshall; the occasion demanded speech, and he could not think of any more apt or apposite.

Letty said nothing; she leaned her arms on the counter and contemplated him in pale dismay.

“You don’t know even if that bit of silk was French or English?” she asked, after a pause.

“I don’t know a thing about it but what I have told you. Is it very important that it should be matched?”

“The dress length is a bit short for what I want; I can’t make it the way it was intended, unless I get three-quarters of a yard more.”

“Then you’ll have to make it some other way,” the man answered pleasantly. “What would you say to a bit of black or a bit of pink for trimming?”

Letty shook her head as she rose. “No, no,” she said, “it wouldn’t be a bit of good; nothing will be any good but just the silk itself.”

Mr. Marshall looked after her as she went down the shop. “She works too hard,” he said, “and she is a nice little body—getting on, too, when one comes to think of it. She has been a regular customer of mine for seven or eight years.” Then Mr. Marshall sighed, though neither he nor any one else could have told why.

Letty went down the street like one in a dream. The cold north wind ruffled her hair and fluttered her trim skirts, and blew coldly into her distended eyes. “I am a thief,” she was saying to herself, “a thief!” Taking the silk when she believed she could put it back scarcely seemed a liberty, much less a crime; now its aspect was altogether different.

“I wonder what I’m to do!” the girl said to herself. There were women to whom she would have gone immediately and made confession, and offered anything in compensation for the missing material; but in Mrs. Smith’s

case this was not to be thought of. Mrs. Smith would simply tell the whole parish that Letty Moore was not honest, or to be trusted, because she had stolen a piece of her silk gown. Then the thought of John Willett came into Letty's mind, and of how he would receive this tidings. "What will become of me, any way?" she said.

"I'll not charge her for anything but the bare making," said Letty. "I'll put in all the lining and bone free, and give her value that way, and I'll line the bottom of the skirt with a bit of silk; if she notices it, I'll say I had it by me, and she is welcome to it." Then she sighed again; it struck her already that the path of the wrong-doer is a tortuous one, and Letty was very fond of plain dealing and straight ways.

When she reached home, she took out the piece of silk and looked at it; then she began to cry in a tired way. "To think of me being a thief; but it's just what I am. I suppose it's this way people begin to rob banks and get sent to prison. I wonder will she find out? If she doesn't I'll—" she did not know what wild condition she wanted to offer to destiny, she only knew that she was ready to promise anything provided she escaped the consequences of this one misdoing. Meantime, Mrs. Smith had also been to Nutford, and had also had an errand to John Marshall's, and thus, by one of the evil chances which overtake certain unfortunates, she sat down in the very chair poor Letty had vacated, and was welcomed by Mr. Marshall with just the same smile and the same insinuating movement of the hands. Mrs. Smith laid her reticule on the counter, opened it, took out her list, and spoke first of bombazine.

While Mr. Marshall waited on her, she picked up abstractedly the strip of silk Letty had left behind, and wound it absent-mindedly round the finger of her cotton glove. When her purchases were effected and she was about to open her purse, the bit of silk caught her attention for the first time.

"Another bit of my silk, Mr. Marshall," she said, unbending. "Have you got a new consignment of them dress lengths? I wouldn't mind a black one for myself, if you have a black as good a bargain."

Mr. Marshall shook his head. "It's a rare chance to

get such goods as they were, so cheap. One doesn't do that twice in half a dozen years. I could sell them ten times over if I had more. There was a young lady in to match one of them a while ago, and she is just distracted that there is not more to be had. That's her pattern round your finger."

"Mr. Marshall," said Mrs. Smith impressively, "you told me you had just one pink and black, and that you sold it to me, yet here's another pink and black of somebody else's!"

"Whatever I told you at the time was the truth," said Mr. Marshall, with dignity. "There is no need to say what isn't, to sell my goods."

"But here's another pattern of the same," Mrs. Smith persisted. "Who brought this pattern?"

"It was Miss Moore."

"Letty Moore the dressmaker! Well, now, to think of that! Fancied my silk for herself, I suppose, and thought to match it. But you haven't another, you say? Well, I'm glad of that; set her up, indeed, with a gown like my niece's. Now she's cut this pattern off my piece; I don't call that dealing on the square, do you?"

"Miss Moore is a very respectable young woman, and wouldn't do anything she couldn't stand over, I'm sure," said Mr. Marshall, with decision. "I have done business with her for a very long time, and I have a great regard for her."

"That's as may be, Mr. Marshall; but if she's cut a pattern off my stuff, I don't call it on the square, and so I'll tell her."

Letty was not feeling at all well that afternoon. There are mental shocks that try the sensitive as much as a period of illness. In town communities the filching of a small piece of material would not seem a very serious matter; the culprit would regard it with indifference, and the defrauded person would probably not take it very much to heart. But Grimpat morals were very rigid; neither Letty nor anybody else regarded a breach of the eighth commandment lightly.

"She'll not want the gown till the spring, and in that time, maybe, the Lord will somehow give me a chance of putting things right," the girl said; but she was not hope-

ful. Letty meant to pray very hard, and to practice diverse good deeds in anxious desire of a miracle. But instead of a miracle from the sky, came Mrs. Smith up the garden path—reticule, umbrella, and widow's weeds complete.

"I called to speak about that bit of silk that you took charge of for my niece," said Mrs. Smith, after an interchange of greetings. She had not failed to observe Letty's start of dismay, and the sudden pallor that followed it.

"Yes, Mrs. Smith."

"I'm not sure when my niece will be coming, and so I thought I'd as well send her the bit of stuff, and let her have it made up at home; so I'll take it."

"I'll send it," said Letty, "it's too much for you to carry."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Smith, "the weight of nine yards of silk is neither here nor there. I gave you no lining, did I?"

The girl answered "No," faintly.

"Then it will be lighter to carry."

Letty went upstairs and took out the piece of silk, and folded it neatly with hands that were as cold as ice. She knew she was going to be found out and ruined. At that moment she wished that she could die; if she were dead her misdeed and Mrs. Smith's comments thereon would matter less. She stood with her hands resting on the folded parcel, waiting for some merciful miracle of that kind, but none came. Her heart beat slowly and faintly, but it kept on beating. When Letty saw that help would not come from this quarter, she went downstairs.

"You've tied it up, have you?" said Mrs. Smith, a little suspiciously. "You mightn't have done that without measuring it, for fear you might give me somebody else's piece instead of my own."

"That's your piece, right enough," said Letty dull. "There was only one of that sort." Then she clutched at her terror with desperation. "I'll measure it for you, you like, Mrs. Smith."

This offer reassured the elder lady. "Not at all, Miss Moore," she said with some cordiality. "It's been a right in your hands, I'm sure." Then she took her leave graciously enough.

Letty looked after the old woman's rigid figure as she

walked away. "Maybe she won't open it for a while, and in the interval I'll make her a present worth twice the value of what I've took, then she'll know, if she thinks about it at all, that I've paid her back."

But Mrs. Smith was not the type of person to act in such an irrelevant manner; she took off her bonnet and shawl and gloves when she reached home, but she measured the silk before she put them away, and the silk was three-quarters of a yard short.

"One never knows people," said the lady, nodding to herself. "I would have thought Letty Moore as honest as the sun. Well! I'll show her up."

Drama was rather remote from Mrs. Smith's experience, but she saw a good many dramatic possibilities in the present situation, and they exhilarated her. Herself as a confiding and defrauded person, Letty Moore as an abashed culprit, who had long traded on the good faith of the community, and the whole of Grimpat for an admiring audience, afforded a striking situation. Mrs. Smith banked up the fire with ashes, because she intended to be absent some time; then she went back to Letty Moore's.

Letty was sitting behind the geraniums by the window. She did not feel able to work that evening, and so was thankful that work was rather slack. Thus it happened that she saw Mrs. Smith come in at the little gate. At the moment she was not able to meet her; like a terrified child she ran upstairs and hid her face in the pillow of her little bed.

Mrs. Smith knocked till she was tired, then she lifted the door latch and entered. The kitchen was empty, but the worthy woman concluded that Letty was at home, otherwise she would not have left the door on the latch; she therefore sat down to await her appearance.

Letty had heard the knocking; the lifting of the latch was a softer sound, and did not reach her. In the protracted silence which followed she concluded that Mrs. Smith had gone away, and so, after a time, she picked up courage to descend the stairs. But Mrs. Smith was sitting in wait for her at the stair-foot.

The good woman had rehearsed every form of accusation in the interval, and had thought of saying, "You stole my silk, give me back my silk;" but at sight of the girl, a

milder mood came over her, and she said, politely enough, "I called about that silk, it seems shorter than when I left it with you."

"It couldn't be shorter, Mrs. Smith," said Letty, looking at her antagonist with terrified eyes. "What could make it shorter?"

"That 's what I don't know," said the visitor firmly; "I only know that I gave you nine yards of silk, and that you gave me back eight and a quarter. I know, too, that you were trying to match it, for I found the pattern at Marshall's."

Letty sat down, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, her face pale and stricken. People have committed a murder and felt less overwhelmed, at the moment of arrest, than did honest, upright little Letty Moore, in face of the knowledge that she was discovered to have "conveyed" three-quarters of a yard of cheap silk.

"I needn't deny that I took it, Mrs. Smith, since you know all about it," she said slowly. "I didn't know it was a dress length. I thought it had been cut off the piece, and that I could match it. I knew it came from Marshall's."

"And what did you want with my silk—what had you to do with it?" said Mrs. Smith, her anger rising. "It was stealing, whatever you say."

"I had promised Mary Willett a hood, but with Mr. Tedford's death, and all, I was kept busy until the last minute; when I went to buy the silk the shops were all closed. If they had been Grimpat shops, I would have knocked and made them open, but I couldn't do that at Nutford. I felt as if I couldn't break my word to Mary. Your silk was here in the house, and when I was looking for something that would do I came on it; I thought if I took what I wanted off it I could put it back the next day, but Mr. Marshall says it can't be matched. I am quite willing to make it good to you in any way you like."

"I'll have my bit of silk, or nothing," said Mrs. Smith frigidly. "I don't want your money, or your trimmings, or your matchings, I just want my material back again, and I'll have it, or I'll know why."

Letty said nothing, but her silence and her stricken attitude, instead of mollifying Mrs. Smith, goaded her to fury.

"If there 's law in the land or in the Church," she went

on, her voice rising, "I'll take the mask off your face--a meek, pretentious, whited sepulchre. To think of the gowns, and cloaks, and linings folk have entrusted to you, Letty Moore, believing in you as if you were the Gospel; it's easy to see now how you come to be so well-to-do, with three-quarters off here, and a yard off there, but I'll open people's eyes."

Letty rose and stood before her accuser.

"You'll have to do what you think right," she said, in a suffering, toneless voice. "I never took a thread or a hook-and-eye belonging to living woman in my life before. I have told you just the truth of how I came to do it this time."

Mrs. Smith gave a snort of infinite scorn. "Every thief who is caught says it was the first time. We'll see how many folks have missed things when I show you up. And you teaching in the Sabbath School, too! Well, next Sabbath you can teach the eighth commandment. To think of such a--a whited sepulchre!" In her vocabulary Mrs. Smith could not at the moment find another term as scathing. As she spoke she went out, and banged the door heavily behind her.

Letty resumed the seat she had quitted, and leaning her elbows on the table, took her face between her hands. She felt quite cold, and her pulses beat in languid throbs. Mrs. Smith would tell every one that she had stolen her silk, and one and another would come to think, in time, that she had always been dishonest. It would ruin her business, but, a hundred times worse than that, it would ruin her good name. To think of all the people who trusted her learning that she was a thief! To think of the minister, and John Willett, and his mother, who, in her own way, had been disposed to favor her! The talk would creep to Nutford, too, and Mr. Marshall, who had always thought so well of her as a customer, would probably set some one in future to watch her when she entered, lest she should secrete the reels of cotton or remnants of ribbon that were lying loose.

At this thought two slow tears of bitter suffering ran slowly the length of her pale cheeks.

"God knows I didn't mean to steal," she said aloud, and the tones fell curiously on the still air. "God knows I never defrauded man or woman before of anything in all

the days of my life." Then after a long pause she added, "There is always God."

She faced the position with despairing patience. Even God could not bring her blamelessly through it, because she had taken the piece of silk; she *was* guilty. Had she been wrongly accused, she would have met whatever followed, confidently foreseeing her ultimate justification; but for the guilty justification was impossible. "I can never hold up my head again," she said blankly.

After a little, the sense of physical prostration passing away, she rose and resorted to her needlework mechanically. But it dropped from her limp hands—she felt too tired, too stupid, and uninterested.

It was towards dusk when the door opened, and the minister came in. The moment she saw him Letty knew what he had come to speak about.

Mr. Witherow was a tall, slim man with a clearly cut and rather rigid face, a face to which anxieties about his congregation had added as many lines as the years had done. In creed Mr. Witherow was a Calvinist of the Calvinists, whose ideas of Heaven, and Immortality, and the Day of Judgment were as clearly defined as his knowledge of week-day and Sacrament services. Mr. Witherow had never doubted once in his whole lifetime that, at the Day of Judgment, he would be called by name to answer before the assembled nations for each individual member of the congregation committed to his charge. In his dreams Mr. Witherow frequently heard himself asked in a voice that was like a thunder-peal, "Richard Witherow, what of Andrew Wilson? Richard Witherow, what of William Burt, committed to you in the long past?" This made him thankful that his congregation was small; it made the attendant anxieties less, and showed him a shorter period of reckoning on the Dread Day. But it kept his life here very strenuous, and loaded him with a sense of personal responsibility that is not generally felt in the profession.

"I have had a visit from Mrs. Smith," the minister began simply. "She is in a terrible state about three-quarters of a yard of silk that she says you cut off her dress length."

"I took it," said Letty slowly. "I told her I took it."

Mr. Witherow inclined his head sorrowfully. "I did not

mean to steal, and she knows that," Letty pursued steadily. "I offered her any compensation she would accept—"

"She wishes to have you made an example of; she says you ought to be excommunicated," said Mr. Witherow, and his thought was as serious as his words.

"If you will sit down, sir, I will tell you just how it happened," said Letty, "and then if you think well to cut me off from the means of grace—I sha'n't complain." Then she told all the story over again, amid slow, unheeded tears.

"It is very unfortunate," Mr. Witherow said with a sigh, when she had concluded. "To borrow a piece of silk without leave was a very small thing in itself, but it is an opening of the door to evil. When people borrow money in that way, meaning to put it back, the act sometimes brings them penal servitude."

Letty gave a shudder. "I have been thinking it all out," she said; "in old times people were hanged for as little as this."

"Indeed yes," said the minister thoughtfully, "people were hanged or transported for the merest trifles; a man got fourteen years' penal servitude once, and died under sentence, for stealing a potato-pie. We have reason to thank God we are not so cruel nowadays."

"I suppose she could have me arrested?" said Letty in a dreary voice.

"I dare say she could, and fined, but I don't think she will, though I hold her to be a rather bad kind of Christian; she only wants to expose you, and she will do that, talking among the neighbors."

"I think the best thing I can do is to restore sevenfold and then to go away from here," the girl said huskily. "I'll make as good a living among strangers as I can do at Grimpat, once I have lost my character, and I would rather not wait for the old neighbors to give me the cold shoulder. I meant no harm, God knows, but I'll have to take the consequences of doing harm, all the same."

"When Mrs. Smith came I reasoned with her," said the minister slowly. "I told her she was showing a very bad spirit, even if you were guilty, which I did not believe. I talked to her very seriously." Then he rose to go. "I will talk to her again," he said. "Have you any objection that I should offer to restore sevenfold? The Scriptures do not

speaking of more, and fourfold was generally held to be sufficient."

"A hundredfold," said Letty with a sob. "I have a little money saved in all these years. I'll give her anything she asks."

Mr. Witherow felt very depressed as he walked down the road, not so much by the thought of Letty's individual suffering as at the thought of all the suffering that so often follows inadequate causes. "No doubt it is because she belongs to the elect that her first step astray is punished so severely," he said with a sigh. Mr. Witherow firmly believed that the path of the elect here was thick with thorns, but in compensation he held that these made for the safety of pedestrians towards the Kingdom. Then his thoughts reverted to Mrs. Smith. She certainly was an unlovely Christian, but she had been placed in his care, and he was responsible for her. Her unloveliness would not justify him if he had one day to answer "I do not know" to the question "Richard Witherow, what has become of Sarah Smith?"

"I'll tell her of Letty's offer," he said; "if she declines to accept it, I'll excommunicate her for her lack of charity—and that will surprise her more than losing her silk," he added, smiling for the first time.

Mrs. Smith was having tea when Mr. Witherow called on her. She was looking bright and animated, because she anticipated interesting results from the several calls she intended to pay before bed-time.

Mr. Witherow took off his hat as he entered, but he did not accept the seat Mrs. Smith indicated, not intending to unbend to the intimacy implied in a sitting attitude.

"I have been to see Miss Moore," he began gravely, "and I have learned all particulars regarding your loss. Miss Moore is willing to restore the value of the silk sevenfold. What is its value?"

"The piece cost twenty-seven shillings."

"Then let us assume that what she took—borrowed under a misapprehension, actually—is worth half-a-crown. In lieu of that, she authorizes me to offer you seventeen-and-sixpence."

"I won't take it," said Mrs. Smith triumphantly. "I

would rather show her up than have the price of twenty silk dresses."

"If you don't accept Miss Moore's offer," said the minister imperturbably, "I will summon you before the Session. A woman who would want to destroy the character and prospects of a girl who has lived in our midst since childhood, and is a credit to the community—"

"A canting publican," interrupted Mrs. Smith.

"A credit to the community," Mr. Witherow repeated firmly. "The woman who would want to destroy her and her prospects for a half-crown matter, is not only a bad Christian, but a bad woman."

"Me!" said Mrs. Smith, with a shriek.

"If the matter comes before the Session we shall have no option but to excommunicate you," Mr. Witherow went on. "It will be a great grief to your children in America to learn that the church in which their father was an elder has been obliged to excommunicate their mother. It will be a blot on the family history."

"I want nothing but my own again, I have a right to that," Mrs. Smith maintained stoutly, but the usual color of her cheek looked thin and veinous, and her breath came hurriedly.

"To restore your own little bit of silk is impossible under the circumstances. Miss Moore acknowledges that she took it. The Bible exacts nothing but confession and fourfold restitution; Miss Moore offers sevenfold—you had better accept her offer."

"She's got you on her side," said Mrs. Smith bitterly. "A sleek, canting—"

"Mrs. Smith," said the minister, "I hope I shall always be found on the side of the merciful. I desire nothing better either now or at the Last Day. The wish to ruin a poor young friendless girl could only be prompted by the devil, and as a minister of the Gospel I will oppose it, in every corner of the parish. This is my last word. I am very sorry that a woman of your age, so long held in esteem by the neighbors, should have ever wished to act such a cruel and evil part. Good-evening."

Mr. Witherow had scarcely reached the little gate outside the cottage ere Mrs. Smith was after him. "I will take that seventeen-and-sixpence," she said.

Mr. Witherow turned. "Do you understand what that binds you to?" he asked. "If you accept restitution, and subsequently talk of your loss, you will be guilty of slander, a serious offense in the eyes of the law of the land."

"I wouldn't be bothered with it," said Mrs. Smith fiercely. "To tie one hand and foot and tongue, and everything, and call this a free country, too!"

Mr. Witherow laid his hand on the old woman's trembling shoulder. "Mrs. Smith," he said, "your husband was one of the oldest elders in my congregation when I was ordained; his was a gentle and beautiful nature; he was one of the elect—his memory is yet fragrant in our midst. You are yourself a woman, the mother of other women; you have been young; possibly that experience is not so remote that you are unable to recall it. Try on that account to feel generously, and, because of all that is honorable in your life-history, to act generously towards a sister woman. No one ever regrets a good deed, while a deliberate cruelty cannot fail to plant a sharp thorn in that last pillow on which each of us must ultimately lay his or her dying head. You have now an opportunity of behaving nobly and making me proud of you. I will leave it to yourself to think whether or not you will embrace the opportunity."

Towards eight o'clock Letty Moore was reading her Bible; there are times when people find that the only refuge. "'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,'" she read aloud; as she did so, she turned her face involuntarily towards the window; but it was night, and the blind was down. At that moment there came a peremptory knock to the door. Letty opened it, and Mrs. Smith came in. To see the girl quail at her approach gave the old woman her last moment of evil pleasure.

"I came to speak about that silk," she said.

Letty did not answer; she only waited for the terrible announcement that was likely to follow. "I was thinking that maybe you might like to buy the whole of it," she went on. "It cost twenty-seven shillings new—you can have it for that."

Mrs. Smith was surprised and a little dismayed at the

passion of Letty's sudden burst of tears. "You are a good woman," she said between her sobs, "a good, good woman, though I thought hard things about you! I suppose it was because I was that miserable. You are a good woman!"

Letty always maintained that nobody knew the greatness of Mrs. Smith's nature till there was occasion to test it; in proof of her greatness she adduced that Mrs. Smith hated to be praised. When Letty married John Willett, Mrs. Smith sat beside the minister at the wedding-feast. Beyond the circle of those three, there never crept a whisper of Letty's misdoing; it is the solitary secret the latter ever kept from her husband. As to the piece of silk, it still lies in Letty's best-room bottom drawer, and when she wants to remind herself that well-meaning people may go far astray under sudden temptation, or that human hearts are often kinder than the careless would believe, she takes out the piece of silk and looks at it.

THOMAS ETTINGSALL

(1800?—1850.)

THOMAS ETTINGSALL was born about the close of the eighteenth century. He kept a fishing-tackle establishment at Woods Quay, Dublin, about 1824, and afterward removed to Cork Hill. He was a clever and witty writer and contributed sketches and stories to *The Irish Penny Journal* (1840) and the *Dublin Penny Journal* (1832).

It was in the last-named magazine, Dec. 15, 1832, that his 'Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec,' which has been often erroneously attributed to Lover, appeared. He was concerned with H. B. Code in the authorship of 'The Angling Excursions of Gregory Greendrake,' which was published in Dublin in 1824. He was "Geoffrey Greydrake" of that work, which was reprinted from *The Warder*. He died, in poor circumstances it is said, about 1850.

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

I tuck the road, one fine morning in May, from Inche-gelagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw many ships with big broad boards fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, "Those are about to run for a wager; this one siz she 'll be first, and that one siz she 'll be first." At any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I wint on boord to ax the fare, who shou'd come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own. "Och, is it yoorself that 's there, Ned?" siz I; "are ye goin' to Amerrykey?" "Why, an' to be sure," siz he; "I'm *mate* ov the ship." "Meat! that 's yer sort, Ned," siz I; "then we 'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?" "You 're time enough," siz Ned; "I 'll tell you when we 're ready for sea—leave the rest to me, Darby." "Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broath ov a boy; for the sake ov ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop."

So, my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. When it got up to three o'clock I found myself mighty weak with hunger. I got the smell ov corn beef an'

cabbage that knock'd me up entirely. I then wint to the landledly, and siz I to her, "Maybe your leddyship id not think me rood by axin' iv Ned and myself cou'd get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?" "In troath you can," siz she (an' she look'd mighty pleasant), "an' welkim." So, my darlin' dish and all came up. "That 's what I call a *flaugholoch*¹ mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many 's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, and how comfortable he 'd make me on the voyage. Day after day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light.

At last, siz he to me, one day after dinner, "Darby, the ship will be ready for sea on the morrow—you 'd betther go on board, an' pay your way." "Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you." "Ah! Darby," siz he, "you 're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough, ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself cou'dn't get over ye. But, Darby, there 's no joke like the thrue one. I 'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way." "O Ned," siz I, "is this the way you 're goin' to threat me after all? I 'm a rooin'd man; all I cou'd scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me, I 'm lost. Is there no place where you cou'd hide me from the captin?" "Not a place," siz Ned. "An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' out ov?" "Oh, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo 's stow'd." "An' is there no other place?" siz I. "Oh, yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks." "An', Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?" "Not a mother's soul," siz he. "An', Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, and give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?" "Why, Darby," siz he (an' he look'd mighty pittyful), "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you 'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I 'll bring you down some prog; but if you 're diskiver'd, it 's all over with me, an' you 'll be put on a dissilute island to starve." "O Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me." "Never fear, Darby, I 'll mind my eye." When night cum on I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep,

¹ *Flaugholoch*, princely—i. e. a fine mess.

an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month.

At last, one night, siz he to me, "Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days' sail of Quebec; the ship will be overhauled, and all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money." "An' is that all that frets you, my jewel," siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? In throath, Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality at any rate. But, what place is outside of the ship?" "Why, the sea, to be sure," siz he. "Och! botheration," siz I, "I mean what's the outside the ship?" "Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the bulwark." "An' fire an' faggots," siz I, "is it bulls work the vessel along?" "No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?" "Why, I'll tell you, Ned; get me an empty meal-bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham-bone, and that's all I'll ax." So, begad, Ned look'd very queer at me; so he got them for me, anyhow. "Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sea; do you cry out, there's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, and leave all the rest to me."

Well, to be sure, down into the sea I dropt without so much as a splash. Ned roared out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass—"a man in the sea! a man in the sea!" Every man, woman, and child came running up out of the holes, the captin among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—gibbet me, but I thought he was for shootin' me! down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what shou'd I see but a boat rowin' to me, as fast as a throu't afther a pinkeen.¹ When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out: "Bad end to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived agen like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhragged into the boat. To be shure, I didn't kick up a row—"Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared; "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissilute place, or by the powthers I'd make ye feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look

¹ *Pinkeen*, a small fish.

I had to follow yees, at all at all—which ov ye is the mas-ther?” As I sed this every mother’s son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an’ my bottle by my side, an’ the bare bone in my fist. “There he is,” siz they, pointin’ to a little yellow man in a corner of the boat. “May the —— rise blisters on your rapin’-hook shins,” siz I, “you yallow-lookin’ monkey, but it’s a’most time for you to think ov lettin’ me into your ship—I ’m here plowin’ and plungin’ this month afther ye; shure I didn’t care a *thraucneen* was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three sthraws, if I don’t know how to write, I’d leave my mark, an’ that on your skull”; so saying I made a lick at him with the ham-bone, but I was near tumblin’ into the sea agen. “An’, pray, what is your name, my lad?” siz the captin. “What’s my name! What id you give to know?” siz I; “ye unmannerly spalpeen, it might be what’s your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—ay, Darby Doyle, that was never afraid or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!” “An’, Mr. Darby Doyle,” siz he, “do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?” “This is more ov your ignorance,” siz I—“ay, an’ if you sted three days longer and not take me up, I’d be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags ov bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn’t time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore; there’s ne’er a cottoner in Cork iv you don’t pay for leavin’ me to the marcy ov the waves.”

All this time the blue chaps were pushin’ the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn’t see me on the voyage; to be sure, every one’s mouth was wide open, crying out Darby Doyle. “The —— stop your throats,” siz I, “it’s now you call me loud enough; ye wouldn’t shout that way when ye saw me rowlin’ like a tub in a millrace the other day forenenst your faces.” When they heard me say that, some of them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work till they a’most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captin does no more than runs to the book, an’ calls out the names that paid, and them that *wasn’t* paid—to be shure, I was one ov

them that didn't pay. If the captin looked at me before with *wondherment*, he now looked with astonishment!

Nothin' was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed, "I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer." "Do ye remimber," siz another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been drown'd in the great duck hunt, when Darby peeled off and brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours endways; and do ye remimber when all the dogs gother round the duck at one time; whin it wint down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for a'most an hour—and sted below while the creathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak an' hungry; and when everybody thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue?"¹

Begar, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captin wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms, starin' at poor Darby. At last I called Ned. "Ned, avic," siz I, "I want to go about my *bisness*." "Be easy, Darby," siz he; "haven't ye your fill ov good aitin'? an' the captin's got mighty foud ov ye entirely." "Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin' to sea?" "Augh, ye omadhaun,"² siz Ned, "sure they are come to look at you." Just as he said this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face. "You 'll know me agen," says I, "bad luck to yer manners and the schoolmather that taught ye." But I thought he was goin' to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould ov my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt and look't at my breast. "Pull away, ma-bouchal," siz I, "I'm no desarthur, at any rate." But never an answer he made, but walk'd down into the hole where the captin lived. "This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what cou'd that tallah-faced man mean?" "Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin' to see* iv your fingers were webb'd, or had ye scales on your breast." "His impidence is great," siz I; "did he take me for a duck or a bream? But, Ned, what 's the meanin' ov the boords acrass the stick the people walk on, and the big white boord

¹ *Kithogue*, left hand.

² *Omadhaun*, silly fellow.

up there?" "Why, come over and read," siz Ned. But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

THE GREATEST WONDHER OF THE WORLD!!!

TO BE SEEN HERE,

A Man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!

He has swum from Cork to Amererrykey!!

Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

Admittance Half a Dollar.

"Bloody wars! Ned," siz I, "does this mean your humble sarvint?" "Divil another," siz he,—so I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captin, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was affther starin' me out ov countenance. "Pardon my rudeness, your honor," siz I, mighty polite, and makin' a bow—at the same time Ned was at my heels—so rising my foot to give the genteel scrape, sure I scraped all the skin off Ned's shins. "May bad luck to your brogues," siz he. "You 'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "or ——" "Oh, Darby!" siz the captin, "don't be unginteel, an' so many ladies and gintlemin lookin' at ye." "The never an other mother's soul shall lay their peepers on me till I see sweet Inchegeelagh agen," says I. "Begar ye are doin' it well. How much money have ye gother for my shwimmin'?" "Be quiet, Darby," siz the captin, and he looked very much friekened. "I have plenty, an' I 'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do." "An' what is it, avic?" siz I. "Why, Darby," siz he, "I 'm affther houldin' a wager last night with this gintleman for all the worth ov my ship, that you 'll shwin against any shwimmer in the world; an', Darby, if ye don't do that, I 'm a gone man." "Augh, give us your fist," siz I; "did ye ever hear ov Paddy's dishaving any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves?" "Well, Darby," siz he, "I 'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred."

So sayin', he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a won-

dherful place—nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Begar I was a'most ashamed to ax the gintleman for the dollars. "But," siz I to myself agen, "the gintleman has too much money. I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sea, for I often heard the sea was richer than the land, so I may as well take it anyhow." "Now, Darby," siz he, "here 's the dollars for ye." But, begar, it was only a bit of paper he was handin' me. "Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon thravelers," siz I; "I had betther nor that, and many more ov them, melted in the sea; give me what won't wash out ov my pocket." "Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a merchant for the amount." "Pho, pho!" siz I, "I 'd sooner take your word nor his oath"—lookin' round mighty respectful at the goold walls. "Well, Darby," siz he, "ye must have the real thing." So, by the powthers, he reckon'd me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimly on my aunt and cut her forred. "Now, Darby," siz he, "ye are a rich man, an' ye are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, an' take a bottle ov wine." So to please the gintleman, I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned. "Captin," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from comin' in to see Darby. Bring him up, or, blow me, iv the ship won't be sunk." "Come up, Darby," siz the captin', lookin' roguish pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tendher as iv I was a lady, or a pound ov fresh butther in the dog days.

When I got up, shure enough, I couldn't help starin'; such crowds of fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship. One ov them, a little rosy-cheek'd beauty, whispered the captin somethin', but he shuk his head, and then came over to me. "Darby," siz he, "I know an Irishman would do anything to please a lady." "In throth you may say that with yer own ugly mouth," siz I. "Well, then, Darby," siz he, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sea." "Och, an' they shall have them in welcome," siz I. "That 's a good fellow," siz he; "now strip off." "Decency, Katty," siz I; "is it in my mother-naked pelt before the ladies? Bad luck to the undacent brazen-faced—but no matther! Irish girls for-

ever, afther all!" But all to no use. I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race and jumpt ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they look'd on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I 'd show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks on the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the tother side, and every one run to that side; then I took a houl't ov my two big toes, and, makin' a ring ov myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leeve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back-swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs for me to come out, so I got into the boat an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks runnin' to shake hands with me. "Shure," siz they, "you're the greatest man in the world!!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *fryin'* in the wather for shame.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captin lookin' very often at me. At last, "Darby," siz he, "are you anyway cow'd? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' catharacts." "Can, he, avic?" siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby, for that! But, captin, come here; is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short ov a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things." An' who shou'd come up while I was fawkin' to the captin but the chap I was to shwim with, an' heard all I sed. Begar! his eyes grew as big as two oysther shells. Then the captin call'd me aside. "Darby," siz he, "do ye put on this green jacket an' white throwers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap." "With all hearts, avic," siz I, "green for ever—Darby's own favorite color the world over; but where am I goin' to, captin?" "To the shwimmin' place, to be shure," siz he. "Divil shoot the failers an' take the hindmost," siz I; "here's at ye."

I was then inthrojuiced to the shwimmer. I look'd at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yallow as a kite's foot. "Tip up the mitten," siz I, "ma-bouchal," siz I. (But, begad, I was puzzled. "Begar," siz I to myself, "I'm done. Cheer up, Darby! If I'm not able to kill him,

I'll frighten the life out ov him.") "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" But never a word he answered. "Are ye bothered, neighbor?" "I reckon I'm not," siz he, mighty chuff. "Well, then," siz I, "why didn't ye answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we shwum to Keep Cleer or the Keep ov Good Hope?" "I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyein' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets. "Well, then, have ye any favorite place?" siz I. "Now, I've heard a great deal about the place where poor Boney died; I'd like to see it, iv I'd any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there?" Not a taste of a word cou'd I get out ov him, good or bad.

Off we set through the crowds ov ladies an' gentlemen. Such cheerin' and wavin' ov hats was never seen even at *Dan's* enthry; an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' an' rubbin' up against me, that I cou'd har'ly get on. To be shure, no one cou'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big loomp ov iron stuck fast in the ground with a big ring to it. "Whoo, Darby!" siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack ov my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turn'd roun' to look at what thript me. "What d' ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow. "Why, Darby?" siz he; "that's half an anchor." "Have ye any use for it?" siz I. "Not in the least," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to." "Maybe, you'd give it to a body," siz I. "An' welkim, Darby," siz he; "it's yours." "God bless your honor, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home the creather hadn't as much as an anvil but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad end to them. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part.

"Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hans with this fellow." Begar, the chap turned from yallow to white when he heard me say this. An' 'iz he to the gentleman that was walkin' by *his* side, "I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel *myself*." "An' murdher an Irish, if you're yer brother, can't you send him for yer-self, an' I'll wait here till he comes? Here, man, take a

dhrop ov this before ye go. Here 's to yer bettther health, and your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he 'd take. "No force," siz I, "avic; maybee you think there 's poison in it—well, here 's another good luck to us. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avic?" siz I, mighty complisant. "I reckon in another week," siz he. So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave. "Shwim up the catharacts!—shwim to the Keep ov Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena!—shwim to Keep Cleer!—shwim with an anchor on his back!—Oh! oh! oh!"

I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gother up my winners; and here I sit undher my own hickory threes, as independent as any Yankee.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

(1854 —)

FRANCIS A. FAHY was born in Kinvara, County Galway, Sept. 29, 1854. At the age of sixteen he wrote a play, 'The Last of the O'Learys,' which was performed in his native town. He went to London as a civil service clerk in 1873, where he still lives. He has taken an active part in various Irish literary movements in London, especially in the formation of the Southwark Irish Literary Club and the Irish Literary Society, which grew out of it. He wrote many poems for the Irish papers, signed "*Dreoilin*" (the Wren), and in 1887 published a collection of Irish songs and poems in Dublin.

His songs are eminently singable and many of them are well-known favorites in the concert hall and drawing-room. They are not only artless, simple, and winning, but altogether Irish in their admixture of humor, sentiment, and pathos. Though in some respects his name may well be bracketed with that of Mr. A. P. Graves, he differs from him in that "*Dreoilin*" sings of the inner and home life of the people, while Mr. Graves' songs are almost all pastoral and deal with out-of-door life.

HOW TO BECOME A POET.

Of all the sayings which have misled mankind from the days of Adam to Churchill, not one has been more harmful than the old Latin one, "A poet is born, not made."

The human intellect, it is said, may, by patient toil and study, gather laurels in all fields of knowledge save one—that of poesy. You may, by dint of hard work, become a captain in the Salvation Army, a corporation crossing-sweeper—ay, even an unsuccessful Chief Secretary for Ireland; but no amount of labor or perseverance will win you the favor of the Muses unless those fickle-minded ladies have presided at your birth, wrapped you, so to speak, in the swaddling clothes of metre, and fashioned your first yells according to the laws of rhythm and rhyme.

Foolish, fatal fallacy! How many geniuses has it not nipped in the bud—how many vaulting ambitions has it not brought to grief, what treasures of melody has it not shut up for ever to mankind!

Hence the paucity of poetical contributions to the press, the eagerness of publishers to secure the slightest scrap of

verse, the bashfulness and timidity of authors, who yet in their hearts are quite confident of their ability to transcend the best efforts of the "stars" of ancient or modern song.

Now the first thing that will strike you in reading poetical pieces is the fact that nearly all the lines end in rhymed words, or words ending in similar sounds, such as "kick, lick, stick," "drink, ink, wink," etc.

This constitutes the *real* difference between prose and poetry. For instance, the phrase, "The dread monarch stood on his head," is prose, but

"The monarch dread
Stood on his head."

is undeniable poetry.

Rhyme, is, in fact, the chief or only feature in modern poetry. Get your endings to rhyme and you need trouble your head about little else. A certain amount of common sense is demanded by severe critics; the general public, however, never look for it, would be astonished to find it, and, as a matter of fact, seldom or never do find it.

By careful study of the best authors you will soon discover what words rhyme with each other, and these you should diligently record in a small note-book, procurable at any respectable stationers' for the ridiculously small sum of one penny.

Few researches afford keener intellectual pleasure than the discovery of rhymes, in such words, say, as "cat, rat, Pat, scat," "shed, head, said, dead," and it is excellent elementary training for the young poet to combine such words into versed sentences, and even sing them to a popular operatic air.

For example—

"With that the cat
Sprang at the rat,
Whereat poor Pat
Yelled out 'Iss-cat,'
The roof of the shed
Fell plop on his head,
No more he said,
But fell down dead."

These first efforts of your muse are of high interest, and, although it would not be advisable to rush to press with

them, they should be sedulously preserved for the use of future biographers, when fame, honors, and emoluments shall have showered in upon you.

A little caution is needed in the use of such rhymes as "fire, higher, Maria," "Hannah, manner, dinner," "fight, riot, quiet." There is excellent authority for these, but it is well to recognize that an absurd prejudice does exist against them.

You will soon make the profitable discovery that there is a host of words, the members of which run, like beagles, in couples, the one invariably suggesting the other, such as "peeler, squealer"; "lick, stick"; "Ireland, sireland"; "ocean, commotion," and so on.

"'Twas then my bold peeler
Made after the squealer ;"
"He fetched him a lick
Of a murdering stick ;"
"His shriek spread from Ireland,
My own beloved sireland ;"
"And raised a commotion
Beyond the wide ocean."

Were it not for such handy couplets as these, most of our modern bards would be forced to earn their bread honestly.

Of equal importance is "apt alliteration's artful aid." It consists in stringing together a number of words beginning with the same letter. A large school of our bards owe their fame to this figure. You should make a free use of it. How effective are such phrases as "For Freedom, Faith, and Fatherland we fight or fall"; "Dear Dirty Dublin's damp and dreary dungeons"; "Softy shone the setting sun in Summer splendor"; "Blow the blooming heather"; "Winter winds are wailing wildly."

Of great effect at this stage of your progress will be the adroit and unstinted employment of such phrases as "I wis," "I wot," "I trow," "In sooth," "Methinks," "Of yore," "Erstwhile," "Alack," a plentiful sprinkling of which, like currants in a cake, will impart a quaint poetical flavor to your verses, making up for a total want of sense and sentiment. Observe their effect in the following admirable lines from Scott:—

"It were, I ween, a bootless task to tell
 How here, of yore, in sooth, the foeman fell,
 Erstwhile the Paynim sank with eerie yell,
 Alack, in goodly guise, forsooth, to ——"

Of like value are words melodious in sound or poetical in suggestion, like "nightingale," "moonlight," "roundelay," "trill," "dreamy," and so on, which, freely used, throw a glamour over the imagination and lull thought, the chiefest value of verse nowadays.

"There trills the nightingale his roundelay
 In dreamy moonlight till the dawn of day."

Note that in poetic diction you must by no means "call a spade a spade." The statement of a plain fact is highly objectionable, and a roundabout expression has to be resorted to. For example, if a girl have red hair, describe it as

"Glowing with the glory of the golden God of Day,"

or, if Nature has blest her with a "pug-nose," you should, like Tennyson, describe it as

"Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

For similar reasons words of mean significance have to be avoided. For instance, for "dead drunk," use "spirituously disguised"; for "thirty days in quod," "one moon in durance vile." You may now be said to have mastered the rudiments of modern poetry, and your future course is easy.

You may now choose, although it is not at all essential, to write on a subject conveying some meaning to your reader's mind. You would do well to try one of a familiar kind, or of personal or everyday interest, of which the following are specimens:—"Lines on beholding a dead rat in the street"; "Impromptu on being asked to have a drink"; "Reverie on being asked to stand one"; "Epitaph on my mother-in-law"; "Ode to my creditors"; "Morning soliloquy in a police cell"; "Acrostic on a shillelah." Through pieces of this character the soul of the writer permeates. Hence their abiding value and

permanency on second-hand book-stalls. Then you may seek "fresh woods and pastures new," and weave garlands in fields untrod by the ordinary bard. One of these is "Spring." Conceive the idea of that season in your mind. Winter gone, Summer coming, coughs being cured, overcoats put up the spout, streets dryer, coals cheaper, or—if you love nature—the strange facts of the leaves budding, winds surging, etc. Then probably the spirit (waterproof) of poesy will take possession of you, and you will blossom into song as follows:—

" 'T is the Spring ! 'T is the Spring !

Little birds begin to sing.

See ! the lark is on the wing,

The sun shines out like anything ;

And the sweet and tender lamb

Skips besides his great big dam,

While the rough and horny ram

Thinketh single life a sham.

" Now the East is in the breeze,

Now old maids begin to sneeze,

Now the leaves are on the trees,

Now I cannot choose but sing :

Oh, 't is Spring ! 't is Spring ! 't is Spring ! "

Verses like the above have an intrinsic charm, but if you should think them too trivial, you may soar into the higher regions of thought, and expand your soul in epics on, say, "The Creation," "The Deluge," "The Fall of Rome," "The Future of Man." You possibly know nothing whatever of those subjects, but that is an advantage, as you will bring a fresh unhackneyed mind to bear upon them.

I need hardly tell you that there is one subject above all others whose most fitting garb is poetry, and that is—Love. Fall in love if you can. It is easy—nothing easier to a poet. He is mostly always in love, and with ten at a time. But if you cannot, or (hapless wretch !) if you find it an entirely one-sided affair—very little free trade, and no reciprocity—ay, even if you be a married man who walketh the floor of nights, and vainly seeketh to soothe the seventh olive-branch—despair not. To write of Love, needeth not to feel it. If not in love, imagine you are. Extol in unmeasured terms the beauty of your adored one

—matchless, as the pipe-bearing stranger in the street—peerless, as the American House of Representatives. Safely call on mankind to produce her equal, and inform the world that you would give up all its honors and riches (of which you own none) for the sake of your Dulcinea; but tell them not the fact that you would not forego your nightly pipe and glass of rum punch for the best woman that ever breathed. Cultivate a melancholy mood. Call the fair one all sorts of names, heartless, cold, exacting—yourself, a miserable wight, hurrying hot haste to an early grave, and bid her come and shed unavailing tears there. At the same time keep your strength up, and don't forget your four meals a day and a collation.

I need not touch on the number of feet required in the various kinds of verse, as if a verse lacks a foot anywhere you are almost sure to put yours in it.

And now to “cast your lines in pleasant places.”

Having fairly mastered the gamut of poetical composition, you will be open to a few hints as to the publication of your effusions. It is often suggested that the opinion of a friend should be consulted at the outset as to their value. Of course you may do so, but, as friends go nowadays, you must be prepared to ignore his verdict. It is now you will discover that even the judgment of your dearest and most intellectual friend is not alone untrustworthy, but really below contempt, and that what he styles his candor is nothing less than brutality. I have known the greatest coolnesses ascribable to this cause, and the noblest offspring of the muse consigned to oblivion in weak deference to a friendly opinion. On the other hand, it is often of great value to read aloud your longest epics to some one who is in any way indebted to you and cannot well resent it.

Where the poet's corners of so many papers await you, the choice of a medium to convey your burning thoughts to the world will be easily made. You will scarcely be liable, I hope, to the confusion of mind of a friend of mine who, in mistake, sent his “Ode to Death” to the editor of a comic paper, and found it accepted as eminently suitable.

You should write your poem carefully on superfine paper with as little blotting, scratching, and bad spelling as you can manage.

To smooth the way to insertion, you might also write a conciliatory note to the editor, somewhat in this vein:—

“RESPECTED SIR,—It is with much diffidence that a young poet of seventeen (*no mention of the wife and five children*) begs to send you his first attempt to woo the Muses (*it may be your eighty-first, but no matter*). Hoping the same may be deemed worthy of insertion in the widely read columns of your admirable journal, with whose opinions I have the great pleasure of being in thorough accord (*you may have never read a line of it before*), I have the honor to be, respected sir, your obedient humble servant,
HOMER.

“P.S.—If inserted, kindly affix my full name as A. B.; if not, my *nom-de-plume*, ‘Homer.’

“N.B.—If inserted send me twenty copies of your valuable paper.
—HOMER.”

It will be vain to attempt to describe your feelings from the time you post that letter until you know the result of your venture. Your reason is unhinged; you cannot rest or sleep. You hang about that newspaper office for hours before the expected edition is out of the press. At last it appears. Trembling with eagerness you seize the coveted issue, and disregarding the “Double Murder and Suicide in —,” the “Collapse of the Bank of —,” the “Outbreak of War between France and Germany,” you dash to the poet’s corner and search with dazed eyes for your fate.

You may have vaguely heard, at some period of your life, of the mean, petty jealousies that befoul the clear current of journalism, and frown down new and aspiring talent, however promising, and you may have indignantly refused to believe such statements. Alas! now shall you feel the full force of their truth in your own person.

You look for your poem blindly, confusedly—amazed, bewildered, disgusted! You turn that paper inside out, upside down; you search in the Parliamentary debates, in the Money Market, in the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in the advertisements—everywhere. No sign of it!

With your heart in your boots you turn to the “Answers to Correspondents,” there to find your *nom-de-plume* heading some scurrilous inanity from the editorial chair, of one or other of the following patterns:—

“Homer—*Don’t try again!*”

“Homer—Sweet seventeen. So young, so innocent. Hence we spare you.”

"Homer—Have you no friends to look after you?"

"Homer—Do you really expect us to ruin this paper?"

"Homer—Send it to the *Telegraph* man. We have a grudge against him."

"Homer—The 71st *Ode to Spring* this year! And yet we live."

While it would be quite natural to indulge in any number of "cuss" words, your best plan will be to veil your wrath, and, refraining from smashing the editorial windows, write the editor a studiously polite letter, asking him to be good enough to point out for your benefit any errors or defects in the poem submitted to him. This will fairly corner him, and he will probably be driven to disclose his meanness in the next issue:—

"Homer—If you will engage to pay for the working of this journal during the twelve months it would take us to explain the defects in your poem, we are quite willing to undertake the job."

Insults and disappointments like these are the ordinary lot of rising genius, and should only nerve you to greater efforts. Perseverance will ultimately win, though it may not deserve, success.

And who shall paint the joy that will irradiate life when you find yourself in print for the first time? who shall describe the delirium of reading your own verses? a delight leading you almost to forgive the printer's error which turns your "blessèd rule" into "blasted fool," and your "Spring quickens" into "Spring chickens"; who will count the copies of that paper you will send to all your friends?

By-and-bye your fame spreads and you rank of the *élite*; you assume the air and manners of a poet. You wear your hair long (it saves barber's charges). You are fond of solitary walks, communing with yourself (or somebody else). You assume a rapt and abstracted air in society (when asked to stand a drink). You despise mere mundane matters (debts, engagements, and the like). Your eyes have a far-away look (when you meet a poor relation). When people talk of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, etc., you smile pityingly, and say: "Ah, yes! Poor Alfred (or Robert or Algernon, as the case may be); he means well—he means well"; and you ask your friends if they have read your "Spirit Reveries," and if not, you immediately pro-

duce it from your pocket, and read it (never be without copies of your latest pieces for this purpose).

And now farewell and God-speed. You are on the high road to renown.

“Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,
They crown you with laurels and throne you in power,
Oh, think of the friend who first guided your way,
And set you such rules you could not go astray,
And who, as reward, doth but one favor claim,
That you *won't* dedicate your first vol. to his name.”

THE DONOVANS.

If you would like to see the height of hospitality,
The cream of kindly welcome, and the core of cordiality:
Joys of all the olden time—you're wishing to recall again?
Come down to Donovans, and there you'll meet them all
again.

*Céad míle fáilte*¹ they'll give you down at Donovans,
As cheery as the springtime and Irish as the *cannawaun*²
The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one—
That every luck that lightens life may light upon the
Donovans.

As soon as e'er you lift the latch, the little ones are meeting
you;
Soon as you're beneath the thatch, oh! kindly looks are greet-
ing you:
Scarcely are you ready to be holding out the fist to them,
When down by the fireside you're sitting in the midst of them.

Céad míle fáilte they'll give you down at Donovans, &c.

There sits the *cailín deas*³—oh! where on earth's the peer of
her?
The modest face, the gentle grace, the humor and the cheer of
her—
Eyes like the summer skies when twin stars beam above in
them.
Oh! proud will be the boy that's to light the lamp of love in
them.

Céad míle fáilte they'll give you down at Donovans, &c.

¹ *Céad míle fáilte*, a hundred thousand welcomes.

² *Cannawaun*, bog-cotton, ³ *Cailín deas*, pretty girl.

Then when you rise to go, it's "Ah, then, now sit down again!"

"Isn't it the haste you're in?" and "Won't you soon come round again?"

Your *caubeen* and your overcoat you'd better put astray from them,

'T will take you all your time to try and tear yourself away from them.

Céad míle fáilte they'll give you down at Donovans, &c.

IRISH MOLLY O.

Oh! fairer than the lily tall, and sweeter than the rose,
As modest as the violet in dewy dell that blows;
With heart as warm as summer noon, and pure as winter
snow—

The pride of Erin's isle is she, dear Irish Molly O!

No linnet of the hazel grove than she more sweetly sang,
No sorrow could be resting where her guileless laughter rang.
No hall of light could half so bright as that poor cabin glow
Where shone the face of love and grace of Irish Molly O!

But fever's breath struck down in death her father strong and
brave,

And who should now his little ones from want and sorrow save?
"Oh, never fear, my mother dear, across the seas I'll go,
And win for ye a new home there," said Irish Molly O!

And far away 'mid strangers cold she toiled for many a year,
And no one heard the heart-wrung sigh or saw the silent tear.
But letters fond the seas beyond would kind and constant go,
With gold won dear, and words of cheer, from Irish Molly O!

And one by one she sent for all the loved ones o'er the foam,
And one by one she welcomed them to her fond heart and home,
And last and best her arms caressed the aged head of snow—
"Oh, mother, we'll be happy now!" said Irish Molly O!

Alas! long years of toil and tears had chilled her young heart's
glow,

And grief and care had blanched her hair and stilled her pulse's
flow,

And when the spring bade wild birds sing and buds in beauty
blow—

They made your grave where willows wave, poor Irish Molly O!

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
 When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
 As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
 A little Irish *cailín* in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm;
 And, oh! her face, and, oh! her grace, the soul of saint would
 charm;

Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all
 Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her—"God save you, miss," says I;
 "God save you kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by;
 Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
 Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
 Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight;
 But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
 "The grace of God about you and your ould plaid shawl."

I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and with
 knives,
 Make trembling travelers yield them up their money or their
 lives,
 But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all
 To a simple little *cailín* in an ould plaid shawl!

Oh! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
 And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,
 But never cloak or hood or robe, in palace, bow'r, or hall,
 Glad half such witching beauty as that ould plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
 And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;
 My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small -
 You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through
 Clare,
 I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveler everywhere,
 For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call
 That little Irish *cailín* in her ould plaid shawl.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.

Oh, 't is little Mary Cassidy 's the cause of all my misery,
The raison that I am not now the boy I used to be;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
Sure half the country side's as lost for her as me.
Travel Ireland up and down, hill, village, vale, and town,
Girl like my colleen dhown you 'll be looking for in vain.
Oh, I 'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy,
Than Emperor without her be o'er Germany or Spain.

'T was at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of
her,
And heard her sing the Drinan Donn, till tears came in my
eyes,
And ever since that blessed hour I 'm dreaming day and night
of her;
The divil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my mind;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
'T is little aise or happiness I 'm sure I 'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight
about,
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her eye?
Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they 'd soon go to
the right-about
If I thought the curly head of her would rest there by and by.
Take all I own to-day, kith, kin, and care away,
Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone;
Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonely with the two of us alone.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES OF IRELAND.

ANONYMOUS.

Following is a small selection from the vast and rich store of Anonymous Fairy and Folk Tales which have been current for centuries in Ireland. A much larger number of these stories is to be found elsewhere in this Library under the names of the authors who have written them down from traditional story-tellers and others, and who have published collections of them, from the time of Thomas Crofton Croker down to the present day.—[Ed.]

WILL O' THE WISP.

From 'Hibernian Tales,' a Chap-book.

In old times there was one Will Cooper, a blacksmith who lived in the parish of Loughile; he was a great lover of the bottle, and all that he could make by his trade went to that use, so that his family was often in a starving condition. One day as he was musing in his shop alone after a fit of drunkenness, there came to him a little old man, almost naked and trembling with cold. "My good fellow," said he to Will, "put on some coals and make a fire, that I may get myself warmed."

Will, pitying the poor creature, did so, and likewise brought him something to eat, and told him, if he thought proper, he was welcome to stay all night. The old man thanked him kindly, and said he had farther to go; "but," says he, "as you have been so kind to me, it is in my power to make you a recompense; make three wishes," says he, "for anything you desire most, and let it be what it will, you shall obtain it immediately." "Well," says Will, "since that is the case, I wish that any person who takes my sledge into their hand may never get free of it till I please to take it from them. Secondly, I have an armed chair, and I wish that any person sitting down on the same may never have power to rise until I please to take them off it. I likewise wish for the last," says Will, "that whatever money or gold I happen to put into my purse, no person may have power to take it out again but myself." "Ah! unfortunate Will!" cries the old man, "why did not you wish for Heaven?"

With that he went away from the shop, as Will thought, very pensive and melancholy, and never was heard of more. The old man's words opened Will's eyes; he saw it was in his power to do well had he made a good use of the opportunity, and when he considered that the wishes were not of the least use to him, he became worse every day, both in soul and body, and in a short time he was reduced to great poverty and distress.

One idle day as he was walking along through the fields he met the devil in the appearance of a gentleman, who told him if he would go along with him at the end of seven years, he should have anything he desired during that time. Will, thinking that it was as bad with him as it could be, although he suspected it was the devil, for the love of rising in the world, made bargain to go with him at the end of the seven years, and requested that he would supply him with plenty of money for the present. Accordingly, Will had his desire, and dreading to be observed by his neighbors to get rich on a sudden, he removed to a distance from where he was then living. However, there was nobody in distress or in want of money but Will was always ready to relieve, insomuch that in a short time he became noted, and went in that country by the name of Bill Money, in regard of the great sums he could always command. He then began to build houses, and before the seven years were expired he had built a town, which, in imitation of the name he then had, was called Bally-money, and is to this day. However, to disguise the business, and that nobody might suspect him having any dealings with Satan, he still did something now and then at his trade.

The seven years being expired, he was making some article for a friend, when the devil came into the shop in his former appearance. "Well, Will," says he, "are you ready to go with me now?" "I am," says Will, "if I had the job finished; take that sledge," says he, "and give me a blow or two, for it is a friend that is to get it, and then I will go with you where you please." The devil took the sledge, and they soon finished the job. "Now," says Will, "stay you here till I run to my friend with this, and I will not stay a minute." Will then went out and the devil stopped in the shop till it was near night, but there was no sign

of Will coming near him, nor could he by any means get the sledge out of his hands. He thought if he was once in his old abode, perhaps there might be some of the smith trade in it who would disengage him of the sledge, but all that were in hell could not get it out of his hands, so he had to retain the shape he was then in as long as the iron remained in his hand. The devil, seeing he could get nobody to do anything for him, went in search of Will once more, but somehow or other he could not get near him for a month.

At length he met him coming out of a tavern, pretty drunk. "Well, Will," says he, "that was a pretty trick you put on me!" "Faith, no," says Will, "it was you that tricked me, for when I came back to the shop you were away, and stole my sledge with you, so that I could not get a job done ever since." "Well, Will," says Satan, "I could not help taking the sledge, for I cannot get it out of my hand; but if you take it from me I will give you seven years more before I ask you with me." Will readily took the sledge, and the devil parted from him well pleased that he had got rid of it. Will having now seven years to play upon, roved about through the town of Ballymoney, drinking and sporting, and sometimes doing a little at his trade to blindfold the people; yet there was many suspected he had dealings with Satan, or he could not do half of what he had done.

At length the seven years were expired, and the devil came for him and found him sitting at the fire smoking, in his own house, where he kept his wonderful chair. "Come, Will," says he, "are you ready to go with me now?" "I am," says Will, "if you sit down a little till I make my will and settle everything among my family, and then I will go with you wherever you please." So, setting the arm-chair to Satan, he sat down, and Will went into the chamber as if to settle his affairs; after a little he came up again, bidding the devil come along, for he had all things completed to his mind, and would ask to stay no longer. When Will went out the devil made an attempt to rise, but in vain; he could not stir from the chair, nor even make the least motion one way or other, so he was as much confounded to think what was the matter, as when he was first cast into utter darkness. Will, knowing what

would occur to Satan, stayed away a month, during which time he never became visible in the chair to any of the family, nor do we hear that any one else ever observed him at any time but Will himself. However, at the month's end Will, returning, pretended to be very much surprised that the devil did not follow him. "What," says Will, "kept you here all this time? I believe you are making a fool of me; but if you do not come immediately I will have the bargain broken, and never go with you again." "I cannot help it," says Satan, "for all I can do I cannot stir from my seat, but if you could liberate me I will give you seven years more before I call on you again." "Well," says Will, "I will do what I can." He then went to Satan and took him by the arm, and with the greatest ease lifted him out of the chair and set him at liberty once more.

No sooner was Satan gone than Will was ready for his old trade again; he sported and played, and drank of the best, his purse never failing, although he sunk all the property and income he had in and about Ballymoney long before; but he did not care, for he knew he could have recourse to the purse that never would fail, as I told you before. However, an accident happened the same purse, that a penny would never stay in it afterwards, and Will became one of the poorest men to be found. This was at the end of the seven years of his last bargain, when Satan came in quest of him again, but was so fearful of a new trick put upon him by Will that he durst not come near the house. At length he met him in the fields, and would not give him time to bid as much as farewell to his wife and children, he was so much afraid of being imposed upon. Will had at last to go, and traveling along the road he came to an inn, where many a good glass he had taken in his time. "Here's a set of the best rogues," says Will, "in Ireland; they cheated me many a time, and I will give all I possess could I put a trick upon them." . . . "Well," says Satan, "I do not care if we stop." "But," says Will, "I have no money, and I cannot manage my scheme without it; but I will tell you what you can do—you can change yourself into a piece of gold; I will put you in my purse, and then you will see what a hand I will make for you and me both, before we are at our journey's end." Satan, ever willing to promote evil, consented to change himself into

gold, and when he had done so, Will put the piece into his purse and returned home.

Satan, understanding that Will did not do as he pretended, strove to deliver himself from confinement, but by the power of the purse he could never change himself from gold, as long as Will pleased to keep him in it, and no other person, as I have told you before, had power to take anything out of it but himself. Will would go to drink from one ale-house to another, and would pretend to be drunk when he was not, where he would lay down his purse and bid the waiters take what they pleased for the reckoning. Every person saw he had money plenty, yet all they could do they could never get one penny out of the purse, and he would get so drunk when they would give it back to him that he would not seem to understand anything, and so would sneak away. In this manner he cheated both town and country round, until Satan, weary of confinement, had recourse to a stratagem of his own, and changed himself from pieces of gold into a solid bar or ingot of the same metal, but could not get out of the purse.

This, however, put a great damp upon Will's trade, for when he had no coin to show he could get nothing from anybody, and how to behave he did not know. He took a notion that he would perhaps force him into coin again, and accordingly brought him to an iron forge, where he had the ingot battered, for the length of an hour, at a fearful rate; but all they could do they never changed it in the least, neither could they injure the purse, for the quality of it became miraculous after his wish, and the people swore the devil was surely in the purse, for they never saw anything like it. They were compelled at last to give over, and Will returned home and went to bed, putting the purse under his head. His wife was asleep, and the devil kept such a hissing, puffing, and blowing under the bolster that he soon awakened her, and she, almost frightened out of her wits, awakened Will, telling him that the devil was under his head. "Well, if he be," says Will, "I will take him to the forge, where I assure you he will get a sound battering." "Oh, no," says Satan, "I would rather be in hell than stay here confined in this manner, and if you let me go I will never trouble you again." "With all my

heart," says Will; "on that head you shall have your freedom," and opening the purse, gave Satan his liberty.

Will was now free from all dread or fear of anything, and cared not what he did. But I forgot to mention that at the time Will wished nobody might take anything out of the purse, he wished he might never put his hand in it himself but he would find money—but after Satan being in it he found it empty ever after. By this unlucky accident, he that had seen so much of the world for such a length of time was reduced to the most indigent state, and at length forced to beg his bread. In this miserable condition he spent many years until his glass was run, and he had to pay that debt to nature which all creatures have since the fall of Adam. However, his life was so ill-spent and his actions so bad that it is recorded he could get no entrance to any place of good after his decease, so that he was destined to follow his own master.

Coming to the gates of hell, he made a horrible noise to get in; then Satan bid the porter ask who it was that made such a din, and not to admit him till he would let him know. The porter did so, and he bade him tell his master that he was his old friend, Will Cooper, wanting to come to him once more. When Satan had heard who it was he ordered the gates to be strongly guarded; "for if that villain gets in," says he, "we are all undone." Will pleaded the distress he was in, that he could not get backward nor forward with the darkness he was surrounded with, and having lost his guide, if Satan would not let him in; and being loath to listen to the noise and confusion he was making at the gate, Satan sent one of his servants to conduct him back to earth again, and particularly not to quit him until he left him in Ireland.

"Now," says Satan to Will when he was going away, "you were a trusty servant to me a long time; now you are going to earth again, let me see you be busy, and gain all to me that you can; but remember how you served me when in the purse, and you shall never be out of darkness. I will give you a light in your hand to allure and deceive the weary traveler, so that he may become a prey to us." So lighting a wisp, he gave it to Will, and he was conducted to earth, where he wanders from that day to this, under the title of *Will o' the Wisp*.

LOUGHLEAGH (LAKE OF HEALING).

From the 'Dublin and London Magazine,' 1825.

"Do you see that bit of a lake," said my companion, turning his eyes towards the acclivity that overhung Loughleagh. "Troth, and as little as you think of it, and as ugly as it looks with its weeds and its flags, it is the most famous one in all Ireland. Young and ould, rich and poor, far and near, have come to that lake to get cured of all kinds of scurvy and sores. The Lord keep us our limbs whole and sound, for it's a sorrowful thing not to have the use o' them. 'Twas but last week we had a great grand Frenchman here; and, though he came upon crutches, faith he went home sound as a bell; and well he paid Billy Reily for curing him."

"And, pray, how did Billy Reily cure him?"

"Oh, well enough. He took his long pole, dipped it down to the bottom of the lake, and brought up on the top of it as much plaster as would do for a thousand sores!"

"What kind of plaster?"

"What kind of plaster? why, black plaster to be sure; for isn't the bottom of the lake filled with a kind of black mud which cures all the world?"

"Then it ought to be a famous lake indeed."

"Famous, and so it is," replied my companion, "but it isn't for its cures neather that it is famous; for, sure, doesn't all the world know there is a fine beautiful city at the bottom of it, where the good people live just like Christians? Troth, it is the truth I tell you; for *Shemus-a-sneidh* saw it all when he followed his dun cow that was stolen."

"Who stole her?"

"I'll tell you all about it:—Shemus was a poor gossoon, who lived on the brow of the hill, in a cabin with his ould mother. They lived by hook and by crook, one way and another, in the best way they could. They had a bit of ground that gave 'em the preaty, and a little dun cow that gave 'em the drop o' milk; and, considering how times go, they weren't badly off, for Shemus was a handy gossoon to boot; and, while minden the cow, cut heath and made

brooms, which his mother sould on a market-day, and brought home the bit o' tobaccy, the grain of salt, and other nic-nackenes, which a poor body can't well do widout. Once upon a time, however, Shemus went farther than usual up the mountain, looken for long heath, for town's-people don't like to stoop, and so like long handles to their brooms. The little dun cow was a'most as cunning as a Christian sinner, and followed Shemus like a lap-dog everywhere he'd go, so that she required little or no herden. On this day she found nice picken on a round spot as green as a leek; and, as poor Shemus was weary, as a body would be on a fine summer's day, he lay down on the grass to rest himself, just as we're resten ourselves on the cairn here. Begad, he hadn't long lain there, sure enough, when, what should he see but whole loads of *ganconers*¹ dancing about the place. Some o' them were hurlen, some kicking a football, and others leaping a kick-step-and-a-lep. They were so soople and so active that Shemus was highly delighted with the sport, and a little tanned-skinned chap in a red cap pleased him better than any o' them, bekase he used to tumble the other fellows like mushrooms. At one time he had kept the ball up for as good as half-an-hour, when Shemus cried out, 'Well done, my hurler!' The word wasn't well out of his mouth when whap went the ball on his eye, and flash went the fire. Poor Shemus thought he was blind, and roared out, 'Mille murdher!'² but the only thing he heard was a loud laugh. 'Cross o' Christ about us,' says he to himself, 'what is this for?' and afther rubbing his eyes they came to a little, and he could see the sun and the sky, and, by-and-by, he could see everything but his cow and the mischievous ganconers. They were gone to their rath or mote; but where was the little dun cow? He looked, and he looked, and he might have looked from that day to this, bekase she wasn't to be found, and good reason why—the ganconers took her away with 'em.

"Shemus-a-sneidh, however, didn't think so, but ran home to his mother.

"'Where is the cow, Shemus?' axed the ould woman.

¹ Ir. *gean-canach*, love talker, a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys, a dudeen (tobacco pipe) in his mouth, making love to milkmaids, etc.

² *Mille murdher*, a thousand murders.

“ ‘Och, musha, bad luck to her,’ said Shemus, ‘I donna where she is!’ ”

“ ‘Is that an answer, you big blaggard, for the likes o’ you to give your poor ould mother?’ said she. ”

“ ‘Och, musha,’ said Shemus, ‘don’t kick up saich a *bolthous*¹ about nothing. The ould cow is safe enough, I’ll be bail, some place or other, though I could find her if I put my eyes upon *kippecns*, and, speaking of eyes, faith, I had very good luck o’ my side, or I had naver a one to look after her.’ ”

“ ‘Why, what happened your eyes, agra?’ axed the ould woman. ”

“ ‘Oh! didn’t the ganconers—the Lord save us from all hurt and harm!—drive their hurlen ball into them both! and sure I was stone blind for an hour.’ ”

“ ‘And may be,’ said the mother, ‘the good people took our cow?’ ”

“ ‘No, nor the devil a one of them,’ said Shemus, ‘for, by the powers, that same cow is as knowen as a lawyer, and wouldn’t be such a fool as to go with the ganconers while she could get such grass as I found for her to-day.’ ”

In this way, continued my informant, they talked about the cow all that night, and next mornen both o’ them set off to look for her. After searching every place, high and low, what should Shemus see sticking out of a bog-hole but something very like the horns of his little beast!

“ ‘Oh, mother, mother,’ said he, ‘I’ve found her!’ ”

“ ‘Where, alanna?’ axed the ould woman. ”

“ ‘In the bog-hole, mother,’ answered Shemus. ”

At this the poor ould creathure set up such a *pullalluc* that she brought the seven parishes about her; and the neighbors soon pulled the cow out of the bog-hole. You’d swear it was the same, and yet it wasn’t, as you shall hear by-and-by.

Shemus and his mother brought the dead beast home with them; and, after skinnen her, hung the meat up in the chimney. The loss of the drop o’ milk was a sorrowful thing, and though they had a good deal of meat, that couldn’t last always; besides, the whole parish *faughed*² upon them for eating the flesh of a beast that died without bleeden. But the pretty thing was, they couldn’t eat

¹ *Bolthous*, rumpus. ² *Faughed*, despised,

the meat after all, for when it was boiled it was as tough as carrion, and as black as a turf. You might as well think of sinking your teeth in an oak plank as into a piece of it, and then you'd want to sit a great piece from the wall for fear of knocking your head against it when pulling it through your teeth. At last and at long run they were forced to throw it to the dogs, but the dogs wouldn't smell to it, and so it was thrown into the ditch, where it rotted. This misfortune cost poor Shemus many a salt tear, for he was now obliged to work twice as hard as before, and be out cutten heath on the mountain late and early. One day he was passing by this cairn with a load of brooms on his back, when what should he see but the little dun cow and two red-headed fellows herding her.

"That 's my mother's cow," said Shemus-a-sneidh.

"No, it is not," said one of the chaps.

"But I say it is," said Shemus, throwing the brooms on the ground, and seizing the cow by the horns. At that the red fellows drove her as fast as they could to this steep place, and with one leap she bounced over, with Shemus stuck fast to her horns. They made only one splash in the lough, when the waters closed over 'em, and they sunk to the bottom. Just as Shemus-a-sneidh thought that all was over with him, he found himself before a most elegant palace built with jewels, and all manner of fine stones. Though his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of the place, faith he had gomsh¹ enough not to let go his holt, but in spite of all they could do, he held his little cow by the horns. He was axed into the palace, but wouldn't go.

The hubbub at last grew so great that the door flew open, and out walked a hundred ladies and gentlemen, as fine as any in the land.

"What does this boy want?" axed one o' them, who seemed to be the masther.

"I want my mother's cow," said Shemus.

"That 's not your mother's cow," said the gentleman.

"Bethershin!"² cried Shemus-a-sneidh; "don't I know her as well as I know my right hand?"

"Where did you lose her?" axed the gentleman. And so Shemus up and told him all about it: how he was on

¹ *Gomsh*, otherwise "gumption"—*i.e.*, sense, cuteness,

² *B'édir sin*, "that is possible,"

the mountain—how he saw the good people hurlen—how the ball was knocked in his eye, and his cow was lost.

“I believe you are right,” said the gentleman, pulling out his purse, “and here is the price of twenty cows for you.”

“No, no,” said Shemus, “you ’ll not catch ould birds wid chaff. I ’ll have my cow and nothen else.”

“You ’re a funny fellow,” said the gentleman; “stop here and live in a palace.”

“I ’d rather live with my mother.”

“Foolish boy!” said the gentleman; “stop here and live in a palace.”

“I ’d rather live in my mother’s cabin.”

“Here you can walk through gardens loaded with fruit and flowers.”

“I ’d rather,” said Shemus, “be cutting heath on the mountains.”

“Here you can eat and drink of the best.”

“Since I ’ve got my cow, I can have milk once more with the praties.”

“Oh!” cried the ladies, gathering round him, “sure you wouldn’t take away the cow that gives us milk for our tea?”

“Oh!” said Shemus, “my mother wants milk as bad as any one, and she must have it; so there is no use in your palaver—I must have my cow.”

At this they all gathered about him and offered him bushels of gould, but he wouldn’t have anything but his cow. Seeing him as obstinate as a mule, they began to thump and beat him; but still he held fast by the horns, till at length a great blast of wind blew him out of the place, and in a moment he found himself and the cow standing on the side of the lake, the water of which looked as if it hadn’t been disturbed since Adam was a boy—and that’s a long time since.

Well, Shemus-a-sneidh drove home his cow, and right glad his mother was to see her; but the moment she said “God bless the beast,” she sunk down like the *breesha*¹ of a turf rick. That was the end of Shemus-a-sneidh’s dun cow.

“And, sure,” continued my companion, standing up, “it

¹ *Briscaadh*, breaking.

is now time for me to look after my brown cow, and God send the ganconers haven't taken her!"

Of this I assured him there could be no fear; and so we parted.

DONALD AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

From 'Hibernian Tales,' a Chap-book.

Hudden and Dudden and Donald O'Nery were near neighbors in the barony of Balinconlig, and plowed with three bullocks; but the two former, envying the present prosperity of the latter, determined to kill his bullock, to prevent his farm being properly cultivated and labored, that going back in the world he might be induced to sell his lands, which they meant to get possession of. Poor Donald, finding his bullock killed, immediately skinned it, and throwing the skin over his shoulder, with the fleshy side out, set off to the next town with it, to dispose of it to the best of his advantage. Going along the road a magpie flew on the top of the hide and began picking it, chattering all the time. The bird had been taught to speak and imitate the human voice, and Donald, thinking he understood some words it was saying, put round his hand and caught hold of it. Having got possession of it, he put it under his great-coat, and so went on to the town.

Having sold the hide, he went into an inn to take a dram, and following the landlady into the cellar, he gave the bird a squeeze which made it chatter some broken accents that surprised her very much. "What is that I hear?" said she to Donald; "I think it is talk, and yet I do not understand." "Indeed," said Donald, "it is a bird I have that tells me everything, and I always carry it with me to know when there is any danger. Faith," says he, "it says you have far better liquor than you are giving me." "That is strange," said she, going to another cask of better quality, and asking him if he would sell the bird. "I will," said Donald, "if I get enough for it." "I will fill your hat with silver if you leave it with me." Donald was glad to hear the news, and taking the silver, set off, rejoicing at his good luck.

He had not been long at home until he met with Hudden and Dudden. "Mister," said he, "you thought you did me a bad turn, but you could not have done me a better, for look here what I have got for the hide," showing them the hatful of silver; "you never saw such a demand for hides in your life as there is at present." Hudden and Dudden that very night killed their bullocks, and set out the next morning to sell their hides. On coming to the place they went through all the merchants, but could only get a trifle for them. At last they had to take what they could get, and came home in a great rage, and vowing revenge on poor Donald. He had a pretty good guess how matters would turn out, and he being under the kitchen window, he was afraid they would rob him, or perhaps kill him when asleep, and on that account, when he was going to bed he left his old mother in his place and lay down in her bed, which was on the other side of the house; and taking the old woman for Donald, they choked her in her bed, but he making some noise they had to retreat and leave the money behind them, which grieved them very much.

However, by daybreak Donald got his mother on his back and carried her to town. Stopping at a well, he fixed his mother with her staff, as if she was stooping for a drink, and then went into a public-house convenient and called for a dram. "I wish," said he to a woman that stood near him, "you would tell my mother to come in; she is at yon well trying to get a drink, and she is hard of hearing. If she does not observe you, give her a little shake and tell her that I want her." The woman called her several times, but she seemed to take no notice; at length she went to her and shook her by the arm, but when she let her go again, she tumbled on her head into the well, and, as the woman thought, was drowned. She, in great surprise and fear at the accident, told Donald what had happened. "Oh, mercy," said he, "what is this?" He ran and pulled her out of the well, weeping and lamenting all the time, and acting in such a manner that you would imagine he had lost his senses. The woman, on the other hand, was far worse than Donald, for his grief was only feigned, but she imagined herself to be the cause of the old woman's death.

The inhabitants of the town, hearing what had happened,

agreed to make Donald up a good sum for his loss, as the accident happened in their place; and Donald brought a greater sum home with him than he got for the magpie. They buried Donald's mother, and as soon as he saw Hudden and Dudden he showed them the last purse of money he had got. "You thought to kill me last night," said he, "but it was good for me it happened on my mother, for I got all that purse for her to make gunpowder."

That very night Hudden and Dudden killed their mothers, and the next morning set off with them to town. On coming to the town with their burthen on their backs, they went up and down crying, "Who will buy old wives for gunpowder?" so that every one laughed at them, and the boys at last clodded them out of the place. They then saw the cheat, and vowing revenge on Donald, buried the old women, and set off in pursuit of him. Coming to his house, they found him sitting at his breakfast, and seizing him, put him in a sack, and went down to drown him in a river at some distance.

As they were going along the highway they raised a hare, which they saw had but three feet, and throwing off the sack, ran after her, thinking by appearance she would be easily taken. In their absence there came a drover that way, and hearing Donald singing in the sack, wondered greatly what could be the matter. "What is the reason," said he, "that you are singing, and you confined?" "Oh, I am going to heaven," said Donald, "and in a short time I expect to be free from trouble." "Oh, dear," said the drover, "what will I give you if you let me to your place?" "Indeed, I do not know," said he; "it would take a good sum." "I have not much money," said the drover, "but I have twenty head of fine cattle, which I will give you to exchange places with me." "Well," says Donald, "I do not care if I should; loose the sack, and I will come out." In a moment the drover liberated him and went into the sack himself, and Donald drove home the fine heifers, and left them in his pasture.

Hudden and Dudden having caught the hare, returned, and getting the sack on one of their backs, carried Donald, as they thought, to the river, and threw him in, where he immediately sank. They then marched home, intending to take immediate possession of Donald's property; but

how great was their surprise when they found him safe at home before them, with such a fine herd of cattle, whereas they knew he had none before. "Donald," said they, "what is all this? We thought you were drowned, and yet you are here before us." "Ah," said he, "if I had but help along with me when you threw me in, it would have been the best job ever I met with, for of all the sight of cattle and gold that ever was seen is there, and no one to own them; but I was not able to manage more than what you see, and I could show you the spot where you might get hundreds." They both swore they would be his friend, and Donald accordingly led them to a very deep part of the river, and lifted up a stone. "Now," said he, "watch this," throwing it into the stream; "there is the very place, and go in one of you first, and if you want help you have nothing to do but call." Hudden, jumping in and sinking to the bottom, rose up again, and making a bubbling noise, as those do that are drowning, attempted to speak, but could not. "What is that he is saying now?" says Dudden. "Faith," says Donald, "he is calling for help; don't you hear him? Stand about," said he, running back, "till I leap in. I know how to do better than any of you." Dudden, to have the advantage of him, jumped in off the bank, and was drowned along with Hudden. And this was the end of Hudden and Dudden.

A QUEEN'S COUNTY WITCH.

From the 'Dublin University Review,' 1839.

It was about eighty years ago, in the month of May, that a Roman Catholic clergyman, near Rathdowney, in the Queen's County, was awakened at midnight to attend a dying man in a distant part of the parish. The priest obeyed without a murmur, and having performed his duty to the expiring sinner, saw him depart this world before he left the cabin. As it was yet dark, the man who had called on the priest offered to accompany him home, but he refused, and set forward on his journey alone. The gray dawn began to appear over the hills. The good priest was highly enraptured with the beauty of the scene, and rode

on, now gazing intently at every surrounding object, and again cutting with his whip at the bats and big beautiful night-flies which flitted ever and anon from hedge to hedge across his lonely way. Thus engaged, he journeyed on slowly, until the nearer approach of sunrise began to render objects completely discernible, when he dismounted from his horse, and slipping his arm out of the rein, and drawing forth his "Breviary" from his pocket, he commenced reading his "morning office" as he walked leisurely along.

He had not proceeded very far, when he observed his horse, a very spirited animal, endeavoring to stop on the road, and gazing intently into a field on one side of the way where there were three or four cows grazing. However, he did not pay any particular attention to this circumstance, but went on a little farther, when the horse suddenly plunged with great violence, and endeavored to break away by force. The priest with great difficulty succeeded in restraining him, and, looking at him more closely, observed him shaking from head to foot, and sweating profusely. He now stood calmly, and refused to move from where he was, nor could threats or entreaty induce him to proceed. The father was greatly astonished, but recollecting to have often heard of horses laboring under affright being induced to go by blindfolding them, he took out his handkerchief and tied it across his eyes. He then mounted, and, striking him gently, he went forward without reluctance, but still sweating and trembling violently. They had not gone far, when they arrived opposite a narrow path or bridle-way, flanked at either side by a tall, thick hedge, which led from the high road to the field where the cows were grazing. The priest happened by chance to look into the lane, and saw a spectacle which made the blood curdle in his veins. It was the legs of a man from the hips downwards, without head or body, trotting up the avenue at a smart pace. The good father was very much alarmed, but, being a man of strong nerve, he resolved, come what might, to stand, and be further acquainted with this singular specter. He accordingly stood, and so did the headless apparition, as if afraid to approach him.

The priest, observing this, pulled back a little from the entrance of the avenue, and the phantom again resumed

its progress. It soon arrived on the road, and the priest now had sufficient opportunity to view it minutely. It wore yellow buckskin breeches, tightly fastened at the knees with green ribbon; it had neither shoes nor stockings on, and its legs were covered with long, red hairs, and all full of wet, blood, and clay, apparently contracted in its progress through the thorny hedges. The priest, although very much alarmed, felt eager to examine the phantom, and for this purpose summoned all his philosophy to enable him to speak to it. The ghost was now a little ahead, pursuing its march at its usual brisk trot, and the priest urged on his horse speedily until he came up with it, and thus addressed it—

“Hilloa, friend! who art thou, or whither art thou going so early?”

The hideous specter made no reply, but uttered a fierce and superhuman growl, or “Umph.”

“A fine morning for ghosts to wander abroad,” again said the priest.

Another “Umph” was the reply.

“Why don’t you speak?”

“Umph.”

“You don’t seem disposed to be very loquacious this morning.”

“Umph,” again.

The good man began to feel irritated at the obstinate silence of his unearthly visitor, and said, with some warmth—

“In the name of all that’s sacred, I command you to answer me, Who art thou, or where art thou traveling?”

Another “Umph,” more loud and more angry than before, was the only reply.

“Perhaps,” said the father, “taste of whipcord might render you a little more communicative;” and so saying, he struck the apparition a heavy blow with his whip on the breech.

The phantom uttered a wild and unearthly yell, and fell forward on the road, and what was the priest’s astonishment when he perceived the whole place running over with milk. He was struck dumb with amazement; the prostrate phantom still continued to eject vast quantities of milk from every part; the priest’s head swam, his eyes got dizzy;

a stupor came all over him for some minutes, and on his recovering, the frightful specter had vanished, and in its stead he found stretched on the road, and half drowned in milk, the form of Sarah Kennedy, an old woman of the neighborhood, who had been long notorious in that district for her witchcraft and superstitious practices, and it was now discovered that she had, by infernal aid, assumed that monstrous shape, and was employed that morning in sucking the cows of the village. Had a volcano burst forth at his feet, he could not be more astonished; he gazed awhile in silent amazement—the old woman groaning, and writhing convulsively.

“Sarah,” said he, at length, “I have long admonished you to repent of your evil ways, but you were deaf to my entreaties; and now, wretched woman, you are surprised in the midst of your crimes.”

“Oh, father, father,” shouted the unfortunate woman, “can you do nothing to save me? I am lost; hell is open for me, and legions of devils surround me this moment, waiting to carry my soul to perdition.”

The priest had not power to reply; the old wretch’s pains increased; her body swelled to an immense size; her eyes flashed as if on fire, her face was black as night, her entire form writhed in a thousand different contortions; her outcries were appalling, her face sunk, her eyes closed, and in a few minutes she expired in the most exquisite tortures.

The priest departed homewards, and called at the next cabin to give notice of the strange circumstances. The remains of Sarah Kennedy were removed to her cabin, situate at the edge of a small wood at a little distance. She had long been a resident in that neighborhood, but still she was a stranger, and came there no one knew from whence. She had no relation in that country but one daughter, now advanced in years, who resided with her. She kept one cow, but sold more butter, it was said, than any farmer in the parish, and it was generally suspected that she acquired it by devilish agency, as she never made a secret of being intimately acquainted with sorcery and fairyism. She professed the Roman Catholic religion, but never complied with the practices enjoined by that church, and her remains were denied Christian sepulture, and were buried in a sand-pit near her own cabin.

On the evening of her burial, the villagers assembled and burned her cabin to the earth. Her daughter made her escape, and never after returned.

THE FAIRY GREYHOUND.

Paddy M'Dermid was one of the most rollicking boys in the whole county of Kildare. Fair or pattern¹ wouldn't be held barring he was in the midst of it. He was in every place, like bad luck, and his poor little farm was seldom sowed in season; and where he expected barley, there grew nothing but weeds. Money became scarce in poor Paddy's pocket; and the cow went after the pig, until nearly all he had was gone. Lucky however for him, if he had *gomch* (sense) enough to mind it, he had a most beautiful dream one night as he lay tossicated (drunk) in the Rath² of Monogue, because he wasn't able to come home. He dreamt that, under the place where he lay, a pot of money was buried since long before the memory of man. Paddy kept the dream to himself until the next night, when, taking a spade and pickaxe, with a bottle of holy water, he went to the Rath, and, having made a circle round the place, commenced diggin' sure enough, for the bare life and sowl of him, thinkin' that he was made for ever and ever. He had sunk about twice the depth of his knees, when *whack* the pickaxe struck against a flag, and at the same time Paddy heard something breathe quite near him. He looked up, and just forment him there sat on his haunches a comely looking greyhound.

"God save you," said Paddy, every hair in his head standing up as straight as a sally twig.

"Save you kindly," answered the greyhound—leaving out God, the beast, bekase he was the divil. Christ defend us from ever seeing the likes o' him.

"Musha, Paddy M'Dermid," said he, "what would you be looking after in that grave of a hole you're diggin' there?"

¹ *Pattern*, a merry-making in the honor of some patron saint.

² *Raths*, little fields enclosed by circular ditches. They are thought to have been the sheep-folds and dwellings of an ancient people.

"Faith, nothing at all, at all," answered Paddy; bekase you see he didn't like the stranger.

"Arrah, be easy now, Paddy M'Dermid," said the greyhound; "don't I know very well what you are looking for?"

"Why then in truth, if you do, I may as well tell you at wonst, particularly as you seem a civil-looking gentleman, that 's not above speaking to a poor gossoon like myself." (Paddy wanted to butter him up a bit.)

"Well then," said the greyhound, "come out here and sit down on this bank," and Paddy, like a gomulagh (fool), did as he was desired, but had hardly put his brogue outside of the circle made by the holy water, when the beast of a hound set upon him, and drove him out of the Rath; for Paddy was frightened, as well he might, at the fire that flamed from his mouth. But next night he returned, full sure the money was there. As before, he made a circle, and touched the flag, when my gentleman, the greyhound, appeared in the ould place.

"Oh ho," said Paddy, "you are there, are you? but it will be a long day, I promise you, before you trick me again;" and he made another stroke at the flag.

"Well, Paddy M'Dermid," said the hound, "since you will have money, you must; but say, how much will satisfy you?"

Paddy scratched his coulaan,¹ and after a while said—

"How much will your honor give me?" for he thought it better to be civil.

"Just as much as you consider reasonable, Paddy M'Dermid."

"Egad," says Paddy to himself, "there's nothing like axin' enough."

"Say fifty thousand pounds," said he. (He might as well have said a hundred thousand, for I'll be bail the beast had money gulloure.)

"You shall have it," said the hound; and then, after trotting away a little bit, he came back with a crock full of guineas between his paws.

"Come here and reckon them," said he; but Paddy was up to him, and refused to stir, so the crock was shoved alongside the blessed and holy circle, and Paddy pulled it

¹ *Coulaan*, head of hair, wig.

in, right glad to have it in his clutches, and never stood still until he reached his own home, where his guineas turned into little bones, and his ould mother laughed at him. Paddy now swore vengeance against the deceitful beast of a greyhound, and went next night to the Rath again, where, as before, he met Mr. Hound.

"So you are here again, Paddy?" said he.

"Yes, you big blaggard," said Paddy, "and I'll never leave this place until I pull out the pot of money that's buried here."

"Oh, you won't," said he. "Well, Paddy M'Dermid, since I see you are such a brave venturesome fellow I'll be after making you up if you walk downstairs with me out of the could"; and sure enough it was snowing like murder.

"Oh may I never see Athy if I do," returned Paddy, "for you only want to be loading me with ould bones, or perhaps breaking my own, which would be just as bad."

"'Pon honor," said the hound, "I am your friend; and so don't stand in your own light; come with me and your fortune is made. Remain where you are and you'll die a beggar-man." So bedad, with one palaver and another, Paddy consented; and in the middle of the Rath opened up a beautiful staircase, down which they walked; and after winding and turning they came to a house much finer than the Duke of Leinster's, in which all the tables and chairs were solid gold. Paddy was delighted; and after sitting down, a fine lady handed him a glass of something to drink; but he had hardly swallowed a spoonful when all around set up a horrid yell, and those who before appeared beautiful now looked like what they were—enraged "good people" (fairies).

Before Paddy could bless himself, they seized him, legs and arms, carried him out to a great high hill that stood like a wall over a river, and flung him down. "Murder!" cried Paddy; but it was no use, no use; he fell upon a rock, and lay there as dead until next morning, where some people found him in the trench that surrounds the *mote* of Coulhall, the "good people" having carried him there; and from that hour to the day of his death he was the greatest object in the world. He walked double, and had his mouth (God bless us!) where his ear should be.

THE COUNTESS KATHLEEN O'SHEA.

From a London-Irish newspaper.

A very long time ago, there suddenly appeared in old Ireland two unknown merchants of whom nobody had ever heard, and who nevertheless spoke the language of the country with the greatest perfection. Their locks were black, and bound round with gold, and their garments were of rare magnificence.

Both seemed of like age; they appeared to be men of fifty, for their foreheads were wrinkled and their beards tinged with gray.

In the hostelry where the pompous traders alighted it was sought to penetrate their designs; but in vain—they led a silent and retired life. And whilst they stopped there, they did nothing but count over and over again out of their money-bags pieces of gold, whose yellow brightness could be seen through the windows of their lodging.

“Gentlemen,” said the landlady one day, “how is it that you are so rich, and that, being able to succor the public misery, you do no good works?”

“Fair hostess,” replied one of them, “we didn’t like to present alms to the honest poor, in dread we might be deceived by make-believe paupers. Let want knock at our door, we shall open it.”

The following day, when the rumor spread that two rich strangers had come, ready to lavish their gold, a crowd besieged their dwelling; but the figures of those who came out were widely different. Some carried pride in their mien; others were shame-faced.

The two chapmen traded in souls for the demon. The soul of the aged was worth twenty pieces of gold, not a penny more; for Satan had had time to make his valuation. The soul of a matron was valued at fifty, when she was handsome, and a hundred when she was ugly. The soul of a young maiden fetched an extravagant sum; the freshest and purest flowers are the dearest.

At that time there lived in the city an angel of beauty, the Countess Kathleen O’Shea. She was the idol of the people and the providence of the indigent. As soon as she learned that these miscreants profited by the public

misery to steal away hearts from God, she called to her butler.

"Patrick," said she to him, "how many pieces of gold in my coffers?"

"A hundred thousand."

"How many jewels?"

"The money's worth of the gold."

"How much property in castles, forests, and lands?"

"Double the rest."

"Very well, Patrick; sell all that is not gold; and bring me the account. I only wish to keep this mansion and the demesne that surrounds it."

Two days afterwards the orders of the pious Kathleen were executed, and the treasure was distributed to the poor in proportion to their wants. This, says the tradition, did not suit the purposes of the Evil Spirit, who found no more souls to purchase. Aided by an infamous servant, they penetrated into the retreat of the noble dame, and purloined from her the rest of her treasure. In vain she struggled with all her strength to save the contents of her coffers; the diabolical thieves were the stronger. If Kathleen had been able to make the sign of the Cross, adds the legend, she would have put them to flight, but her hands were captive. The larceny was effected.

Then the poor called for aid to the plundered Kathleen, alas, to no good: she was able to succor their misery no longer; she had to abandon them to the temptation.

Meanwhile, but eight days had to pass before the grain and provender would arrive in abundance from the western lands. Eight such days were an age. Eight days required an immense sum to relieve the exigencies of the dearth, and the poor should either perish in the agonies of hunger, or, denying the holy maxims of the Gospel, vend, for base lucre, their souls, the richest gift from the bounteous hand of the Almighty. And Kathleen hadn't anything, for she had given up her mansion to the unhappy. She passed twelve hours in tears and mourning, rending her sun-tinted hair, and bruising her breast, of the whiteness of the lily; afterwards she stood up, resolute, animated by a vivid sentiment of despair.

She went to the traders in souls.

"What do you want?" they said.

"You buy souls?"

"Yes, a few still, in spite of you. Isn't that so, saint, with the eyes of sapphire?"

"To-day I am come to offer you a bargain," replied she.

"What?"

"I have a soul to sell, but it is costly."

"What does that signify if it is precious? The soul, like the diamond, is appraised by its transparency."

"It is mine."

The two emissaries of Satan started. Their claws were clutched under their gloves of leather; their gray eyes sparkled; the soul, pure, spotless, virginal of Kathleen—it was a priceless acquisition!

"Beauteous lady, how much do you ask?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand pieces of gold."

"It's at your service," replied the traders, and they tendered Kathleen a parchment sealed with black, which she signed with a shudder.

The sum was counted out to her.

As soon as she got home she said to the butler, "Here, distribute this: with this money that I give you the poor can tide over the eight days that remain, and not one of their souls will be delivered to the demon."

Afterwards she shut herself up in her room, and gave orders that none should disturb her.

Three days passed; she called nobody, she did not come out.

When the door was opened, they found her cold and stiff; she was dead of grief.

But the sale of this soul, so adorable in its charity, was declared null by the Lord; for she had saved her fellow-citizens from eternal death.

After the eight days had passed, numerous vessels brought into famished Ireland immense provisions in grain. Hunger was no longer possible. As to the traders, they disappeared from their hotel without any one knowing what became of them. But the fishermen of the Black-water pretend that they are enchained in a subterranean prison by order of Lucifer, until they shall be able to render up the soul of Kathleen, which escaped from them.

RENT-DAY.

"Oh, ullagone! ullagone! this is a wide world, but what will we do in it, or where will we go?" muttered Bill Doody, as he sat on a rock by the Lake of Killarney. "What will we do? To-morrow's rent-day, and Tim the Driver swears if we don't pay our rent, he'll cant every *ha'perth* we have; and then, sure enough, there's Judy and myself, and the poor *gawls*,¹ will be turned out to starve on the high-road, for the never a halfpenny of rent have I! —Oh hone, that ever I should live to see this day!"

Thus did Bill Doody bemoan his hard fate, pouring his sorrows to the reckless waves of the most beautiful of lakes, which seemed to mock his misery as they rejoiced beneath the cloudless sky of a May morning. That lake, glittering in sunshine, sprinkled with fairy isles of rock and verdure, and bounded by giant hills of ever-varying hues, might, with its magic beauty, charm all sadness but despair; for alas,

"How ill the scene that offers rest
And heart that cannot rest agree!"

Yet Bill Doody was not so desolate as he supposed; there was one listening to him he little thought of, and help was at hand from a quarter he could not have expected.

"What's the matter with you, my poor man?" said a tall, portly-looking gentleman, at the same time stepping out of a furze-brake. Now Bill was seated on a rock that commanded the view of a large field. Nothing in the field could be concealed from him, except this furze-brake, which grew in a hollow near the margin of the lake. He was, therefore, not a little surprised at the gentleman's sudden appearance, and began to question whether the personage before him belonged to this world or not. He, however, soon mustered courage sufficient to tell him how his crops had failed, how some bad member had charmed away his butter, and how Tim the Driver threatened to turn him out of the farm if he didn't pay up every penny of the rent by twelve o'clock next day.

"A sad story, indeed," said the stranger; "but surely, if

¹ *Gawls*, children.

ou represented the case to your landlord's agent, he won't have the heart to turn you out."

"Heart, your honor; where would an agent get a heart!" exclaimed Bill. "I see your honor does not know him; besides, he has an eye on the farm this long time for a fosterer of his own; so I expect no mercy at all at all, only to be turned out."

"Take this, my poor fellow, take this," said the stranger, pouring a purse full of gold into Bill's old hat, which in his grief he had flung on the ground. "Pay the fellow your rent, but I'll take care it shall do him no good. I remember the time when things went otherwise in this country, when I would have hung up such a fellow in the twinkling of an eye!"

These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to everything but the sight of the gold, and before he could infix his gaze, and lift up his head to pour out his hundred thousand blessings, the stranger was gone. The bewildered peasant looked around in search of his benefactor, and at last he thought he saw him riding on a white horse a long way off on the lake.

"O'Donoghue, O'Donoghue!" shouted Bill; "the good, the blessed O'Donoghue!" and he ran capering like a madman to show Judy the gold, and to rejoice her heart with the prospect of wealth and happiness.

The next day Bill proceeded to the agent's; not sneakingly, with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his knees bending under him; but bold and upright, like a man conscious of his independence.

"Why don't you take off your hat, fellow? don't you know you are speaking to a magistrate?" said the agent.

"I know I'm not speaking to the king, sir," said Bill; "and I never takes off my hat but to them I can respect and love. The Eye that sees all knows I've no right either to respect or love an agent!"

"You scoundrel!" retorted the man in office, biting his lips with rage at such an unusual and unexpected opposition, "I'll teach you how to be insolent again; I have the power, remember."

"To the cost of the country, I know you have," said Bill, who still remained with his head as firmly covered as if he was the Lord Kingsale himself.

"But, come," said the magistrate; "have you got the money for me? this is rent-day. If there's one penny of it wanting, or the running gale that's due, prepare to turn out before night, for you shall not remain another hour in possession."

"There is your rent," said Bill, with an unmoved expression of tone and countenance; "you'd better count it, and give me a receipt in full for the running gale and all."

The agent gave a look of amazement at the gold; for it was gold—real guineas! and not bits of dirty ragged small notes, that are only fit to light one's pipe with. However willing the agent may have been to ruin, as he thought, the unfortunate tenant, he took up the gold, and handed the receipt to Bill, who strutted off with it as proud as a cat of her whiskers.

The agent, going to his desk shortly after, was confounded at beholding a heap of gingerbread cakes instead of the money he had deposited there. He raved and swore, but all to no purpose; the gold had become gingerbread cakes, just marked like the guineas, with the king's head; and Bill had the receipt in his pocket; so he saw there was no use in saying anything about the affair, as he would only get laughed at for his pains.

From that hour Bill Doody grew rich; all his undertakings prospered; and he often blesses the day that he met with O'Donoghue, the great prince that lives down under the lake of Killarney.

CONVERSION OF KING LAOGHAIRE'S DAUGHTERS.

Once when Patrick and his clericks were sitting beside a well in the Rath of Croghan, with books open on their knees, they saw coming towards them the two young daughters of the King of Connaught. 'T was early morning, and they were going to the well to bathe.

The young girls said to Patrick, "Whence are ye, and whence come ye?" and Patrick answered, "It were better for you to confess to the true God than to inquire concerning our race."

“Who is God?” said the young girls, “and where is God, and of what nature is God, and where is His dwelling-place? Has your God sons and daughters, gold and silver? Is he everlasting? Is he beautiful? Did Mary foster her son? Are His daughters dear and beauteous to men of the world? Is He in heaven, or on earth, in the sea, in rivers, in mountainous places, in valleys?”

Patrick answered them, and made known who God was, and they believed and were baptized, and a white garment put upon their heads; and Patrick asked them would they live on, or would they die and behold the face of Christ? They chose death, and died immediately, and were buried near the well Clebach.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

(1678—1707.)

GEORGE FARQUHAR, the actor-author, was born in Londonderry in 1678, and there he received the rudiments of education. In 1694 he entered at Trinity College in Dublin, but was not graduated. He became intimate with the actor Wilks, and went on the stage in 1695. His appearance was successful, and he would doubtless have remained an actor all his life, but he accidentally wounded a brother actor in a fencing-scene. He then left the stage and secured a commission in the army through the Earl of Orrery.

He afterward went to London, renewed his acquaintance with Wilks, and wrote his first comedy, 'Love and a Bottle.' This appeared in 1698 and was well received. In 1700, the year of jubilee at Rome, he produced his 'Constant Couple; or, Trip to the Jubilee,' in which Wilks made a great hit as Sir Harry Wildair.

In 1702 he published his 'Miscellanies; or, Collections of Poems, Letters, and Essays,' in which may be found many humorous and pleasant sallies of fancy; and in 1703 he produced 'The Inconstant,' a play which has ever since kept the stage.

'The Stage Coach,' a farce, was produced in 1704 and was well received. In 1705 his comedy 'The Twin Rivals' appeared, and in 1706 the comedy called 'The Recruiting Officer.' His last and perhaps his best known work was 'The Beaux' Stratagem,' which he did not live to see produced. Financial troubles broke him down completely, and in April, 1707, while 'The Beaux' Stratagem' was being rehearsed at Drury Lane, he sank into his last sleep.

After his death the following letter to Wilks was found among his papers: "Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life, thine, George Farquhar."

Farquhar has been called "one in the shining list of geniuses that adorn the biographical page of Ireland, his style is pure and unaffected, his wit natural and flowing, his plots generally well contrived." His works were so successful in book form, as well as on the stage, that within fifty years of his death they had gone through more than eight editions. "Farquhar's gentlemen are Irish gentlemen," says Cowden Clarke, "frank, generous, eloquent, witty, and with a cordial word of gallantry always at command." Hazlitt had a high opinion of Farquhar, who, he says, "has humor, character, and invention. . . . His incidents succeed one another with rapidity, but without premeditation; his wit is easy and spontaneous; his style animated, unembarrassed and flowing; his characters full of life and spirit."

THE COUNTERFEIT FOOTMAN.

From 'The Beaux' Stratagem.'

SCRUB, a Footman, and ARCHER, a Supposed Footman.

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA.

(They walk to the opposite side. Mrs. Sullen drops her fan; Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.)

Archer. Madam, your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. Sullen. Oh, sir, I thank you. What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dorinda. Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here as dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Archer. *(Aside.)* That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours. Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant, that you saw at church to-day; I understand he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dorinda. And I hope you have made much of him.

Archer. Oh, yes, madam; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. Sullen. What! then you don't usually drink ale?

Archer. No, madam; my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water: 't is prescribed me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. Oh, la! Oh, la! A footman have the spleen!

Mrs. Sullen. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Archer. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though, in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dorinda. How affectedly the fellow talks! How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Archer. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sullen. And, pray, which service do you like best?

Archer. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honor of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sullen. That flight was above the pitch of a livery: and, sir, would you not be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Archer. As groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sullen. I suppose you served as footman before?

Archer. For that reason, I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London. My Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, "Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopped, till we know the concurrence of the person I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that, in the meantime, there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was accessory at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—"

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda. Ha, ha! Where are you going, sir?

Archer. Why, I haven't half done.

Scrub. I should not remember a quarter of it.

Archer. The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable—

Dorinda. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw. But, friend, if your master be married, I presume you still serve a lady?

Archer. No, madam; I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary that 't is impossible to please both.

Dorinda. There's a main point gained. My lord is not married, I find.

Mrs. Sullen. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services you had not a better provision made for you.

Archer. I don't know how, madam; I am very well as I am.

Mrs. Sullen. Something for a pair of gloves.

(Offering him money.)

Archer. I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand without injuring his honor and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin! brother Martin!

Archer. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money and give it to me.

(Exeunt Archer and Scrub.)

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

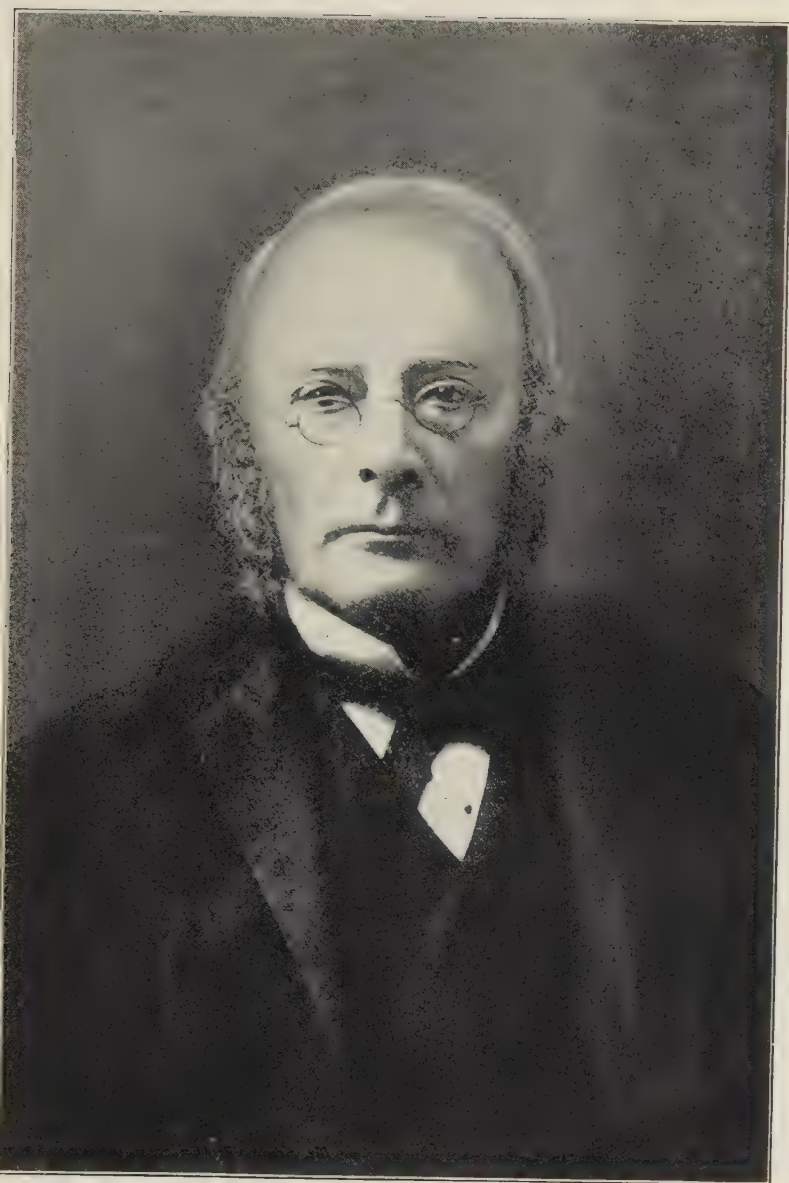
(1810—1886.)

“SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, poet and antiquary, the third son of John Ferguson of Collon House, County Antrim, was born in Belfast, March 10, 1810. He was educated at the chief public school of Belfast, the Academical Institution, and thence proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated B.A. 1826 and M.A. 1832, and was created LL.D. *honoris causâ* in 1864. In 1838 he was called to the Irish bar, and obtained some practice on the northeast circuit of Ireland. In 1859 he was made a Queen's counsel, but in 1867 he retired from practice on his appointment as a deputy keeper of the public records of Ireland. He was the first holder of the office, which entailed much investigation and arrangement of documents.

“Just before Ferguson's appointment one of the chief officials in charge of the records had publicly stated that the Irish statutes to the reign of Queen Anne were in Norman French, a language never used in Ireland after 1495, so little were the keepers acquainted with the records they kept. He thoroughly organized the department, and on March 17, 1878, was knighted in recognition of his services.

“From its first appearance in 1833 he was a contributor to *The Dublin University Magazine*. In it he published in 1834 an English metrical version of the ‘Address of O'Byrne's Bard to the Clans of Wicklow,’ ‘The Lament over the Ruins of Timoleague Abbey,’ ‘The Fair Hills of Ireland,’ and ‘Forester's Complaint,’ 1836, ‘The Fairy Thorn,’ and ‘Willy Gilliland.’ At the same period he published a series of tales in which verse is sometimes mingled with prose, called ‘Hibernian Nights' Entertainments.’ These stories have been edited by Lady Ferguson since their author's death, and were published in London in 1887, together with a reprint of his first volume of collected ‘Poems’ and the ‘Remains of St. Patrick,’ a translation into English blank verse of the ‘Confessio’ and ‘Epistle to Coroticus,’ with a dissertation on the life of the saint. He wrote two political satires, ‘Inheritor and Economist’ and ‘Dublin.’

“Other poems were published by him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the best known is ‘The Forging of the Anchor.’ ‘The Wet Wooing’ was published in the same magazine in 1832, and in May, 1838, his amusing satirical dialogue, illustrative of the Irish educational schemes then prominent, ‘Father Tom and the Pope.’ This has been reprinted with other contributions of his in ‘Tales from Blackwood.’ In 1865 he published a volume of collected poems, ‘Lays of the Western Gael’; in 1872 ‘Congal,’ an epic poem in five books; in 1880 a third volume of ‘Poems,’ chiefly on subjects taken from Irish literature. Besides the contents of these three volumes a few separate poems of Ferguson's are in print. ‘The Elegy on the Death of Thomas Davis’ appeared in the ‘Ballad Poetry of Ireland,’ while the witty song of ‘The Loyal Orangemen’ was



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

never published, though privately circulated and often recited in Dublin. Besides these numerous contributions to literature, he wrote many essays on Irish antiquities, and carried on lengthy investigations in several parts of Ireland. In 1882 he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Irish Academy.

“He married, Aug. 16, 1848, Mary Catharine Guinness, and for many years he and his wife practiced an open, generous, delightful hospitality toward every one in Dublin who cared for literature, music, or art, at their house in North Great George’s Street. He died, after an illness of some months, at Strand Lodge, Howth, in the county of Dublin, on Aug. 9, 1886. After a public funeral service in St. Patrick’s Cathedral, his body was conveyed to his family burying-place at Donegore, County Antrim.

“As an antiquarian Ferguson’s most important work was his collection of all the known Ogham inscriptions of Ireland and their publication (*‘Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland,’* edited by Lady Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1887). He was laborious and accurate, and nearly all he wrote on antiquarian subjects deserves careful study.

“As a poet he deserves recollection in Ireland, for he strove hard to create modern poetry from the old Irish tales of heroes and saints, and history of places. Another Irish poet has maintained that the epic poem *‘Congal’* entitles Ferguson to live in Ireland as the national poet, and his long metrical versions of Irish sagas are praised by Miss M. Stokes and by Judge O’Hagan.

“He was not perfectly acquainted with the Irish language, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that, while sometimes giving the stories more beauties than he takes away, he misses something of the reality of ancient life, and seems to talk of a shadowy scene and not of the real deeds of men and women. Several of the poems of his own experiences are admirable, and will probably have a permanent popularity in Ireland. *‘The Elegy on Thomas Davis,’* *‘Willy Gilliland,’* and the *‘Lines on the Liffey in Mesgedra,’* are not faultless, but they are beautiful poems with a true Irish air. His antiquarian knowledge, his literary ability and attainments, made Ferguson’s conversation delightful, while his high character and generous disposition endeared him to a large circle of friends.”

Thus far we quote from Mr. Norman Moore, in *‘The Dictionary of National Biography.’*

Mr. Alfred P. Graves, in *‘A Treasury of Irish Poetry,’* says: “Omitting living writers, of whom it is too early to speak with confidence, Ferguson was unquestionably the Irish poet of the past century who has most powerfully influenced the literary history of his country. It was in his writings that the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue was decisively begun.”

Mr. Aubrey de Vere observes: “Its qualities are those characteristic of the noble, not the ignoble poetry—viz., passion, imagination, vigor, an epic largeness of conception, wide human sympathies, vivid and truthful description—while with them it unites none of the vulgar stimulants for exhausted or morbid poetic appetite, whether the epicurean seasoning, the skeptical, or the revolutionary.”

Professor Dowden, writing to Ferguson on the subject of his 'Congal,' says: "What seems to me most noteworthy in your poems is the union of culture with simplicity and strength. Their refinement is large and strong, not curious and diseased; and they have spaces and movements which give one a feeling like the sea or the air on a headland. I had not meant to say anything of 'Congal,' but somehow this came and said itself." And Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote: "The author of these poems is the greatest poet Ireland has produced, because the most central and most Celtic. Whatever the future may bring forth in the way of a truly great and national literature—and now that the race is so large, so widely spread, and so conscious of its unity, the years are ripe—will find its morning in these three volumes of one who was made by the purifying flame of national sentiment the one man of his time who wrote heroic poetry—one who, among the somewhat sybaritic singers of his day, was like some aged sea-king sitting among the inland wheat and poppies—the savor of the sea about him and its strength."

FERGUSON'S SPEECH ON ROBERT BURNS.

From 'Mr. Samuel Ferguson—Ireland of His Day.'

My Lord Mayor, Mr. Parker, and gentlemen, in calling upon me, on this occasion, you do me an honor, which I prize the more because I am hardly worthy of it; yet I may, without vanity, acknowledge that on this occasion, when you celebrate the memory of the great Scottish poet in the metropolis of Ireland, there is a certain propriety in your devolving that honorable task on one like me, who, although by the nativity of many generations an Irishman, am yet by lineage and descent a Scot. Six generations and more have passed since the district of Antrim, in which my infant ears first became familiar with the accents of Galloway, was peopled from that region which has since become famous as the land of Burns. Time has but slightly altered the Scottish accent on our lips; and saving our duty to our own country, our hearts still turn with pride and affection to that noble land, whose sons to-day throughout the civilized world offer tribute of a national homage to the great poet of Scotland. Such a homage has not been paid to any man of letters of modern times. Yet it is not in the extent merely of these demonstrations—although they embrace the whole circle of the globe, wherever Scotchmen have penetrated in the pursuit of duty, of fame, or of fortune—that we find the magnitude and the marvel

of the praise that you bestow upon him. It is in the character of the nation that bestows it, and that of the man to whose memory the tribute is offered, that we discern the greatness and the worthiness of your praise. A nation, eager, and eminently successful in the pursuit of practical objects, proverbially prudent, habituated to a rigorous self-control, selects for the object of its reverence—not a man like Bentham, or like Franklin,—not a divine, a philosopher, or an economist, but a child of impulse and of passion—a proud, an improvident, an unworldly man.

How comes this? By what spell is it that you are thus drawn together in hundreds and thousands, from rising to the setting of the sun, to swell the tribute of honor to the memory of this man with a contagious fervor which draws into the vortex of your own enthusiasm the sister capitals, and all the provincial towns in the United Kingdom? Whence comes it, asks the unobservant and thoughtless mind, that you should select for your highest honors a man apparently so dissimilar to yourselves? The answer to the inquiry—the spell that brings you together—lies in the depth of your own character. It is the old poetic fervor of your race, that faculty which lies at the basis of all enterprise and all fortune, although not discerned by those who merely view the surface of the Scottish character, which recognizes in the poet—in the man of fervid soul—the true representative of the character of the Scot in its highest and best aspect. Therefore it is that you have well and wisely chosen a poet as the representative of your race and of your nation, a poet who commands the admiration of mankind, a poet who has given utterance to the best sentiments of love, of tenderness, of generosity, of patriotism, and of piety—to the most charming humor and the brightest wit, in numbers perfectly melodious, and in language which, notwithstanding its dialectic peculiarities, is pre-eminently manly, direct, and intelligible. The sentiments belong to the world. The dialect and the poet are your own.

When it pleased God to ordain that the languages of mankind should be different, He left the hearts the same; and that speech which most directly stirs in the breast of man the common sympathies of our nature is the truest classic: and when we find that those sympathies are evoked

by language harmonious in its composition and melodious in its rhythmical arrangement, where rhyme reinforces time, and sense falls in with both, and emotion culminates at every turning-point of the composition, then, by the common consent of mankind, we acknowledge ourselves in the presence and the power of the poet, whether he speaks the language of Attica or of Ayrshire. This is the true test of poetic power, that it stirs the hearts of men deeply and widely by the direct agency of simple and intelligible language. Tried by this test, the poetry of Burns justifies the unexampled honors that to-day are paid to his memory. His poems have the breadth, the simplicity, the ease, and the force of operations of nature. And this is the characteristic of the poetry of the Augustan age of every school of literature, and these demonstrations of yours to-day will do more than all the criticisms of the reviews and magazines to recall our writers from that profitless search after recondite thought and curious felicities of expressions which of late in our literature have become too much the fashion, and in which the careful observers of the progress of the literature of older nations might well apprehend the approaching decay of letters in our own, if the tendency of our favorite writers to abandon the ancient models of simplicity and manliness be not arrested by such demonstrations as ours to-day.

If these meetings have no other effect than to warn our men of letters that the lasting praises of the generations are not to be obtained by intricate, conceited, and curious compositions, they would confer a boon on literature, and aid in maintaining the standard of taste. But, gentlemen, they have a wider, deeper significance. Men will not forget their nationalities—men will not lay down the ties of birth and of kindred at the chair of any science or of any quasi-science. We must be Scotchmen, we must be Irishmen, and we will honor the memories of the men whose genius has asserted and won for us our own places for ourselves in the temple of British fame. Honor, then, in full measure, heaped and overflowing, to the heaven-born peasant who has borne the harp of his country so high in that temple, that if it be placed a little below the lyre of Shakespeare, it is still so near that if you make the chords of one vibrate, those of the other will thrill in harmony, and who,

having achieved that position for the lyrical genius of his country, could say with the modest nobility of a truly manly nature, "I have been bred to the plow, and I am independent." Well was it for Burns that he was bred to the plow—that he spent the days of his dawning genius in familiarity with nature, and not amongst the fine ladies and fine gentlemen whose neglect of him has been deplored as a misfortune, but truly was a happy escape for him and for us all. Burns was not ashamed that he was born a son of toil. Why should he? All the pursuits of industry are honorable, especially those of the tiller of the soil. The hands of heroes have been familiar with the plow. Ulysses, the wisest of Homeric worthies, did not blush to confess his prowess in the fields. When reproached with idleness by one of the proud suitors of Penelope, you may remember the noble spirit in which, associating the toils of the husbandman with the glories of the soldier, he replied—

“ Forbear, Eurymachus; for were we matched
 In work against each other, thou and I
 Mowing in spring-time, when the days are long ;
 Or if again it were our task to drive
 Yoked oxen in the plow ; and were the field
 In size four acres ; with a glebe through which
 The share might smoothly glide: then shouldst thou see
 How straight my furrow should be cut and true.
 Or if Saturnian Jove should now excite
 Here battle, or elsewhere ; and were I armed
 With two bright spears, and with a shield, and bore
 A brazen casque well fitted to my brows :
 Me then thou shouldst behold mingling in fight
 Among the foremost chiefs, nor with the crime
 Of idle beggary shouldst reproach me more.”

Ulysses, gentlemen, did not conceive that skill in the manual labors of the field detracted in aught from his position as a prince and chieftain ; nor in the case of Burns has it detracted one tittle from his pre-eminence as a leader among the intellects of his country. Let no regrets mingle with your festive offerings to his memory. No one with truth can say his life was unhappy. As toil is incident to the eating of daily bread, despondency is incident to the poetic temperament ; and he could not have had that keen enjoyment of existence had he not sometimes suffered those

fits of despondency which are inseparable from the poetic temperament. He who enjoyed in a measure so exalted the raptures of love, the delights of friendship, the enchantment of the fancy—no one can affirm that such a man was unhappy. Neither let the libation you pour to his memory be dashed by any bitter thought of supposed neglect or ingratitude in his country. Gentlemen, that is not so. Much as Burns has done for Scotland, Scotland, before Burns was born, had done more for him.

He was born the child of a proud, of a renowned and glorious country. For him, as for all the genius of future time, Wallace had made the banks of Irvine holy ground—for him Bruce shook his Carrick spear—for him, as for every child of genius that the soil of Scotland should produce to the end of time, the genius of Scottish music had made the hills and valleys of his country vocal with melodies soliciting to song—for him courageous-hearted ancestors, brave and pious men, had fought and bled—had watched and prayed on mountain and on moor—had offered up the sacrifice of their blood for Scotland's religious freedom,—that the cottier on his Saturday even might be free to open his big hall Bible by his own hearthstone, and that amid scenes of patriarchal simplicity, piety, and virtue, of manly self-reliance, and bold self-assertion, the young germ of genius might unfold itself in safety. Let no man, therefore, say that Scotland had not done her part. No, she has not been wanting. She is no unworthy mother of her noble son. In honoring him you honor her and yourselves. With full hearts, then, and with consciences discharged of all feeling of breach of duty towards the man whose memory we are met to celebrate, let us drain this bumper toast to the memory of Robert Burns.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 't is at a white heat
now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; tho' on the forge's
brow
The little flames still fitfully play thro' the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves
below;

And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright; the high sun shines
not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
foe;

As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing monster,
slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery glow—

“Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out—leap out;” bang, bang, the
sledges go:

Hurrah! the jettèd lightnings are hissing high and low;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains
flow,

And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant
“ho!”

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—

The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains!

But courage still, brave mariners—the Bower yet remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky
high,

Then moves his head, as tho' he said, “Fear nothing—here am
I!”

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;

But, while ye sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;

Our anchor soon must change its bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the sighing sea-
man's cheer;

When, weighing slow at eve they go—far, far from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.—
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O deep-sea Diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary-monster's palaces! methinks what joy 't were now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn:—

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
Till, snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undiné love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard-by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend.
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient
friend—

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou 'dst leap within
the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard
grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

LAMENT OVER THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.

Lone and weary as I wandered
By the bleak shore of the sea,
Meditating and reflecting
On the world's hard destiny;

Forth the moon and stars 'gan glimmer
In the quiet tide beneath,—
For on slumbering spray and blossom,
Breathed not out of heaven a breath.

On I went in sad dejection,
Careless where my footsteps bore
Till a ruined church before me
Opened wide its ancient door,—

Till I stood before the portals,
Where of old were wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper,
Alms and hospitality.

Still the ancient seat was standing
Built against the buttress gray
Where the clergy used to welcome
Weary travelers on their way,

There I sat me down in sadness,
'Neath my cheek I placed my hand,
Till the tears fell hot and briny
Down upon the grassy land.

There, I said in woful sorrow,
Weeping bitterly the while,
Was a time when joy and gladness
Reigned within this ruined pile:—

Was a time when bells were tinkling,
Clergy preaching peace abroad,
Psalms a-singing, music ringing
Praises to the mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel,
Tower tottering to your fall,
Many a storm since then has beaten
On the gray head of your wall!

Many a bitter storm and tempest
Has your roof-tree turned away,
Since you first were formed a temple
To the Lord of night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables,
That wert once the country's pride,
Houseless now in weary wandering
Roam your inmates far and wide.

Lone you are to-day, and dismal,—
Joyful psalms no more are heard
Where, within your choir, her vesper
Screeches the cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing,
Nettles round your green hearth-stone,
Foxes howl, where, in your corners,
Dropping waters make their moan.

Where the lark to early matins
Used your clergy forth to call,
There! alas no tongue is stirring,
Save the daws' upon the wall.

Refectory cold and empty,
Dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses,
Simple bed and frugal fare?

Gone your abbot, rule, and order,
Broken down your altar stones;
Naught see I beneath your shelter
Save a heap of clayey bones.

Oh! the hardship, oh! the hatred,
Tyranny, and cruel war,
Persecution and oppression,
That have left you as you are!

I myself once also prospered;—
Mine is, too, an altered plight.
Trouble, care, and age have left me
Good for naught but grief to-night.

Gone, my motion and my vigor,—
Gone, the use of eye and ear;
At my feet lie friends and children,
Powerless and corrupting here.

Woe is written on my visage
In a nut my heart would lie—
Death's deliverance were welcome—
Father, let the old man die.

OWEN BAWN.

This refers to the rigid prohibition of the intermarriage with the native Irish by William de Burghs, Earl of Ulster, in A.D. 1333, which led to the Irish return from beyond the river Bawn and the expulsion of the English from all Ulster.

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun;
Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are—
They make his head radiant with beams like a star!

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side:

And I'd rather face snowdrift, and winter-wind there,
Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Quinn is a bold fisherman,
He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters flow,
Oh, there goes my love with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Quinn is a bard of the best,
He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann;
And rocked in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
Draws up the red trout through the bursting of spray.

My Owen Bawn Quinn is a hunter of deer,
He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest;
And the cruit¹ 'neath his fingers rings up with a sound,
As though angels harped o'er us, and fays underground.

They tell me the stranger has given command,
That crommeal² and coolun shall cease in the land,
That all our youths' tresses of yellow be shorn,
And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion worn.

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade.

That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
That the sound of our lips must be strange in our ears,
And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears.

Oh sweetheart and comfort! with thee by my side,
I could love and live happy, whatever betide;
But thou, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a day—
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and
clear,
There are loughs in Tir-oën as lovely as here;
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all!

¹ *Cruit*, a small harp. ² *Crommeal*, mustache.

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake;
And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!
We will leave them the dust from our feet for a prey,
And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil—
'T will be long ere they quench them with streams of the Foyle!

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

IRISH RUSTIC BALLAD.

I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn gray;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal boards were our marriage-
bed this day.

Oh, fair maid, remember the green hillside;
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;
Time now has worn me; my locks are turned to gray,
The year's scarce and I am poor, but send me not, love, away.

Oh, deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl,
Oh, deem not my birth was as the birth of the churl;
Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
That noble blood is written on my right side still.

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white;
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight!
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be,
and lone,
Oh, I'd take her with me kindly to the County Tyrone.

Oh, my girl, I can see 't is in trouble you are,
And, oh, my girl, I see 't is your people's reproach you bear;
"I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
And, oh, may no other maiden know such reproach as I!"

MOLLY ASTHORE.

O Mary dear, O Mary fair,
O branch of generous stem,
White blossom of the banks of Nair,
Though lilies grow on them;
You've left me sick at heart for love,
So faint I cannot see,
The candle swims the board above,
I'm drunk for love of thee.
O stately stem of maiden pride,
My woe it is and pain,
That I still severed from thy side
The long night must remain.

Through all the towns of Inisfail
I've wandered far and wide;
But from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
From Carlow to Kilbride,
'Mong lords and dames of high degree,
Where'er my feet have gone,
My Mary, one to equal thee
I've never looked upon;
I live in darkness and in doubt
Whene'er my love's away,
But were the blessed sun put out,
Her shadow would make day.

'Tis she indeed, young bud of bliss,
And gentle as she's fair,
Though lily-white her bosom is,
And sunny-bright her hair,
And dewy-azure her blue eye,
And rosy-red her cheek,
Yet brighter she in modesty,
More beautifully meek;
The world's wise men from north to south
Can never cure my pain,
But one kiss from her honey mouth,
Would make me whole again.

CEAN DUBH DEELISH.¹

Put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
O mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?

O many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold winds free,
For me, the foremost of the gay young fellows,
But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee.

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
O mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?

THE LAPFUL OF NUTS.

Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes,
And nut-brown curls,
I think of those bright days I spent
Among the Limerick girls;
When up through Cratla woods I went
Nutting with thee;
And we plucked the glossy, clustering fruit
From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sat,
Thou, love, and I,
And the gathered nuts lay in thy lap,
Below thy downcast eye.
But little we thought of the store we'd won,
I, love, or thou,
For our hearts were full, and we dare not own
The love that's spoken now.

O there's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie!
And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
With knightly fame and fee,

¹ *Cean dubh deelish*, dear black head.

And I'll come back, if I ever come back,
 Faithful to thee,
 That sat, with thy white lap full of nuts,
 Beneath the hazel-tree.

PASTHEEN FION.

From the Irish.

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
 Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And oh! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
 Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
 Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
 Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
 Thinking to see you, love, once again;
 But whistle and call were all in vain!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
 From all the girls in the world I'll go;
 But from you, sweetheart, oh, never! oh, no!
 Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and low!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.



THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

From the Irish.

A very close translation, in the original meter, of an Irish song of unknown authorship dating from the end of the seventeenth century. The refrain means "O sad lament."

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,

Uileacán dubh O!

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley
ear,

Uileacán dubh O!

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow
sand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,

Uileacán dubh O!

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,

Uileacán dubh O!

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high com-
mand,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,

Uileacán dubh O!

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,

Uileacán dubh O!

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests
grand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

 LOOKING SEAWARD.

From 'Congal.'

He looking landward from the brow of some great sea-cape's
head,

Bray or Ben-Edar—sees beneath, in silent pageant grand,
Slow fields of sunshine spread o'er fields of rich, corn-bearing
land;

Red glebe and meadow margin green commingling to the view
 With yellow stubble, browning woods, and upland tracts of
 blue;
 Then, sated with the pomp of fields, turns seaward, to the
 verge
 Where, mingling with the murmuring wash made by the far-
 down surge,
 Comes up the clangorous song of birds unseen, that, low be-
 neath,
 Poised off the rock, ply underfoot; and, 'mid the blossoming
 heath,
 And mint, sweet herb that loves the ledge rare-aired, at ease
 reclined,
 Surveys the wide pale-heaving floor crisped by a curling wind;
 With all its shifting, shadowy belts, and chasing scopes of
 green,
 Sun-strown, foam-freckled, sail-embossed, and blackening
 squalls between,
 And slant, cerulean-skirted showers that with a drowsy sound,
 Heard inward, of ebullient waves, stalk all the horizon round;
 And—haply, being a citizen just 'scaped from some disease
 That long has held him sick indoors, now, in the brine-fresh
 breeze,
 Health-salted, bathes; and says, the while he breathes reviving
 bliss,
 "I am not good enough, O God, nor pure enough for this!"

GRACE NUGENT.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Brightest blossom of the spring
 Grace the sprightly girl I sing;
 Grace who bore the palm of mind
 From all the rest of womankind.
 Whomsoe'er the fates decree,
 Happy fate for life to be,
 Day and night my coolun near,
 Ache or pain need never fear.

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
 Her radiant face the summer dawn;
 Happy thrice the youth for whom
 The fates design that branch of bloom.

Pleasant are thy words benign,
 Rich those azure eyes of thine;
 Ye who see my queen beware
 Those twisted links of golden hair.

This is what I fain would say
 To the bird-voiced lady gay—
 Never yet conceived the heart,
 Joy that grace could not impart,
 Fold of jewels, case of pearls,
 Coolun of the circling curls!
 More I say not, but no less,
 Drink your health and happiness.

MILD MABEL KELLY.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Whoever the youth who by Heaven's decree
 Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright head of thine,
 'T is certain that he
 From all sorrow is free,
 Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
 Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree.
 Mild Mabel Ni Kelly, bright coolun of curls!
 All stately and pure as the swan on the lake.
 Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
 And the youth of the land are love-sick for her sake.

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
 That she knows not to sing, in a voice so enchanting,
 That the cranes on the sand
 Fall asleep where they stand.

Oh, for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er waiting
 To shed its mild luster on bosom or hand.

The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray

More blue than her eyes human eye never saw.
 Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray.

Dear lady, I drink to you, slainte go bragh!¹

To gaze on her beauty the young hunter lies

'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove.

But alas, if her eyes

The rash gazer surprise,

¹ *Slainte go bragh*, your health for ever.

All eyesight departs from the victim of love,
 And the blind youth steals home with his heart full of sighs.
 O, pride of the Gael of the lily-white palm!
 O coolun of curls to the grass at your feet!
 At the goal of delight and of honor I am
 To boast such a theme for a song so unmeet.

THE COOLUN.¹

Translated from the Irish of Maurice Dugan or O'Dugan.

O had you seen the Coolun,
 Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
 With the dew of the meadow shining
 On her milk-white twinkling feet.
 O my love she is, and my *cailin óg*,²
 And she dwells in Bal'nagar;
 And she bears the palm of beauty bright,
 From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
 Like the berry on the bough her cheek;
 Bright beauty dwells for ever
 On her fair neck and ringlets sleek;
 O sweeter is her mouth's soft music
 Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
 Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
 Farewell to the setting sun.

Rise up, my boy! make ready
 My horse, for I forth would ride,
 To follow the modest damsel,
 Where she walks on the green hillside:
 For e'er since our youth were we plighted,
 In faith, troth, and wedlock true—
 O she's sweeter to me nine times over,
 Than organ or cuckoo!

O ever since my childhood
 I loved the fair and darling child;
 But our people came between us,
 And with lucre our pure love defiled:

¹ *Anchúil-fhionn*, maiden of fair flowing locks. ² *Cailin óg*, young girl.

O my woe it is, and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the *cailín bán* of my early love
Is torn from my heart away.

Sweetheart and faithful treasure,
Be constant still, and true ;
Nor for want of herds and houses
Leave one who would ne'er leave you.
I'll pledge you the blessèd Bible,
Without and eke within,
That the faithful God will provide for us,
Without thanks to kith or kin.

O love, do you remember
When we lay all night alone,
Beneath the ash in the winter storm,
When the oak wood round did groan ?
No shelter then from the blast had we,
The bitter blast or sleet,
But your gown to wrap about our heads,
And my coat around our feet.

PERCY HETHERINGTON FITZGERALD.

(1834 —)

PERCY HETHERINGTON FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A., was born in Fane Valley, County Louth, in 1834. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, and Trinity College, Dublin, after which he was called to the Irish bar and appointed Crown Prosecutor.

He is the author of many works of fiction, most of which originally appeared in *All the Year Round* and *Once a Week*.

Mr. Fitzgerald is a most industrious literary worker, and has published, besides 'The Lives of the Sheridans,' 'Charles Lamb, his Friends, his Haunts, and his Books,' 'Life of David Garrick,' 'The Kembles,' 'The Life of George IV.,' 'The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.,' 'Life and Times of William IV.,' and 'Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Social Progress.'

SHERIDAN AS ORATOR.

From 'The Lives of the Sheridans.'

Sheridan's oratorical reputation is mainly founded on those "set" and prepared speeches delivered on stirring occasions, which are to be read in collections. But these carefully studied efforts give little idea of his general powers. It is only by going very carefully through the series of reports furnished so dramatically and accurately by "Memory" Woodfall that we see what a conspicuous figure he was in the ordinary routine discussions of the House. Having carefully followed him through some of these conspicuous years, I find how industrious, versatile, and combative he showed himself. It was, in fact, as a "debater" that he here exhibited those gifts, being always ready with some brilliant, if not theatrical, attack on, or reply to Pitt—or to Burke, when the latter began to sit on the Treasury benches.

Wraxall has left a really admirable picture of him, with an acute analysis of the arts, gifts, and devices by which he gained his influence over the House: "Sheridan exposed an angry antagonist by sallies of wit, or attacked him with classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly, without losing for an instant either his presence of mind, his facility of expression, or his good humor. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he

smiled; and convulsed his hearers with laughter, while the object of his ridicule or animadversion was twisting under the lash. Nor did he, while thus chastising his adversary, alter a muscle of his own countenance; which, as well as his gestures, seemed to participate and display the unalterable serenity of his intellectual formation."

It will be noted what a happy and subtle art of description is here shown by this observer, who goes on:

"Rarely did he elevate his voice, and never except in subservience to the dictates of his judgment, with the view to produce a corresponding effect on his audience. Yet he was always heard, generally listened to with eagerness, and could obtain a hearing at almost any hour. Burke, who wanted Sheridan's nice tact and his amenity of manner, was continually coughed down; and on those occasions he lost his temper. Even Fox often tired the House by the repetitions which he introduced into his speeches. Sheridan never abused their patience.

"At this period of his life, when he was not more than thirty-three years of age, his countenance and features had in them something peculiarly pleasing; indicative at once of intellect, humor, and gayety. All these characteristics played about his lips when speaking, and operated with inconceivable attraction; for they anticipated, as it were, to the eye, the effect produced by his oratory on the ear; thus opening for him a sure way to the heart or the understanding. Even the tones of his voice, which were singularly mellifluous, aided the general effect of his eloquence; nor was it accompanied by Burke's unpleasant accent. Pitt's enunciation was unquestionably more imposing, dignified, and sonorous; Fox displayed more argument, as well as vehemence; Burke possessed more fancy and enthusiasm; but Sheridan won his way by a sort of fascination. At thirty-three it might be said of his aspect, as Milton does of the fallen angel's form,

" 'His face had not yet lost
All her original brightness.' "

Lord Brougham, who had heard him speak, justly says: "His worst efforts were those which he preferred himself, full of imagery often far fetched, oftener gorgeous and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer

away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far were those where he declaimed with his deep, clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some act; or reasoned rapidly, in a like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, and exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism. In all this his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing" (and he adds in a note that "it had the singularity of never winking") "and a countenance which, though coarse and even in some features gross, was animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of both rage and menace and scorn. With all his ingenious tropes and far-fetched similes (such as the picture of Napoleon having 'thrones for his watch-towers, and for the palisades of his castle scepters tipped or stuck with crowns')—for he experimented in various forms of the image—there came some natural burst, like that on the liberty of the Press, when he pictured both Houses as venal and corrupt, Court and Prince bad: 'Give me but an unfettered Press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's-breadth upon the liberties of England!'" But it would take a volume to deal with the subject of this remarkable man's oratory.

On the other hand, from perpetual exhibition, we find much that is artificial and mechanical in his various methods; as, in contriving an apparently spontaneous reply to an adversary, if the latter used a quotation, he would hurry out to consult the book, and discover something preceding or following the quoted passage which would give it a new turn.

If a friend made a sally or used an original metaphor capable of political application, he would take it as his own on the first opportunity. He had also many pleasant thoughts carefully "cut and dried," as it is called, ready for application to certain characters. For some of his most telling replies his habit was to retire to a neighboring coffee-house and write the most lively, stinging passages, which he would fit in here and there among more *level* portions. All this sort of "workmanship" must have been soon found out, and no doubt impaired the weight and influence of his utterances. Latterly he must have been listened to with much the same feeling as have been cer-

tain licensed jesters and entertainers of the House in our own day.

In following him through those varied contests, we are struck by his airy pleasantry; though he is not to be compared with Burke, who showed a higher sincerity and more classical versatility, and who was "terribly in earnest" about principle, and utterly uncompromising in the smallest things. Sheridan, on the contrary, we find ready enough to make some light and airy retort, without much regard as to where he picked up the weapons; he varied the monotony of the contest by many a pleasant stroke, which must have been amusing to the House.

Another remarkable feature in most of his speeches was that he seemed to speak with effect only when making attacks on the special objects of his enmity. One of these was almost invariably Mr. Pitt, to whom he showed the rancor that men of loose life often have against purists whose character and success are a rebuke. Another was Mr. Dundas—until he came to defend himself as roughly as he was attacked—an object of dislike whom Sheridan assailed with a genuine vigor and venom. Windham, too, he did not spare. Indeed, it came at last to this—that some of his most telling efforts were directed against his own former friends, with whom he had completely broken.

It will be entertaining to note, as in the case of Burke, the scenes, the disputes he so often had with Mr. Pitt, and which were continued through a long course of years. These were trifling, and certainly unworthy of both, the time of the House being taken up with their frivolous altercations. Thus, when Pitt had once taunted him with his theatrical pursuits, Sheridan retorted by a very unbecoming form of jest, which was then in the height of popularity—viz., sneering at his well-known regularity and strictness of life. These insinuations were taken from the satires of the 'Rolliad,' of which they were the regular stock-in-trade. As in a debate that arose in May, 1787, Sheridan bitterly inveighed against Pitt, who, he said, was the real culprit, dealing in professions, not acts, Pitt scornfully replied that he believed that he (Sheridan) was sincere in *this* case—i.e., in making a charge against him; and when it was thought what a field for ingenuity there was in spreading calumnies and reports against him, it was

no wonder he seized on *this* matter as an excuse. "I am glad he admits," said Sheridan, "that I generally speak with sincerity." "No," said Mr. Pitt, across the table; "not so; but merely in what you have said to-day against me." On which Sheridan went off into a rather rambling series of charges as to Pitt's inconsistency, his waste of public money, his bestowing titles and honors corruptly. "On the whole," he said, using the favorite sneer, "Mr. Pitt had always professed *purity*, but had acted with self-attention and neglect of others."

Again, in March, 1788, Pitt glanced at Sheridan, saying that "in most of his speeches there was much fancy, in many shining wit, in others very ingenious argument, in all great eloquence, and *in some few truth and justice*." Sheridan said he rejected such compliments with scorn. He insinuated that Pitt was fond of shiftiness. He was, he said, one of the dark, concealed, and secret band skulking behind the throne.

Next, on Pitt's announcing that he intended to reduce the duties on brandies, Sheridan taunted him with his old boastings, "that he would put down smuggling," and said that all his measures had failed. Pitt replied that he wondered which he ought to admire most—his display of confidence or his ignorance. The other retorted that he was now convinced he was right, from Pitt's showing himself so very angry. His behavior was not decent.

All through these squabbles we find Sheridan boldly criticising Bank Acts, loans, bullion, and topics of the kind. In reference to which Mr. Tierney told Moore that "Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday-time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him," Tierney added, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." In the same spirit his friend Windham said of him "that he was ignorant of almost every subject he had to handle, and manfully confessed it."

In May, 1794, there was another scene, when Sheridan declared that those seditious conspiracies had no existence save "in the *foul imaginations* of Ministers." On which Pitt answered scornfully, that this sort of abuse of him had been too often repeated to have any novelty for him, or to

be entitled to any degree of importance either with him or his friends. Pitt was called on to make an apology, which he did, "where alone it is due,—to you, sir, and to the House." On which Sheridan angrily said this apology was disorderly, and a breach in itself of order, as it seemed to except *him*. Still, it was no matter; for he had received his apology with *the same contempt* with which he had the provocation. As to the "foul imaginations" of the Ministers, etc., he repeated the words, for the Speaker had not called him to order at the proper time. As to Pitt, he left the House to judge of the manliness of the person who sheltered himself in the shade of his situation, and who dealt in insinuations which, but for his situation, *he durst not make*. On such conduct he would utter no comment, because he knew there were expressions of scorn and disdain which the House would not permit him to use. He would now ask an apology from Pitt for the provocation given inside the House to all, and he was convinced "*no provocation would be given outside.*" This was certainly blustering.

In January, 1794, there was yet another of these alterations on pensions, "jobbing," etc., in which Sheridan put himself forward to assail certain allowances—among others, some to his own friends. He declared, however, it was only the system, not individuals, he was aiming at. Burke indignantly commented on this distinction "between the jobber and the jobbed"; and after the matter had been shown to be wholly trivial, Mr. Pitt asked scornfully, "Would he now persevere in saying that he was only influenced by good will to the persons he incriminated? Or if he did, could he imagine that any one in the House would credit him?" Sheridan was eagerly rising, when Fox interfered, and said that, "in his opinion, founded on experience, Sheridan had as much credit as Mr. Pitt." Sheridan then said he was glad he had been prevented answering, as he might have said something unpalatable. As to the opinion of the House of his credit, he would not venture to say anything; *but it was only in the House* that Pitt would venture to tell him so. On which Mr. Stanley protested against these personalities; and Mr. Yorke, with excellent good sense, said it was hard for members, sent up from the country to mind their constit-

uents' business, "*to have to listen to such nonsense.*" Sheridan, therefore, who, in the common Irish phrase, had "*blazed,*" it was clear, was eager to provoke the Minister to combat, as we find from his taunts on two or three occasions.

This hostility, however, was alternated with exercises of an agreeable pleasantry. Thus, when Pitt gravely proposed to levy a tax of a guinea on every horse starting for a race, this recognition of sport was too tempting to be passed by. "Lord Surrey," says Wraxall, "who possessed much racing knowledge, advised him to alter his tax, and to substitute in its place five pounds on the winning horse of any plate of fifty pounds' value. The Minister instantly adopted, with many acknowledgments, the Earl's suggestion. Sheridan, who sat close by Lord Surrey, then rising, after having paid some compliments to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his dexterity and *jockeyship*, observed that whenever Lord Surrey should next visit Newmarket his sporting companions, who would be *sweated* by this new tax of his fabrication, instead of commending his ingenuity, would probably exclaim, Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold! This convulsed the House; and even Pitt, whose features did not always relax on hearing Sheridan's jests, however brilliant or apposite they might be, joined in the laugh."

This was a specimen of that spontaneous gayety which made him so welcome to the House. He was not always so happy. One of his stock devices was to make some farcical pleasantry on names of statesmen; as on Mr. Bragge: "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better;" or when pressed to "name" some one to whom he was making allusion, he said he could do it as soon as you could say "Jack Robinson." Or he would tell of one "Paterson," who kept a shop at Manchester, and, having a tilted cart in use for his business, had the names of "Pitt and Paterson" painted on the front of it. This man, who was known to have no partner in his trade, was asked what he meant by the name of Pitt on his cart, as he had no share in the business. "Ah!" replied he, "he has indeed no share in the business; but a very large share in the profits of it." This seems a poor sort of wit. One who is ever looking out

for some superficial allusion of this kind to win a laugh will rarely enjoy respect.

Mr. Moore has laid open for us Sheridan's private laboratory where he compounded his oratory—the images, metaphors, prepared bursts—the accurately marked places where “Good God, sir!” was to come in. These “fire-works” kept by him for use do not belong to oratory, whose legitimate imagery is inspired by the emotion of the moment and belongs to the occasion. It is extraordinary the difference of feeling found when comparing his images with those of Burke, so genuine, so apropos, so forcible. “Burke,” said Sir Gilbert Elliot, “abounds with these fine passages; but no man could ever perceive in him the least trace of preparation, and he never appears more incontestably inspired by the moment, and transported with the fury of the god within him, than in those finished passages which it would cost even Shakespeare long study and labor to produce.”

On a superficial view, it is often customary to class Sheridan with the statesmen of his period. “Fox, Burke, Sheridan,” etc., are named together, as though he had any equally important influence on the political events of his time.

But the truth, as we have before observed, is that Sheridan cannot be counted “*a serious politician.*” It would almost seem that he had few convictions. In all the abundant political memoirs of the time, of which there are scores, we rarely find his name mentioned as being of *account* at any crisis; though he figures largely in schemes, and in tortuous intrigues, or as a supposed adviser of “an illustrious personage.” Mr. Croker truly says: “How many, after all, are the events in the public history of England with which posterity will, in any manner whatever, connect the name of Sheridan? In fact, the history of England might be written without a single introduction of his name, and in all probability hereafter it will be so written.” Industrious, indeed, he was as a debater, and took part in discussing all manner of subjects; but having read all these efforts carefully, they seem generally conceived in a labored petty spirit, merely for the embarrassment of some Minister; or that he had “got up” his facts without having any particular interest in the question.

And in this estimate of Sheridan as a politician we must not overlook the fact that in those times of strict party spirit we always find him somehow estranged from members of his party, following the guide of his own interest and fighting for his own hand. The reason seems to be that unhappily he was ever pressed with debts and difficulties, now surmounting them, now overpowered by them; a struggle which is certain to lend a shifting tone to political views. It is difficult indeed for a man thus harassed to take up Spartan or heroic principles. This end, with so impulsive a character, seemed more likely to be gained by devotion to a person of such influence as was the Prince of Wales and Regent, than in barren service to the abstract principles of a party whose coming to power seemed hopeless; nor was it likely that a man pressed and straitened by debt, and notorious for the shifts and devices by which he strove to release himself from embarrassments, would be likely to be over scrupulous in matters of party.

WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK.

(1830—1895.)

“THE modern Suetonius,” as the lively writer of ‘Recollections of Dublin Castle,’ calls W. J. Fitzpatrick, “was,” he says, “perpetually groping among old papers, letters, and the like, and discovering awkward secrets. He would tell you in a cozy way, and in his high treble: ‘I have just purchased a number of curious documents, in one of which there is a curious transaction relating to your grandfather. Did you ever know that he had a salary from the Government to act as spy, etc.? I have all the documents.’”

He certainly was an industrious student of his day of the careers of illustrious Irishmen, and one of the best authorities on the social life of the past in Ireland.

He was born Aug. 31, 1830, and was educated at Clongowes Wood College. His first work of any importance was ‘The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle’ (1861). This was followed by a biography of Lord Cloncurry, and a work in defense of Lady Morgan entitled ‘The Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan,’ to which there came a sequel, ‘Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal.’ ‘Anecdotal Memoirs of Archbishop Whately’ next appeared; and this was followed by ‘Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his Betrayers’ (1869). ‘Ireland before the Union,’ appeared in 1870, and was succeeded by a volume of even greater historical value, entitled ‘The Sham Squire and the Informers of 1798.’ The description of this remarkable figure in the history of Ireland is brought out clearly, and the whole story is a striking picture of the state of society at the troubled period immediately before and after the Act of Union. In 1873 a volume of pleasant gossip under the title of ‘Irish Wits and Worthies, including Dr. Lanigan,’ was published; a life of Lever also came from his pen. He wrote ‘Historical Discoveries of the Days of Tone and Emmet,’ and was a frequent contributor to periodical literature. His books make a long list, but one of the most important was ‘The Secret Service under Pitt,’ and the most curious perhaps was a pamphlet claiming for Thomas Scott, the brother of Sir Walter Scott, the chief credit for a large part of the Waverley Novels. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Dublin Royal Society. He died in 1895.

ANECDOTES OF KEOGH, THE IRISH MASSILLON.

From ‘Irish Wits and Worthies.’

That love of hospitable and convivial pleasure characteristic of the old school of Irish priesthood, and which our historian sought to vindicate against the aspersions of

Giraldus Cambrensis, was not only illustrated in Lanigan's own idiosyncrasy, but in that of his friend, the Rev. M. B. Keogh, as well. The latter was hospitable to a fault, and would almost coin his heart into gold to give away; while legitimate creditors, as is often the fashion with literary men, were invariably left unpaid. A merchant to whom Mr. Keogh was indebted, knowing that he would have no chance of settlement if directly applied for, appealed to him with the representation that, as he was in great difficulties a pecuniary loan would be specially acceptable. The preacher replied that he could not give it just then, but if the applicant would come and dine with him on the following Sunday he would try meanwhile to make out the loan for him somehow or another. The money was duly produced, and the merchant, full of expressions of gratitude, reminding him of his old claim, returned the over-plus to Father Keogh, who henceforth regarded him with feelings not altogether paternal.

As a natural consequence of the perverse principle which he cultivated, Father Keogh was constantly in debt and difficulties. One day, when disrobing after delivering a charity sermon in Whitefriar Street Chapel, where a vast crowd had congregated to hear him surpass himself, two bailiffs stalked into the sacristy, and placing him in a covered car drove off in triumph. Dr. Spratt good-naturedly accompanied his friend, and as they neared the sheriff's prison one of the officers, pulling out a pistol, said: "Father Keogh, I know your popularity, and in case you appeal to the mob, I draw the trigger." The idol of the people submitted to his fate with the desperate resignation he had so often inculcated in his sermons, and turning to Dr. Spratt said: "My dear friend, I am arrested at the suit evidently of B——, the coach-maker. Go to him and arrange it." The good priest did as requested, and returned to the prison with a receipt in full, which he considered equivalent to an order for the liberation of his friend. But the document proved futile; it turned out that Mr. Keogh was arrested at the suit of an utterly different creditor, and the glee of the coach-maker, who never expected to be paid, was only equaled by Mr. Keogh's dismay.

The late Rev. J. Lalor, P.P. of Athy, the former coadjutor of Father Keogh at Baldoyle, used to tell that his

curates, as they could never get one farthing from him, were generally most shabbily clad, and tried to console themselves by the reflection that in this respect they resembled our Lord's disciples, who were sent without scrip or staff. Mr. Lalor, at last losing patience, reeled the knee of his small-clothes, and furnished with this startling argument waited upon the pastor and claimed the price of a new one. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "I have not a farthing in the world; but if you go into that dressing-room yonder you may take your choice of four."

The late Dr. M——I was in the habit of paying Father Keogh, when in delicate health, a visit every Wednesday, and remaining to dine with him. One evening the doctor drank more than freely, and advised no end of draughts of less palatable flavor. When taking leave, Mr. Keogh placed a crumpled paper in his hand. The doctor's knock was heard betimes next morning. "I called," said he, "to represent a slight mistake. Only fancy, you gave me an old permit instead of a note." The reply was cool: "You cannot carry more than a certain amount of whisky without a permit; I saw that you had exceeded the proper quantum." Father Michael Keogh's powers of sarcasm, often most capriciously and dyspeptically exercised, were withering. A priest who had formerly been a Jesuit was lionized at a dinner where Mr. Keogh was present. "I think, sir," he exclaimed from the end of the table, "you were a Jesuit, but have since left the order." A stiff bow was the reply. "Judas was also in the society of Jesus," proceeded his tormentor, "but he took the cord and died a Franciscan."

But Father Keogh's forte, after pulpit oratory, was rare powers of histrionic mimicry. He was once invited by the late good though eccentric pastor of Duleek to preach a charity sermon. After delivering a powerful appeal, which melted many of the audience to tears, Father Keogh proceeded to read aloud some papers, containing parochial announcements, which the parish priest had placed in his hands for that purpose. But the most illiterate member of the assembled flock at once perceived that Mr. Keogh, by his tone and gesture, was mimicking the peculiarities of their primitive pastor. The latter was not slow in recognizing his own portrait, and starting up from a seat of

honor which he occupied beneath the pulpit, exclaimed: "You Dublin jackeen, was it for this I invited you to Duleek?"

How an ecclesiastic, whose brow when engaged in delivering a divine message seemed not unsuited for the miter, could sometimes suffer the cap and bells to usurp its place can be accounted for in no other way than that vagaries of this sort formed part of the eccentricity of his high genius. He had a keen eye to detect the weaknesses or absurdities of his neighbor, but was utterly blind to his own. In hearing these anecdotes of this remarkable Irishman—which are now told publicly for the first time—it is difficult to associate them with one whose prestige was of the most brilliant and exalted character. Since Dean Kirwan preached, there had not appeared a more irresistible or impressive pulpit orator. Hundreds of Protestants daily attended his controversial sermons; and we have heard them say that it was a rare treat to hear Father Keogh answering in the evening the polemical propositions enunciated from the pulpit by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan in the morning. He was entitled to the receipts taken at some of these evening sermons. Father Murphy, his prior, handed him on one of these occasions £2 10s. "I viewed the congregation," said Mr. Keogh, "and there was more than £1 10s. present." "Granted," replied his superior, "but you owe me £2 for ten years, and I had no other means of getting paid." "Those who know me," observed Dr. Willis, in a communication to the author, "are aware that I never was given to weeping, especially in my younger days; but I do declare that during a course of Lenten sermons in Church Street, Keogh had every one of the congregation in tears, including myself, whom he had so often previously, in private, convulsed with laughter."

The old magazine from which an extract has been already culled opens with an elaborate sketch of the Rev. M. B. Keogh: "The practice of extemporary preaching, so judiciously encouraged or enforced by the Church of Rome," it states, "is admirably calculated to call forth the powers and the resources of such a mind as Mr. Keogh's. He is evidently of a quick and ardent temperament, swayed by sudden impulse, and often, in the hurrying moment of excitement, carried beyond himself by a species of inspira-

tion. To tie down such a man to his notes would be to extinguish half his enthusiasm; it would be a sort of intellectual sacrilege—an insult to the majesty of genius.” Mr. Keogh’s success as a preacher was not due to commanding appearance, for, like Curran’s, it seems to have been far from prepossessing. He had the same powers of mind and eye as Curran, who was wont to observe that it cost him half-an-hour longer to reach the hearts of the jury than it would have taken a less repulsive-featured man with the same arguments. “See him in the season of Lent,” observes a contemporary critic, “for, probably, the fortieth time, standing unrobed before the unornamented altar, without text, form, or genuflexion, starting solemnly but abruptly upon his subject. Mark the extending of his arm, the penetrating glance of his kindled eye; hear his deep, mellow, and impressive tones; listen to his rich, impassioned, spirit-stirring diction, and then say, if you can, that you feel the absence of fine features, courtly manners, or commanding stature.” And yet we are not aware that the sermons of this great orator exist in any accessible form. Nor is the loss, perhaps, as great as might at first sight be supposed. As in the case of Dean Kirwan—whose printed sermons are unworthy of his high reputation—the great effect of Father Keogh’s pulpit oratory seems, on *post mortem* examination, due rather to the manner than the matter. Dr. Spratt, having got a discourse of his reported, presented him with the proof-sheets for correction; but, although accurately taken down, Mr. Keogh would not believe that he had delivered it in that form, and, filled with disgust, tore up the sheets and irrevocably canceled the sermon.

Mr. Keogh, during his hours of relaxation, exhibited all the exuberance of a liberated school-boy on the playground. A gentleman, who we fear played cards rather for profit than pleasure, having one evening at Raheny pocketed pool after pool with complacent rapacity, at last, having secured an unusually large “haul,” suddenly stood up and declared it was time to leave. Keogh, with the utmost good humor, replied that it was too early to break up, and that he should give his host and friends an opportunity of retrieving their losses. But the man of lucre, with pleasant banter, extricated himself from the playful “collar-

ing" of his friends; and just as he had reached the hall, Fr. Keogh caught him in his muscular grip, and, turning him upside down, the entire contents of his pockets fell in a loud avalanche to the ground. The money was gathered up, the gamester returned, and the play continued with varying success until a later hour. This anecdote was told by the butler of the house, who at least was a considerable gainer by the incident.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop," was an apothegm of his own concoction, which his audience heard him utter more than once. Two other favorite expressions of his were, "tinsel'd vanity" and "feathered foppery," and he declared inextinguishable war against both. Like Curran, Moore, and other great contemporaries, Mr. Keogh's origin was humble. He never shrank from avowing it manfully, and, we rather think, used those avowals as physic to purge the pride engendered by public adulation. The father of the Irish Massillon was a coffin-maker in Cook Street.¹ A friend asked him one day, "How is your father?" "Oh," replied Keogh with a very long visage, "I left him working for death!"

Nevertheless, the sire saw the son down; and his death occurred under the following circumstances. In attempting to attain an almost celestial degree of perfection as deliverer of divine messages, he sank from Scylla into the jaws of Charybdis. Somewhat erroneously supposing that his articulation was not quite as distinct as formerly, he desired a dentist to pull out all his front teeth, and to insert a false set in their room. Dental science was not then in its prime—the cure proved far worse than the disease. The clumsy tusks which had been substituted for nature's teeth obstructed rather than facilitated the flow of his oratory; but, still worse, they refused to perform the office of mastication. Dyspepsia, with a hundred other ills, were fostered in this way, and Mr. Keogh rapidly sank beneath their sapping influence. One of his last letters, written from his father's house in Cook Street, where he died, was

¹ Mr. Keogh worked at the trade for a time himself. He used to say that when people faulted coffins, because of unsightly knots in the wood, he would reply: "Oh, I can hide them with an angel or two." Father Keogh inherited his talent from his mother, who kept a school. He was such an apt scholar that the usual period for theological study was considerably abridged in his favor.

addressed to Dr. Spratt, begging his prayers. But . . . Keogh also had his joke at that solemn hour. A priest, famous for following the fox-hounds, having paid him a visit, Keogh in a voice hardly audible muttered, "Ah, Father John, you were always in at the death." Mr. Keogh did not long survive his friend Dr. Lanigan. He died 9th September, 1831, aged forty-three years. A tablet to his memory, inscribed with a very eulogistic epitaph, is erected in the Roman Catholic Church, Baldoyle; but his remains repose in the vaults of SS. Michael and John, Exchange Street, Dublin.

ELLEN FITZSIMON.

(1805—1883.)

ELLEN O'CONNELL, the eldest of the daughters of Daniel O'Connell, all remarkable both for beauty and for accomplishments, was born in Dublin Nov. 12, 1805. She married the late Christopher Fitzsimon, M.P., of Clencullen, County Dublin. In 1863 she published 'Derrynane Abbey,' and about 1876 she began to write 'Recollections of my Father and his Times,' but she did not live to finish it. She contributed poems to *The Citizen*, *The Nation*, *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, etc., over the signature "L. N. F."

THE SONG OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN AMERICA.

OR THE WOODS OF CAILLINO.

My heart is heavy in my breast, my ears are full of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed years,—
To those bright days long, long ago,
When naught I dreamed of sordid care or worldly woe,
But roamed, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Caillino.

There, in the spring-time of my life and spring-time of the year,
I've watched the snowdrop start from earth, the first young
buds appear,
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet and golden primrose grow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Caillino.

'T was there I wooed my Mary Dhuv and won her for my bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters and four sons, my age's
pride;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days we passed near Caillino.

At length, by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand.
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land;
Though toils we had to undergo,
Yet soon content and happy peace 't was ours to know,
And plenty such as never blessed our hearts, near Caillino.

And Heaven a blessing has bestowed more precious far than
wealth,
Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health;
Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Caillino.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that, when we are no
more,
Our bones must find a resting place far, far from Erin's shore;
For us, no funeral, sad and slow,
Within the ancient abbey's burial mound will go,—
No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Caillino.

Yet, O, if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best!
O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
On all,—but most of all, on *thee*, beloved Caillino!

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

(— 1678.)

RICHARD FLECKNOE, poet and dramatic writer, lived in the reign of Charles II. He was an Irishman by birth, and was originally a priest of the Order of Jesus. Flecknoe owes the rescue of his name from oblivion to the satirical genius of Dryden. The satirist availed himself of Flecknoe's name as a stalking-horse from behind which to assail the poetaster Shadwell, who had been appointed to replace him in the laureateship. The opening lines of this satire may be quoted as a specimen of the whole:—

“ All human things are subject to decay ;
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long ;
In prose and verse was owned without dispute
Throughout the realms of nonsense absolute.”

It is but fair, however, to remark that, clever and effective as this poem is, it is in its application to Flecknoe utterly unjust. Flecknoe was a considerable traveler. He went to Lisbon about 1643, where he remained some time. From Lisbon, in 1646, he made a voyage to Brazil, and on his return in 1650 he wrote his ‘Travels of Ten Years in Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America.’ Flecknoe was the author of several plays, only one of which, ‘Love’s Dominion,’ printed in 1654, was acted. This piece was republished in 1674 as ‘Love’s Kingdom,’ a pastoral tragi-comedy. This was not the play as acted, but as rewritten and corrected. His minor pieces contain many happy turns of thought and felicities of expression. His ‘*Damoiselles à la Mode*,’ printed in 1677 and addressed to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and ‘Sir W. Davenant’s Voyage to the Other World’ are witty exposures of the literary and dramatic foibles of the day. His unpopularity among the players, and the satire of Dryden, upon whom, nevertheless, Flecknoe composed a witty and graceful epigram, must have been in a great measure owing to his attacks on the immorality and general worthlessness of the English stage. An interesting but almost unknown production of Flecknoe’s is ‘The Idea of His Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector,’ etc., London, 1659—an appreciative estimate of Cromwell’s character, as evidenced in his Parliamentary career and his achievements as soldier and statesman. He also wrote ‘Ermina, or the Chaste Lady,’ ‘The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia,’ ‘Epigrams and Enigmatical Characters,’ 1670, in 8vo ; ‘Miscellanea,’ or poems of all sorts, with divers other pieces, 1653, in 12mo ; ‘Diarium, or the Journal,’ divided into twelve Journadas, in burlesque verse, London, 1656, in 12mo ; and ‘Discourse of the English Stage.’ Flecknoe died in 1678.

OF DRINKING.

The fountains drink caves subterren,
 The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
 Brooks drink those rivulets again,
 And them some river gliding by;
 Until some gulping sea drink them,
 And ocean drinks up that again.

Of ocean then does drink the sky;
 When having brewed it into rain,
 The earth with drink it does supply,
 And plants do drink up that again.
 When turned to liquor in the vine,
 'Tis our turn next to drink the wine.

By this who does not plainly see,
 How into our throats at once is hurled—
 Whilst merrily we drinking be—
 The quintessence of all the world?
 Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
 Let us too drink as well as they.

ON TRAVEL.

It is not travel makes the man, 't is true,
 Unless a man could travel, sir, like you,
 By putting off the worst and putting on
 The best of every country where they come;
 Their language, manners, fashions, and their use,
 Purged from the dross, and stript from the abuse,
 Until at last in manners they become
 New men and creatures at their coming home;
 Whilst your pied traveler, who nothing knows
 Of other countries' fashions but their clothes,
 And speaks their language but as parrots do,
 Only at best a broken word or two,
 Goes and returns the same he went again,
 By carrying England still along with him;
 Or else returns far worse by bringing home
 The worst of every land where he does come.

HENRY FLOOD.

(1732—1791.)

HENRY FLOOD, one of the bright stars in the constellation of Irish orators which shone in the eighteenth century, was born in 1732, in the family mansion near Kilkenny. He was the son of the Right Hon. Warden Flood, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland. He was early sent to school, on leaving which he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he stayed but a short time, and about 1749 was sent to Oxford.

In 1760 he returned to Ireland and took his seat in the Irish House of Commons as member for Kilkenny, his native county, a seat which he exchanged for that of Callan, in the same county, in the new Parliament of 1761. At the time of his entrance on political life bribery and corruption were rife, and the House was so much under the control of the British Government that its independence was only in name. Flood took a bold stand against this state of affairs, and formed a party which advocated the freedom of the Irish Parliament and sought to overthrow the prevailing system of bribery. He became eminently distinguished for his eloquence, and for the zeal and perseverance with which he advocated every measure that he regarded as beneficial to his country.

He endeavored to obtain the repeal of a law dating from the time of Henry VII., called Poyning's law, by which the British Government had the power of altering or rejecting all the bills of the Irish legislature. He succeeded in carrying the Octennial bill, by which the duration of any Parliament was limited to eight years, a reform which was considered of great political advantage to Ireland; and he strenuously advocated the establishment of a native militia in Ireland as a balance against the presence of a standing army. After leading the Opposition for some years, Flood changed his tactics, alternately supporting or opposing the measures brought forward by successive administrations up to 1780, as he considered them beneficial or otherwise; and this line of conduct no doubt frequently drew upon him the charge of political inconsistency. In 1774 he had accepted the lucrative post of one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland, but it was only on condition of maintaining his principles, and when he found this no longer possible he resigned in 1781, and appeared once more as the opponent of the Government. But the old fervor of his eloquence, so long dormant, seemed slow to rouse, and he is said never to have spoken again with the power he had shown in earlier days.

There were now two leaders of the opposition in the Irish House of Commons, and the natural result ensued. Flood and Grattan quarreled; the more violent of the party sided with Flood, the more moderate with Grattan, and several passages of arms took place in the House. One of these occurred in 1783, and was carried to a degree of animosity seldom equaled. Grattan, fixing his eyes upon Flood, exclaimed: "You have great talents, but you have infa-

mously sold them ! for years you have kept silence that you might make gain ! I declare before your country, before the whole world, before yourself, that you are a dishonest man !" Flood replied, but such was the strain of his invective that the Speaker interfered, and only allowed his justification to be made several days later.

The party adhering to Grattan gradually gained ascendancy, and Flood turned his thoughts to England. Through the influence of the Duke of Chandos he became Member for Winchester, and took his seat in the British House of Commons in December, 1783. Owing to the reputation which he had acquired in Ireland, great things were expected from him. But his first appearance proved a failure which ever after crippled him. Entering the House toward the end of an important debate on Mr. Fox's East India bill, and when tired by a long journey, he was imprudent enough to attempt to speak on a subject of which at the very outset he confessed himself ignorant. His vigor failed him ; his speech was tedious and awkward in delivery, though correct enough in diction ; his eloquence seemed utterly to have left him, and he could only produce dry, worn-out arguments, based on general principles, and not on warm, living facts.

Before he had time to recover his reputation, a dissolution of Parliament took place, and, the Duke of Chandos refusing his support, Flood betook himself to the borough of Seaford. In the new Parliament he made several weighty and successful speeches, and was fast acquiring a good position in the House, when in 1790 he made the false move of introducing a reform bill. The time was most inopportune, as revolution and not reform was what was hoped for on one side and feared on the other. As a consequence the two great parties combined against him at the next election, and he was left without a seat. Stung to the quick, and suffering at the same time from an attack of gout, he retired to his estate of Farnley near Kilkenny. At this place a fire broke out, and, though still suffering from illness, in the excitement he exposed himself and was attacked by pleurisy, which carried him off on the 2d of December, 1791.

He had married Lady Frances Beresford in 1763, a lady who brought him fortune as well as a wide and influential connection. In 1769, while Member for Callan, he had an unfortunate dispute with his colleague, Mr. Agar, and in a duel which ensued the latter was killed. For this Flood was tried and acquitted at the spring assizes of 1770 in Kilkenny. By his will he bequeathed property to the value of £5,000 (\$25,000) to the University of Dublin, but this bequest was ultimately set aside by an appeal to the law of mortmain.

As an orator Flood has been highly praised by his friends as he has been fiercely blamed by his enemies ; but there must have been no small charm in his eloquence when it made his audience forget his rasping voice and irritating habit of lowering it at the end of his sentences. However famous he was in his native Parliament, there can be no doubt that he was there soon overshadowed by the towering figure of Grattan, between whom and Flood there were few things in common. Grattan's moving power was an enthusiastic love of country and a poetic nature, while Flood's was to a great extent vanity, although it must be admitted that he was a warm and un-

deviating lover of truth and honesty. While at Oxford he wrote a poem on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, one stanza of which was afterward echoed by Gray in his 'Elegy.' His 'Pindaric Ode to Fame' is nervous and vigorous, and his poem on the discovery of America contains several good passages. In addition to original work, he translated two speeches of Æschines and the Crown Oration of Demosthenes, after whom he tried to model his own style.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' says of Flood: "There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the life of this man. . . . Though he attained to a position which, before him, had been unknown in Ireland; though the unanimous verdict of his contemporaries pronounced him to be one of the greatest intellects that ever adorned the Irish Parliament; and though there is not a single act of his life which may not be construed in a sense perfectly in harmony with honor and with patriotism, yet his career presents one long series of disappointments and reverses. At an age when most statesmen are in the zenith of their influence he sank into political impotence. The party he had formed discarded him as its leader. The reputation he so dearly prized was clouded and assailed; the principles he had sown germinated and fructified indeed, but others reaped their fruit; and he is now scarcely remembered except as an object of a powerful invective in Ireland and as an example of a deplorable failure in England. A few pages of oratory, which probably at best only represent the substance of his speeches, a few youthful poems, a few labored letters, and a biography so meager and unsatisfactory that it scarcely gives us any insight into his character, are all that remain of Henry Flood."

FLOOD'S REPLY TO GRATTAN'S INVECTIVE.

From a Speech delivered in the Irish Parliament in 1783.

I rise, sir, in defense of an injured character; and when I recall the aspersions of that night,—while I despise them, they shall be recalled only to be disproved. As I have endeavored to defend the rights of this country for four-and-twenty years, I hope the house will permit me to defend my reputation. My public life, sir, has been divided into three parts—and it has been dispatched by three epithets. The first part, that which preceded Lord Harcourt's administration; the next, which passed between Lord Harcourt's and Lord Carlisle's; and the third, which is subsequent. The first has a summary justice done it by being said to be "intemperate,"—the second is treated in like manner by being said to be "venal,"—and the conduct of the third is said to be that of an "incendiary." . . .

With respect to that period of my life which is dispatched by the word "intemperate," I beg the house would consider the difficult situation of public men if such is to be their treatment. That period takes in a number of administrations, in which the public were pleased to give me the sentence of their approbation. Sir, it includes, for I wish to speak to facts, not to take it up on epithets, the administrations of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Hertford, and Lord Townshend. Now, sir, as to the fact of "intemperate," I wish to state to you how that stands, and let the honorable members see how plain a tale will put him down. Of those five administrations there were three to which I was so far from giving an "intemperate" opposition, that I could not be said in any sense of the word to oppose them at all—I mean the three first. I certainly voted against the secretary (Mr. Hamilton) of the day, but oftener voted with him. In Lord Hertford's administration I had attained a certain view, and a decided opinion of what was fit in my mind to be done for Ireland. I had fixed on three great objects of public utility. I endeavored to attain them with that spirit and energy with which it is my character and nature to act and to speak,—as I must take the disadvantages of my nature, I will take the advantages of it too,—they were resisted by that administration. What was the consequence? A conflict arose between that administration and me: but that conflict ought not to be called opposition on my part; no, it ought rather to be called opposition on theirs. I was the propounder—they resisted my propositions. This may be called a conflict with, not an opposition to that administration. What were those three great objects? One was to prove that the constitution of parliament in this kingdom did still exist; that it had not been taken away by the law of Poynings, but that it was by an infamous perversion of that statute by which the constitution had suffered. The second was the establishment of a constitutional military force in superaddition to that of a standing army,—the only idea that ever occurred in England, or in any free country in Europe, was that of a constitutional militia. The third great object I took up, as necessary for Ireland, was a law for limiting the duration of parliaments in this country. These were three

great, salutary, and noble projects, worthy of an enlarged mind. I pursued them with ardor, I do not deny it, but I did not pursue them with intemperance. I am sure I did not appear to the public to do so, since they gave my exertions many flattering testimonies of their approbation; there is another proof, however, that I was not "intemperate"—I was successful. Intemperance and miscarriage are apt to go together, but temperance and success are associated by nature. This is my plain history with regard to that period. The clumsiness or virulence of invective may require to be sheathed in a brilliancy of figures, but plain truth and plain sense are best delivered in simple language.

I now come to that period in which Lord Harcourt governed, and which is stigmatized by the word "venal." If every man who accepts an office is "venal" and an "apostate," I certainly cannot acquit myself of the charge, nor is it necessary. If it be a crime universally, let it be universally ascribed; but it is not fair that one set of men should be treated by that honorable member as great friends and lovers of their country, notwithstanding they are in office, and another set of men should be treated as enemies and apostates. What is the truth? Everything of this sort depends on the principles on which office is taken, and on which it is retained. With regard to myself let no man imagine I am preaching up a doctrine for my own convenience; there is no man in this house less concerned in the propagation of it. . . . I beg leave to state briefly the manner in which I accepted the vice-treasureship:—

It was offered me in the most honorable manner, with an assurance not only of being a placeman for my own profit, but a minister for the benefit of my country. My answer was that I thought in a constitution such as the British an intercourse between the prince and the subject ought to be honorable. The circumstance of being a minister ought to redound to a man's credit, though I lament to say it often happens otherwise; men in office frequently forget those principles which they maintained before. I mentioned the public principles which I held, and added, if consistently with them, from an atom of which I could not depart, I could be of service to his majesty's government, I was ready to render it. I now speak in the pres-

ence of men who know what I say. After the appointment had come over to this kingdom, I sent in writing to the chief governor that I could not accept it unless on my own stipulations. Thus, sir, I took office. . . .

In Lord Harcourt's administration what did I do? I had the board of commissioners reduced to one, by which a saving of twenty thousand pounds a year was effected. I went further, I insisted on having every altered money bill thrown out, and privy-council bills not defended by the crown. Thus, instead of giving sanction to the measures I had opposed, my conduct was in fact to register my principles in the records of the court—to make the privy council witness the privileges of a parliament and give final energy to the tenets with which I commenced my public life. The right honorable member who has censured me, in order to depreciate that economy, said "that we had swept with the feather of economy the pens and paper off our table:" a pointed and brilliant expression which is far from a just argument. This country had no reason to be ashamed of that species of economy, when the great nation of Britain had been obliged to descend to a system as minute; it was not my fault if infinitely more was not done. If administrations were wrong on the *absentee tax*, they were wrong with the prejudices of half a century—they were wrong with every great writer than has treated of Irish affairs. . . . To show that I was not under any undue influence of office, when the disposition of the house was made to alter on the absentee tax, and when the administration yielded to the violence of parliament, I appeal to the consciousness and public testimony of many present whether I did *veer and turn with the secretary*, or whether I did not make a manly stand in its favor. After having pledged myself to the public I would rather break with a million of administrations than retract; I not only adhered to that principle, but, by a singular instance of exertion, found it a second time under the consideration of this house. . . .

The third, commencing with Lord Carlisle's administration, in which my conduct has been slandered as "incendiary." There was not a single instance in which the honorable gentleman (Mr. Grattan) did not co-operate. If I am an incendiary, I will gladly accept of the society of

that right honorable member, under the same appellation. If I was an incendiary it was for moving what the parliaments of both kingdoms have since given their sanction to. If that is to be an incendiary, God grant that I may continue so. Now, sir, I do not know that my dismissal from office was thought any disgrace to me; I do not think this house or the nation thought me dishonored. The first day I declared those sentiments for which I was dismissed I thought it was my honor. Many very honorable and worthy gentlemen, one of whom is since dead, except in the grateful memory of his country—one who thought me so little the character of an “incendiary,” that he crossed the house, together with others, to congratulate me on the honor of my conduct, and to embrace me in open parliament. At that moment I surely stood free of the imputation of an “incendiary!” But this beloved character (Mr. Burgh), over whose life nor over whose grave envy never hovered—he was a man wishing ardently to serve his country, but not to monopolize the service—wishing to partake and to communicate the glory of what passed!—He gave me in his motion for “free-trade,” a full participation of the honor. On a subsequent occasion he said,—I remember the words well, they are traced with a pencil of gratitude on my heart,—“that I was a man whom the most lucrative office of the land had never warped in point of integrity.” The words were marked, and I am sure I repeat them fairly; they are words I should be proud to have inscribed on my tomb. Consider the man from whom they came; consider the situation of the persons concerned, and it adds and multiplies the honor. My noble friend—I beg pardon, he did not live to be ennobled by patent, but he was ennobled by nature—was thus situated: he had found himself obliged to surrender his office and enter into active opposition to that government from whom he had obtained it; at the same time I remained in office, though under the circumstance of having sent in my resignation. That he did not know, but, careless to everything save honor and justice, he gave way to those sentiments of his heart, and he approved.

I have received this day from the united delegates of the province of Connaught an approbation, “WITH ONE VOICE,” as they emphatically express it, of that conduct that has

been slandered by the epithet of "incendiary." An assemblage not one of whom I have ever seen, not one of whom I have even a chance of doing a service for, and, therefore, could have nothing in contemplation but the doing an act of justice. Sir, I had a similar expression of approbation from another province—Ulster. Therefore, if I am an incendiary, all Connaught are incendiaries—all Ulster are incendiaries! With two provinces at my back, and the parliament of England in my favor (by the act of remuneration), I think I need not fear this solitary accusation. . . .

It has been said by the right honorable member (Mr. Grattan) that "I am an outcast of government and of my prince;" it was certainly, sir, an extraordinary transaction, but it likewise happened to Mr. Pultney and the Duke of Devonshire; therefore it is not a decisive proof of a reprobated or factious character, and it is the first time it has been mentioned to disadvantage. . . . Sir, you have heard the accusation of the right honorable member. I appeal to you if I am that supposititious character he has drawn, if I am that character in any degree. I do not deprecate your justice, but I demand it. I exhort you for the honor of this house, I exhort you for the honor of your country, to rid yourselves of a member who would be unworthy to sit among you.

A DEFENSE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

From a Speech delivered in the Irish Parliament in 1783.

Sir, I have not mentioned the bill as being the measure of any set of men or body of men whomsoever. I am as free to enter into the discussion of the bill as any gentleman in this house, and with as little prepossession of what I shall propose. I prefer it to the house as the bill of my right honorable friend who seconded me,—will you receive it from us?

(After a short pause Mr. Flood continued): In the last parliament it was ordered "That leave be given for the more equal representation of the people in parliament;"

this was in the Duke of Portland's administration, an administration the right honorable gentleman (Mr. Yelverton) professes to admire, and which he will not suspect of overturning the constitution.

I own, from the turn which has been given to this question, I enter on it with the deepest anxiety; armed with the authority of a precedent I did not think any one would be so desperate as to give such violent opposition to the simple introduction of a bill. I now rise for the first time to speak to the subject, and I call on every man, auditor or spectator, in the house or in the galleries, to remember this truth,—that if the volunteers are introduced in this debate, it is not I who do so. The right honorable gentleman says, “If the volunteers have approved it he will oppose it;” but I say I bring it in as a member of this house supported by the powerful aid of my right honorable friend (Mr. Brownlow) who sits behind me. We bring it in as members of parliament, never mentioning the volunteers. I ask you, will you receive it from us—from us, your members, neither intending by anything within doors or without to intimidate or overawe you? I ask, will you—will you receive it as our bill, or will you conjure up a military phantom of interposition to affright yourselves?

I have not introduced the volunteers, but if they are aspersed I will defend their character against all the world. By whom were the commerce and the constitution of this country recovered?—By the volunteers!

Why did not the right honorable gentleman make a declaration against them when they lined our streets—when parliament passed through the ranks of those virtuous armed men to demand the rights of an insulted nation? Are they different men at this day, or is the right honorable gentleman different? He was then one of their body, he is now their accuser! He who saw the streets lined, who rejoiced, who partook in their glory, is now their accuser! Are they less wise, less brave, less ardent in their country's cause, or has their admirable conduct made him their enemy? May they not say, We have not changed, but you have changed? The right honorable gentleman cannot bear to hear of volunteers; but I will ask him, and I will have a *starling taught to halloo in his ear*—Who

gave you the free-trade? who got you the free constitution? who made you a nation? The volunteers!

If they were the men you now describe them, why did you accept of their service? why did you not then accuse them? If they were so dangerous, why did you pass through their ranks with your speaker at your head to demand a constitution? why did you not then fear the ills you now apprehend?

ON A COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH FRANCE.

From a Speech delivered in the British Parliament (1787) in reply to Mr. Pitt, whose commercial system Flood combated.

One thing at least I think is clear, that France is one of the last countries in Europe with which you ought to have engaged; yet by this treaty you will make her the first, though she has taken care not to make you so. What is the consequence? She can now do against you what you cannot retaliate against her. She can use her influence with Spain—Is she not doing it?—With America—Is she not doing it?—and in every other country with which she communicates, to prevent them from entering into engagements with you. How easily can she prevail on them to insist upon preliminaries to which you cannot accede, and yet to which, if you do not accede, they will not negotiate. What follows? A decline of communication between you and those powers. And what follows from that? That what those powers must import from you they will choose to import indirectly through France rather than directly from you. Thus for so much she would become the medium and carrier of your trade, a circumstance in my mind devoutly to be deprecated. What is at present your confidence as to America? Is it not that she must return to you for the sake of that long credit which France cannot afford to her. But what will be the operation of this treaty? It will give English credit to France in the first instance, and in the second France can give it to America. Thus it will deprive you of your only advantage as to America, and transfer it to your rival, who has every other advantage. Thus it will cement the connection between France and America, and perpetuate

the disconnection between those states and Great Britain, whilst in Europe it will rivet the confederacy between France and Spain, and unrivet that between Great Britain and Portugal, if it does not even add it as a link to the chain of the house of Bourbon. As to Ireland, what is its policy? It shows more favor to France than was shown the other day to Ireland. And what does it do next? It sends France into Ireland to colonize in her towns, to line her western coast and the Atlantic, to become the medium between certain classes of her people and America, to encourage emigration in peace and separation in war.

Now turn your eyes to the East. What did France do in 1748? She made the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the day after she fortified in America. The day after this treaty she will fortify in Asia. What will follow? If she cannot rival your cotton manufacture in Europe, she will undo it in Asia. She will admit Asiatic cottons free from duty. She can do it without even an infraction of this treaty, for even that has not been guarded against by your negotiator. But she cannot do it without the ruin of your European manufactures. Would not this be an acceptable measure in Asia, I ask? If she were to contend with you for Bengal (which one day she will), could she do it upon a better foundation? With her intrigues among the Asiatic powers; with the connivance or co-operation of the Dutch, recruited and fortified as she then would be, might not your Asiatic Empire tremble? Is it so secure in its nature as to bid defiance to assault? Or is any man so credulous as to believe that to the glory of having stripped you of America, she would not wish to accumulate the renown of depriving you of Asia too? I am no reviler of France. I honor her genius, I honor her activity; but whilst I honor France I am devoted to Great Britain. Time and circumstances have made us rivals; let us be as generous rivals as you will; but let us not be counterfeiting friends. . . .

No man glories more than I do in the mighty exertions of this great nation in the last war, whilst no man more regrets the principle and the event of it. But I am not so credulous as to believe that our failure has rendered us more formidable to France. On the other hand, I see no reason to despond. For if Queen Elizabeth, amidst all her distresses, could place this country at the head of

Europe, as the common friend to justice and as the common enemy to oppression; if Oliver Cromwell, with the stain of usurper on his head, could continue this kingdom in the situation in which it had been placed by Elizabeth; and if both of them could do this without the aid of America, I do not see why we should despond now.

With these glories before my eyes, and remembering how nobly they have been augmented within these hundred years, I stand in astonishment at the preamble of this treaty, which calls on us, in a tone of triumph, to reverse the system of that century. I cannot help asking myself who these men are who thus summon a mighty nation to renounce its honors and to abdicate its superiority. But be they who they may, if they ask me to depose Great Britain, and to put France into the throne of Europe, I answer, No. If they ask me to repeal the revolution, I answer, No. Or the liberty that came with it, or the glory that followed it, or the maxims of government that have cherished and adorned them both, I continue to answer by a reiterated negative. I confide that you will do the same, and I conclude.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

(1828—1883.)

MISS MAGENNIS was born in Clones, County Monaghan about 1828. Her father was a schoolmaster, and her brother was also a writer of verse. When a girl she settled in England, where she married Mr. Forrester, a stone mason, and three of her children became poets. She wrote for *The Nation* and for several English newspapers, and published two volumes of verse, 'Simple Strains' and 'Songs of the Rising Nation.' She died at Salford, England, Jan. 6, 1883.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

"Remember, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You'll mind, *avick*, and never say a word!
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
And cut the corn; and stored it in the barn;
'T would be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
But say *agra*¹—O say I miss him still!

"They came with ready hands our toil to share—
'T was then I missed him most—my own right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart! O severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea!

"And tell him she was with us—he'll know who:
Mavourneen,² hasn't she the winsome eyes?

¹ *Agradh*, O love!

² *Mo-mhúirín*, my darling.

The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
I ever saw except in summer skies.
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

“Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day
And moped, poor dog, ’t was well he didn’t die;
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure ’t was all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

“Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe ’t is my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight:
For all that, tell him ’t was myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

“Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.”

GEORGE FOX.

VERY little is known about the life of George Fox beyond the fact that he was born in Belfast ; was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, B.A. 1842, M.A. 1847, and came to America in 1848.

He is well known, however, as the translator of 'The County of Mayo' from the Irish. His translation first appeared in a review of Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy' in *The Dublin University Magazine*. The original is printed in the first named. Hardiman says that it was known sometimes as 'The Lament of Thomas Flavell,' having been composed by a seventeenth-century bard of that name. It is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the West of Ireland, and was, he says, combined with one of the sweetest of Irish melodies—the very soul of plaintive Irish music.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

From the Irish of Thomas Flavell.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the
night.

Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessèd sun, 't is royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much
abound,

In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went
round.

'T is a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced
to go,

And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own
Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now ; 't is proud they're grown
and high,

With their hair-bags and their top-knots—for I pass their
buckles by.

But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet
Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul
still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the Hill;
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and
low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

(1740—1818.)

“WHETHER ‘Junius’ or not, Sir Philip Francis was,” says Mr. Leslie Stephen, “a man of great ability and of unflagging industry.” He was born in Dublin in 1740. He was the son of Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace. When his father removed to England he was ten years old and he received his education at the Academy under his father and at St. Paul’s School, London. Here he had for a school-fellow, Henry S. Woodfall, afterward the printer of the ‘Letters of Junius.’ In 1756 Francis became a clerk in the Secretary of State’s office. His ability attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt, who succeeded Lord Holland, and in 1758 he was on Pitt’s recommendation appointed secretary to General Bligh, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg.

In 1760, through the same patronage, he became secretary to the Earl of Kinnoul, and accompanied that nobleman on his embassy to Lisbon. In 1763 he obtained a considerable post in the War office, which he resigned in 1772 in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington. The greater part of this year was spent by Francis in a visit to the Continent, during which he had a long audience with the Pope, a curious account of which in his own handwriting is among the manuscripts in possession of his grandson. On his return he was appointed by Lord North one of the civil members of Council for the government of Bengal, and sailed for India in June, 1773. His conduct at the Council-board was marked by a constant and violent opposition to the policy of the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, which resulted in a duel with the latter, in which Francis was dangerously wounded. The resignation of his post, worth £10,000 (\$50,000) a year, naturally followed.

He returned to England in 1781, and shortly after was elected Member of Parliament for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. In the House he supported Whig principles, joining the Opposition, then led by Fox. He actively promoted the proceedings which ended in the impeachment of Hastings, and afforded valuable information and advice to Burke and the other managers of the great trial. In 1807 he finally retired from Parliament. His speeches while a Member, notwithstanding a defect of utterance caused by an over-sensibility of temperament, are said to have been remarkable for refinement, simplicity, energy, and point. In 1806 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and in 1816, when the public curiosity on the subject of the ‘Letters of Junius’ had greatly subsided, attention was directed toward Sir Philip Francis, in consequence of the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Taylor, in which strong evidence was adduced as to his being their author. Francis denied the authorship in a somewhat equivocal way, and in 1818, while the question was still hotly discussed, he died in his seventy-ninth year. He published a number of political speeches, ‘Remarks on the Defense of Warren Hastings,’ ‘Letters

on the East India Company,' 'Reflections on the Currency,' etc., which were only of temporary interest and are now forgotten.

The secret of the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius,' like that of the personality of the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' has never really been penetrated. Although more than a century has elapsed since their publication; although volumes have been written on the subject, and the most prying curiosity and industrious ingenuity have been at work to collect evidence on the point, we have as yet no positive proof to decide the question who was their real author. More than fifty names of eminent men living at the period have been brought forward and advocated at various times, including those of Lord Chatham, Burke, Gibbon, Grattan, Pownall, Rich, Horne Tooke, Wilkes, and more especially Lord George Sackville, but there can be little doubt that the claim of authorship for Sir Philip Francis still remains the strongest. The arguments for this view may be briefly stated as: his absence on a journey to the Continent coincides with an interruption in the letters; his departure for India with a high appointment, with their cessation; his receiving that appointment without any apparent cause, just after leaving the War office; his station in the War office, with all details of which "Junius" is so familiar; his knowledge of speeches not reported; coincidences of thought and expression between passages of the letters and of speeches of Lord Chatham, reports of which had been furnished by Francis, and with his own speeches made after his return from India; his being known to be an able pamphleteer; and, finally, peculiar modes of spelling and of correcting the press, and resemblance of handwriting.

Macaulay deals with the authorship of these letters in his essay on Warren Hastings in his usually interesting manner. If, as he supposes, Sir Philip Francis was the author, he certainly had ample opportunity to realize abroad the meaning of the corruption he had denounced at home, for, as we have seen, he was in India from 1774 to 1780 as a member of the Council appointed to check Warren Hastings.

They first appeared in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser* at a time of great political excitement, and were directed against the principal men of the day connected with the Government, not sparing even royalty itself. Forty-four bear the signature of "Junius," the earliest of which is dated Jan. 21, 1769, the last Jan. 21, 1772. In the latter year they were collected (the collection including also fifteen letters signed "Philo-Junius," really written by the same person), revised by "Junius," who added notes, and published by Woodfall, with a Dedication to the English Nation and a Preface by the author. Another edition was afterward issued, containing not only the letters of "Junius" proper, but also his private letters to Mr. Woodfall, his correspondence with Wilkes, and other communications to the *Advertiser* by the same author under different signatures and relating to different subjects, but all marked with the same boldness, severity, and passion which characterize the 'Letters' themselves.

Numerous editions have since appeared, among others an enlarged and improved edition in 1850 in two volumes, edited by Mr. John

Wade, who in an essay prefixed makes out a strong case in favor of the authorship of Sir Philip Francis. A more recent work which supports the same view is 'The Handwriting of Junius Professionally Investigated by Mr. Charles Chabot, Expert,' with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. Edward Twistleton (London, 1871).

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

July 8, 1769.

My Lord:

If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you perhaps the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity.

But truly, my lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition and silenced the clamor of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some

progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion, unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from their decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from their spirit and their resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne, we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the favorite had some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered, their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their sta-

tion. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my lord; for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing, superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state; but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury which governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants, you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labors that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable.

You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes; nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and, in the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded safe and contemptible. You might probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished;

and to a mind like yours there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointment we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yet I trust your Grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of Parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed, but insulted.

With what force, my lord, with what protection are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress, but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for: another must be purchased; and, to save a minister, the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of

their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance; or, if their protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion.

Trust not too far to appearances, by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favor, be assured that whenever an occasion presses you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners, with those of their high-steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education.

Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet for the benefit of the succeeding age I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

JUNIUS.

WILLIAM PERCY FRENCH.

(1854 —)

WILLIAM PERCY FRENCH was born at Clooniquin, County Roscommon, May 1, 1854, and was graduated at Dublin University. Before becoming an author he was a civil engineer. He is one of the cleverest of living Irish humorists, and is the author of many verses, stories, etc., most of which appeared in a small Dublin comic paper called *The Jarvey* (now defunct), edited by himself. Some of his songs have become very popular, and he is also the author of the *libretti* of one or two operas.

THE FIRST LORD LIFTINANT.

AS RELATED BY ANDREW GERAGHTY, PHILOMATH.

"Essex," said Queen Elizabeth, as the two of them sat at breakwhist in the back parlor of Buckingham Palace, "Essex, me haro, I've got a job that I think would suit you. Do you know where Ireland is?"

"I'm no great fist at jografy," says his lordship, "but I know the place you mane. Population, three millions; exports, emigrants."

"Well," says the Queen, "I've been reading the *Dublin Evening Mail* and the *Telegraph* for some time back, and sorra one o' me can get at the trooth o' how things is goin', for the leadin' articles is as conthradictory as if they wor husband and wife."

"That's the way wid papers all the world over," says Essex; "Columbus told me it was the same in Amerikay, when he was there, abusin' and conthradictin' each other at every turn—it's the way they make their livin'. Thrubble you for an egg-spoon."

"It's addled they have me betune them," says the Queen. "Not a know I know what's goin' on. So now, what I want you to do is to run over to Ireland, like a good fella, and bring me word how matters stand."

"Is it me?" says Essex, leppin' up off his chair. "It's not in airnest ye are, ould lady. Sure it's the hought of the London saison. Every one's in town, and Shake's new

fairy piece, 'The Midsummer's Night Mare,' billed for next week."

"You 'll go when ye 're tould," says the Queen, fixin' him with her eye, "if you know which side yer bread 's buttered on. See here, now," says she, seein' him chokin' wid vexation and a slice o' corned beef, "you ought to be as pleased as Punch about it, for you 'll be at the top o' the walk over there as vice-regent representin' me."

"I ought to have a title or two," says Essex, pluckin' up a bit. "His Gloriosity the Great Panjandhrum, or the like o' that."

"How would His Excellency the Lord Liftinant of Ireland sthrike you?" says Elizabeth.

"First class," cries Essex. "Couldn't be betther; it doesn't mean much, but it 's alliterative, and will look well below the number on me hall-door."

Well, boys, it didn't take him long to pack his clothes and start away for the Island o' Saints. It took him a good while to get there, though, through not knowin' the road; but by means of a pocket compass and a tip to the steward, he was landed at last contagious to Dalkey Island. Goin' up to an ould man who was sittin' on a rock, he took off his hat, and says he—

"That 's great weather we 're havin'?"

"Good enough for the times that 's in it," says the ould man, cockin' one eye at him.

"Any divarshun goin' on?" says Essex.

"You 're a sthranger in these parts, I 'm thinkin'," says the ould man, "or you 'd know this was a 'band night' in Dalkey."

"I wasn't aware of it," says Essex; "the fact is," says he, "I only landed from England just this minute."

"Ay," says the ould man bitterly, "it 's little they know about us over there. I 'll hould you," says he, with a slight thrimble in his voice, "that the Queen herself doesn't know there is to be fireworks in the Sorrento Gardens this night."

Well, when Essex heard that, he disremembered entirely he was sent over to Ireland to put down rows and ructions, and away wid him to see the fun and flirt wid all the pretty girls he could find. And he found plenty of them—thick as bees they wor, and each one as beautiful as the day and the morra. He wrote two letters home next day—one to

Queen Elizabeth and the other to Lord Montaigne, a play-boy like himself. I'll read you the one to the Queen first:—

“DAME STHREET, *April 16th, 1599.*

“FAIR ENCHANTRESS,—I wish I was back in London, baskin' in your sweet smiles and listenin' to your melodious voice once more. I got the consignment of men and the post-office order all right. I was out all the mornin' lookin' for the inimy, but sorra a taste of Hugh O'Neil or his men can I find. A policemin at the corner o' Nassau Street told me they wor hidin' in Wicklow. So I am makin' up a party to explore the Dargle on Easter Monda'. Th girls here are as ugly as sin, and every minute o' the day I do be wishin' it was your good-lookin' self I was gazin' at instead o' these ignorant scarecrows. Hopin' soon to be back at ould England, I remain your lovin' subjec',

ESSEX.

“P.S.—I hear Hugh O'Neil was seen on the top of the Donnybrook tram yesterday mornin'. If I have any luck the head 'll be off him before you get this.

E.”

The other letter read this way—

“DEAR MONTY—This is a great place all out. Come over here if you want fun. Divil such play-boys ever I seen, and the girls—oh! don't be talkin'—'pon me secret honor you 'll see more loveliness at a tay and supper ball in Rathmines than there is in the whole of England. Tell Ned Spenser to send me a love-song to sing to a young girl who seems taken wid my appearance. Her name's Mary, and she lives in Dunlary, so he oughtent to find it hard. I hear Hugh O'Neil 's a terror, and hits a powerful welt, especially when you 're not lookin'. If he tries any of his games on wid me, I'll give him in charge. No brawlin' for yours truly,

“ESSEX.”

Well, me bould Essex stopped for odds of six months in Dublin, purtendin' to be very busy subjugatin' the country, but all the time only losin' his time and money widout doin' a hand's turn, and doin' his best to avoid a ruction with “Fighting Hugh.” If a messenger came to tell him that O'Neil was campin' out on the North Bull, Essex would up stick and away for Sandycove, where, after draggin' the forty-foot hole, he'd write off to Elizabeth, saying that “owing to their superior knowledge of the country, the dastard foe had once more eluded him.”

The Queen got mighty tired of these letters, especially as they always ended with a request to send stamps by return, and told Essex to finish up his business and not be makin' a fool of himself.

“Oh, that’s the talk, is it,” says Essex; “very well, me ould sauce-box” (that was the name he had for her ever since she gev him the clip on the ear for turnin’ his back on her), “very well, me ould sauce-box,” says he, “I’ll write off to O’Neil this very minute, and tell him to send in his lowest terms for peace at ruling prices.”

Well, the threaty was a bit of a one-sided one—the terms being—

1. Hugh O’Neil to be King of Great Britain.
2. Lord Essex to return to London and remain there as Viceroy of England.
3. The O’Neil family to be supported by Government, with free passes to all theaters and places of entertainment.

4. The London markets to buy only from Irish dealers.

5. All taxes to be sent in stamped envelope, directed to H. O’Neil, and marked “private.” Checks crossed and made payable to H. O’Neil. Terms cash.

Well, if Essex had had the sense to read through this threaty he’d have seen it was of too graspin’ a nature to pass with any sort of a respectable sovereign, but he was that mad he just stuck the document in the pocket of his pot-metal overcoat, and away wid him hot foot for England.

“Is the Queen widin?” says he to the butler, when he opened the door o’ the palace. His clothes were that dirty and disorthered wid travelin’ all night, and his boots that muddy, that the butler was for not littin’ him in at the first go off, so says he very grand: “Her Meejesty is abow stairs and can’t be seen till she’s had her breakwhist.”

“Tell her the Lord Liftinant of Ireland desires an enter-view,” says Essex.

“Oh, beg pardon, me lord,” says the butler, steppin’ to one side, “I didn’t know ’t was yourself was in it; come inside, sir; the Queen’s in the dhrawin’-room.”

Well, Essex leps up the stairs and into the dhrawin’-room wid him, muddy boots and all; but not a sight of Elizabeth was to be seen.

“Where’s your missis?” says he to one of the maids-of-honor that was dustin’ the chimbley-piece.

“She’s not out of her bed yet,” says the maid with a toss of her head; “but if you write your message on the slate

beyant, I'll see"—but before she had finished, Essex was up the second flight and knockin' at the Queen's bedroom door.

"Is that the hot wather?" says the Queen.

"No, it's me,—Essex. Can you see me?"

"Faith, I can't," says the Queen. "Hould on till I draw the bed-curtains. Come in now," says she, "and say your say, for I can't have you stoppin' long—you young Lutharian."

"Bedad, yer Majesty," says Essex, droppin' on his knees before her (the delutherer he was), "small blame to me if I am a Lutharian, for you have a face on you that would charm a bird off a bush."

"Hould your tongue, you young reprobate," says the Queen, blushin' up to her curl-papers wid delight, "and tell me what improvements you med in Ireland."

"Faith, I taught manners to O'Neil," cries Essex.

"He had a bad masther then," says Elizabeth, lookin' at his dirty boots; "couldn't you wipe yer feet before ye desthroyed me carpets, young man?"

"Oh, now," says Essex, "is it wastin' me time shufflin' about on a mat you 'd have me, when I might be gazin' on the loveliest faymale the world ever saw?"

"Well," says the Queen, "I'll forgive you this time, as you've been so long away, but remimber in future that Kidderminster isn't oilcloth. Tell me," says she, "is Westland Row Station finished yet?"

"There's a side wall or two wanted yet, I believe," says Essex.

"What about the Loop Line?" says she.

"Oh, they're gettin' on with that," says he, "only some people think the girders a disfigurement to the city."

"Is there any talk about that esplanade from Sandycove to Dunlary?"

"There's talk about it, but that's all," says Essex; "'t would be an odious fine improvement to house property, and I hope they'll see to it soon."

"Sorra much you seem to have done, beyant spendin' me men and me money. Let's have a look at that threaty I see stickin' out o' your pocket."

Well, when the Queen read the terms of Hugh O'Neil she just gev him one look, an' jumpin' from off the bed,

put her head out of the window, and called out to the policeman on duty—

“Is the Head below?”

“I’ll tell him you want him, ma’am,” says the policeman.

“Do,” says the Queen. “Hello,” says she, as a slip o’ paper dhropped out o’ the dispatches. “What’s this? ‘Lines to Mary.’ Ho! ho! me gay fella, that’s what you’ve been up to, is it?”

“Mrs. Brady’s
A widow lady,
And she has a charmin’ daughter I adore,
I went to court her,
Across the water,
And her mother keeps a little candy-store.
She’s such a darlin’
She’s like a starlin’
And in love with her I’m gettin’ more and more,
Her name is Mary,
She’s from Dunlary;
And her mother keeps a little candy-store.”

“That settles it,” says the Queen. “It’s the jailer you’ll serenade next.”

When Essex heard that, he thrimbled so much that the button of his cuirass shook off and rowled under the dhressin’-table.

“Arrest that man,” says the Queen, when the Head-Constable came to the door; “arrest that thrater,” says she, “and never let me set eyes on him again.”

And indeed she never did, and soon after that he met with his death from the skelp of an axe he got when he was standin’ on Tower Hill.

ALICE FURLONG.

(1875 —)

ALICE FURLONG was born about 1875 in County Dublin. She is a sister of Mary Furlong (*q. v.*). Alice began writing poetry in 1893. Her first poem appeared in *The Irish Monthly*, the editor of which has been her constant friend. She has contributed poems to many magazines and newspapers, and her first volume of poems, 'Roses and Rue,' was published by Mr. Elkin Matthews in 1898. It has attracted much attention from the leading critical reviews, and her work has been much praised for its delicacy, pathos, and music. She is the author of three novels and many short stories.

THE TREES.

These be God's fair high palaces,
Walled with fine leafen trellises,
Interstarred with the warm and luminous azure;
Sunlights run laughing through,
And rains and honey-dew
Scatter pale pearls at every green embrasure.

The tangled twist and twine
Of His soaring staircases have mosses fine
For emerald pavement, and each leafy chamber
Is atmosphered with amber.
Athwart the mellow air
The twinkling threads of gossamer
Shimmer and shine
In many a rainbow line.

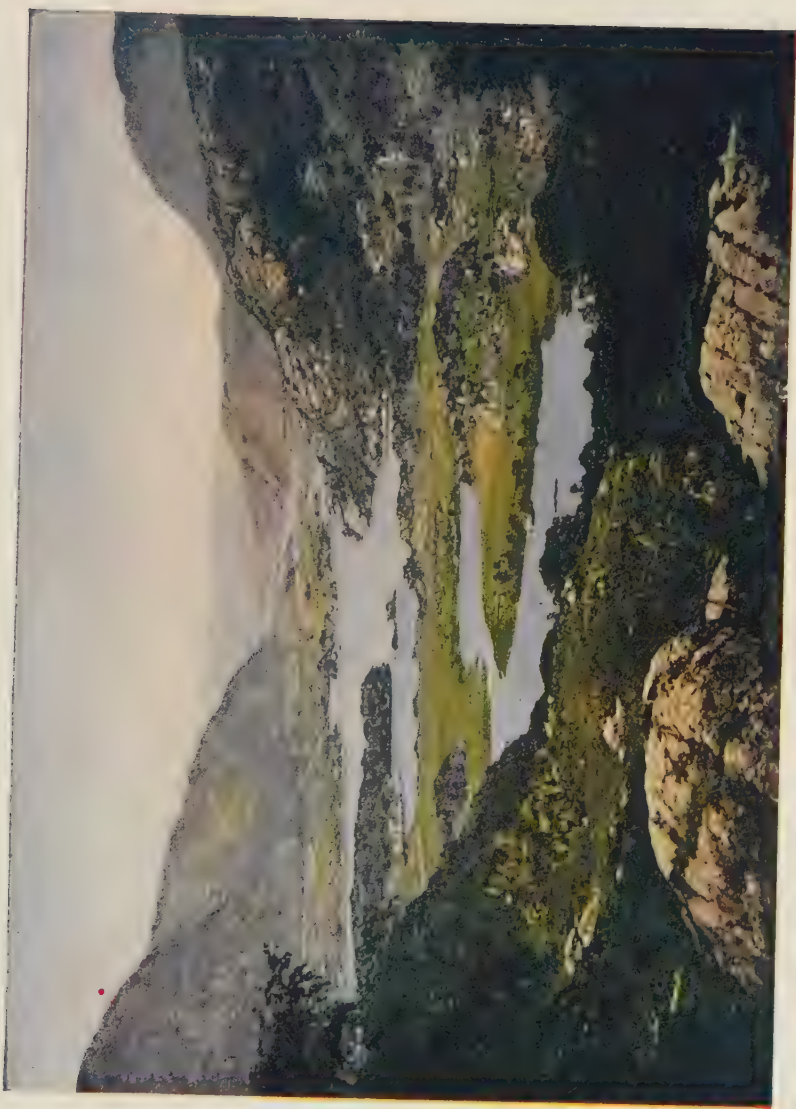
The chaffinch is God's little page.
O joyant vassalage!
"You will! You will!" he saith the whole day long,
In sweet monotonous song:
Poised on the window-sills of outmost leaves
He watches where the tremulous sunlight weaves
Its golden webbing over the palpitant grass,
While the Summer butterfly, winged of the blue-veined snow,
Floats by on aerial tides as clear as glass;
Like a fairy ship with its delicate sails ablow.

From the break of morn,
Herein the blackbird is God's courtier,
With gold tongue ever astir,

Piping and praising
On his beakèd horn.
To do his Seigneur duty
In mellow fluency and dulcet phrasing,
In pœans of passing beauty;
As a chanting priest,
Chanting his matins in the wane o' the night,
While slow great winds of vibrant light
Sweep up the lilied East.

The dumb thing is God's guest,
And ever tired creature seeking rest;
The sheep, grown weary browsing,
The cattle, drouthy with heat,
One after one, lagging on listless feet,
Seek the green shadow of God's pleasant housing;
While the thousand wingèd wights of bough and air
Do find God's palace fair!

IRISH LITERATURE



IRELAND'S INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

IRELAND has been able to act upon the literature of the Continent and of Britain in three ways: first, directly, next by means of its pupils on the Continent, and finally by means of the Norse literature. The latter affected both Britain and Germany, so that the Irish spirit has had a double influence, be it much or little, upon both. Professor Morley, indeed, admits that "the story of our literature begins with the Gael"; and, pointing out the intermixture of blood, he adds: "But for early frequent and various contact with the race which in its half-barbarous days invented Oisín's dialogues with Saint Patrick, and that quickened afterward the Northmen's blood in France and Germany, England would not have produced a Shakespeare."

Certain it is, I think, that but for the influence of Irish literature Shakespeare would not have produced a 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' and 'Macbeth.' The aerial beings which characterize the first two plays are like those delightful melodies which Boiëldieu in 'La Dame Blanche' and Flotow in 'Marthe' made popular over the Continent, and which the Irish ear, suddenly attentive, recognizes as Irish in spite of their foreign surroundings.¹

¹ Shakespeare mentions an old Irish air, *Cuilín ag astor* (in 'Henry II.,' Act iv., Sc. 4); the air itself is given in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, so that Irish music must have been admired at her court. It is curious to see the Irish alliteration still influential in the verses attributed to her:

"The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow and subject faith doth ebb.
Which would not be if reason ruled or wisdom weaved the web."

It is most interesting to observe that Shakespeare himself employs alliteration in his epitaph, and uses it in a manner so closely conforming to the regular Irish system as to suggest his acquaintance with it, e.g.:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blessed be he who spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves my bones."

Teutonic poetry, in certain particulars, appears to have germinated from the seed which fell from the ripe Irish harvest. The alliteration found in 'Beowulf,' the first Anglo-Saxon epic, A. D. 750 (three centuries after Sedulius), seems a rather crude imitation. Rhyme was introduced into High German a century later, and this was achieved by Otfried, who had acquired the gift in that great monastery of St. Gall to which the illustrious Irishman bequeathed his name, his spirit, and his scholarship, which long guided his many disciples.

The Nibelungen Lied and the Lay of Gudrun have been called the Iliad and the Odyssey of Germany. Both, however, have Norse originals. Now, with respect to the latter, it is a remarkable but surely not a surprising thing, after all we know, that the opening scenes of the lay should be placed in Ireland. The fierce King of Ireland, Hagen (? Hacon), had a fair daughter Hilda, and to woo her for their king, Hettel of Denmark, came a number of daring champions, disguised as merchants. The wooing with music, which captures the Irish maiden's heart, the flight, pursuit, marriage, and reconciliation are told with animation. Gudrun, the daughter of Hettel's Irish wife, is the second heroine of the tale. In the Arthurian Romance of Tristan and Isolde (as in some others) there are Irish scenes and Irish characters. Isolde herself has bequeathed Dublin her name in Isolde's Tower and Chapel-isod. I need but remind you that the Arthurian Romances gave origin to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

The kindred peoples of France and of Spain were naturally not less influenced than the Teutonic races. The Romans did not give them rhyme; their own literature had perished; consequently they borrowed from the islands to which, in Cæsar's time, the Continental Druids were sent for training. Assonant rhyme, found in some Anglo-Norman poems, was common in the Romance of Oc and all related dialects. "It is clearly the Irish *C'omharda*" (correspondence), writes an English authority, Mr. Guest, "though not submitted in the Romance dialects to the nice rules which regulate its assonances in the Gaelic."

Irish literature has received gifts in return: in the old Anglo-Saxon Mystery Play, found in the Record Office, in the Anglo-Norman Rhyme of Ross, in the Song of Der-

mott, and in others unfortunately still unpublished. Michael of Kildare is supposed to be our first poet in English, and he is the pioneer poet of satire in that language.

This postern, which he opened into what has since become the vast empire of literature in English, gave entrance to many. Spenser came to us through it, and, caught by the glamour of the Gael, gave us the 'Faërie Queene,' wherein he immortalizes some of our scenery and pays tribute to the ancient renown of our nation:

“ Whilome when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodness far above the rest
Of all that bear the British Islands name.”

It is noteworthy that the great poem which marked the revival of English letters after Chaucer was composed in Ireland. Granting that Spenser found models in Ariosto and Tasso, yet, if he had remained in London, he might never have risen above the standard of the Palace-poets. Shakespeare in London was saved by the drama demanding an environment of popular life. Probably nothing saved Spenser but his immersion in Irish nature, which his verse so faithfully reflects. Not only are the material beauties of our country—mountains, woods, and rivers—mirrored there, but its spiritual world also. The very name of *Una* is Irish, and our *Puca* appears in trimmed English as “the Pouke,” whom Shakespeare again introduces as Puck, just as our Gaelic *Madb* becomes “Queen Mab.”

But it may be said that Spenser was ignorant of the literature of the hostile Irish nation, and so could not be influenced by it. The case is otherwise. When Eudoxus asks: “Have they any art in their compositions, or bee they anything wittie in or well savoured as poems should be?” Spenser (as Irenæus) answers: “Yes, truely, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry” (rather these were lost in a prose translation); “they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comelnesse unto them.”

It is a strange thing to say that Edmund Spenser, who

so deprecates their "rebellious" love of liberty, might well have envied the position and influence of the Irish poets. At the Queen's Court in England he had learned "what hell it is in suing long to bide," to "eat the heart in despair," and all the miseries of dilatory patronage:

"To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

In Ireland he saw a different state of things. The poets might almost be described as the patrons, for theirs it was to distribute praise or dispraise in poems, "the which," says Spenser, "are held in so high regard and estimation amongst them that none dare displease them, for feare to runne into reproach through their offense, and be made infamous in the mouths of all men."

Their compositions were sung at all feasts and meetings by other persons, and these also, to his surprise, "receive great rewards and reputation." Certain it is, though strange, that Edmund Spenser, had he been the least bard in the pettiest principality of Ireland, instead of being the first poet of the monarch of Great Britain, would not have died of hunger. Neglected and starving in Westminster, may he not have regretted his political efforts to destroy the one national organism which above all others had ever generously encouraged the representatives of literature?

Irish literature is of many blends, not the product of one race but of several. It resembles the great oriel of some ancient cathedral, an illumination of many beautiful colors, some of which can never be reproduced, for the art is lost. We possess a unique treasure in that ancient literature which grew up from a cultured people, self-centered, independent of Roman discipline. Were it not for this we should look at the Northern world through Southern eyes, and, taking our view-point from the Capitol, see nothing beyond the light of the empire, but wild woods and wastes made horrid by Cimmerian darkness and shifting hordes of quarrelsome barbarians. Yet these were the ancestors of most of the modern European peoples, and those who so depicted them were their coercive and uncomprehending foes. Our deliverance from this thralldom

of an enemy's judgment abides in the monuments of the ancient Irish.

The magic password of the Arabian bade the rugged mountain open, and admitted him to the midst of glittering jewels. The knowledge of our old literature takes us into the heart of the Cimmerian darkness, and shows it full of glowing light; it takes us into the homes and minds of one of those great nations uncomprehended of the Romans, and, through that one, enables us to see the great, passionate, pathetic, wild, and generous humanity of all.

Thus our ancient literature would be invaluable if for this reason alone, that it gives a new view-point and a new vista. Its importance is augmented in this, that its reckless sincerity stands the enduring evidence of a long-vanished stage of social and intellectual development, where the fiercer and finer powers, the softer and sterner emotions of an early mankind strive and commingle with dramatic effect. If such a deposit were not extant, European scholars might well desire to go as pilgrims, like the bereaved bards, to the grave of Fergus, son of Roi, with power to call him again on earth, that he might recite the famous *Táin*—the lost Epic of a lost World.

It is strange that words, which are such little things—a mere breath trembling for a moment in the air—should survive the mightiest monarch and outlast the lives of empires. The generations who uttered them are silent; the earth has grown over their homesteads, and forests have decayed above their cities. Yet out of the Dead Past speaks still the Living Voice. So, to-day, we may be illumined by the light of a star which perished a thousand years ago.

It has been said that the history of Ireland is dismal, a chronicle of defeats. But that is because writers generally make history a mere record of wars. The shadow of the swordsman obscures all else. The militant monarch or minister is always put in the foremost place and the highest position. The pigmy on a platform looks greater than the giant in his study—but only in the eyes of pigmies. Alexander's empire died with him, and his satraps shared the spoil. Aristotle's scepter is over us still.

There is a blindness which is worse than color blindness in the eyes which see physical, but which cannot perceive

intellectual, forces and effects: they will record that Roman power conquered Greece, but fail to recognize that Greek intellect conquered the conqueror. Our nation has had its changes of fortune. It has invaded others, and been itself invaded often—part of the penalty it paid for occupying the fairest isle of the old world, a penalty we might still pay had not a new world opened wide its golden gates in the West. But our defeats have not been always disasters. What seemed to have no other end than the plunder of our wealth has resulted in the enrichment of our literature, the dissemination of our ideas, and the capture of the imagination of other nations. The Code, which was devised to accomplish what the most ruthless savage never designed—the annihilation of the intellect of a most intelligent nation—studded the Continent with that nation's colleges and gave to its members the glory of being illustrious leaders of men in the greatest kingdoms of the world.

Last came the great dispersal, when the descendants of those who had taught Europe for three centuries, and generously welcomed all scholars—now made ignorant by law—were driven from their hospitable land by famine. They went forth, as it is said, hewers of wood and drawers of water. In other times and places it had meant extinction as slaves under feudal rule. But mark this!—they entered into the great family of a new people, whose fundamental principle of Democracy made them equal, and whose generous nature made them welcome. They have thus been brought to the very well-spring of the new forces which have been reshaping human society and preparing the transformation of the world. In this incomparable enterprise they are themselves a foremost force, taking part in the intellectual work with the revived vitality of a race which has found its Land of Youth.

If we had a past of shame—were we members of a nation that had never risen or had deeply fallen—these should be incentives to brave hearts to achieve work for the credit of their race. It is otherwise with us, and we dare not stand still. The past would be our reproach, the future our disgrace. Not foreign force, but native sloth can do us dishonor. If our nation is to live, it must live by the energy of intellect, and be prepared to take its place

in competition with all other peoples. Therefore must we work, with earnest hearts and high ideals, for the sake of our own repute, for the benefit of mankind, in vindication of this old land which genius has made luminous. And remember that while wealth of thought is a country's treasure, literature is its articulate voice, by which it commands the reverence or calls for the contempt of the living and of the coming nations of the earth.

Yours faithfully
Sigourney

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THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY	<i>Frontispiece</i>

The Lakes of Killarney lie in the very heart of the highest mountains in Ireland, and for soft beauty and charm of color the district is unequalled by any lake scenery in the world. The arbutus shrub which grows in all the woods, and along the shores and slopes, is covered in autumn with scarlet berries. It grows to a great size, and the wood is made into ornaments and sold to visitors. There are probably more wonderful echoes among the mountains to be heard in this region than in any other.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE FIRST IRISH NEWS-PAPER.	1258
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Contains an account of the Irish Convention and a list of the members of the Convention. It has news from England, but no advertisements. It will thus be seen that there was published, in 1659, in Dublin, a journal of local affairs with English news. It represents the very-infancy of the Dublin press.

This is most interesting, as showing how the newspaper developed from the pamphlet. Here it is in the state of transition. The form is that of a pamphlet, the subject matter is news treated in the style of the pamphleteer. See the biography of Swift in IRISH LITERATURE.

LADY GILBERT (Rosa Mulholland)	1265
From a photograph.	

OLIVER GOLDSMITH	1298
After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.	

THE GRATTAN STATUE, DAME STREET, DUBLIN	1384
From a photograph.	

This statue, which is one of Foley's best works, is on the parade ground of the Volunteers of 1782. Grattan stands in the attitude of oration, facing the statues of Burke and Goldsmith in front of his and their Alma Mater, "Old Trinity," while on his left is the Old Parliament House with which his eloquence is forever associated. It was unveiled in 1876.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE	1415
An Irish Village Scene from a photograph.	

"O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
My thousand welcomes home."

—*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

MARY FURLONG.

(1868—1898.)

MARY FURLONG was born about 1868, in the city of Dublin, from which her parents migrated soon afterward to Tallaght, under the mountains. She began to write at the age of fourteen, but her work did not find acceptance until three years later. When she was between seventeen and twenty years old, her poems appeared in *The Irish Monthly*, *Chambers' Journal*, *The Boston Pilot*, *Temple Bar*, and several other magazines.

At twenty-three she adopted the profession of nursing and practically gave up writing. She studied in the old Hospital of Madame Steevens, Dublin, and after a long experience retired from the institute. Having accepted a summons to tend typhus patients in an infirmary in Roscommon, she contracted the fever and died far away from home and friends Sept. 22, 1898.

GLEN-NA-SMOEL.

In the heart of high blue hills
Where the silence thrills and thrills,
In the Valley of the Thrushes:
From the golden low furze-bushes
On the mountain wind's light feet
Comes a perfume faint and sweet.

Where the hills stand blue and gray
In the sunshine miles away,
Rises a small streamlet brawling,
On the silence calling, calling;
Flows by fern and foxglove tall
And green mosses curled and small.

Through the valley it goes swift,
'Tis the mountain's wayward gift;
Dancing onward, laughing, leaping,
Amber eddies gayly sweeping
Round the big stones grayly-white
In the sunny summer light!

In the Thrushes' mystic glen
Are the only dwellers men?
When the ghostly moonlight glimmers
And the singing river shimmers,
Do the faries never come—
Are their nimble feet grown numb?

Ah! I think the fairies fled
 When the mountain people said:
 "In this crystal-watered valley
 Skill and labor both shall rally,
 Mighty earthen walls shall build
 And the valley shall be filled.

"Filled with clear pellucid rills
 That are born within the hills,
 They shall gather all these fountains
 Flowing sweetly from the mountains,
 Cunningly shall bear them down
 To the distant thirsty town!"

No green rushes grow beside
 The dark waters as they glide
 From the Valley of the Thrushes;
 But the scent of the furze-bushes
 And the breath of heath-clad hill
 Dwell within their bosom still.

AN IRISH LOVE-SONG.

I love you, and I love you, and I love you, O my honey!
 It isn't for your goodly lands, it isn't for your money;
 It isn't for your father's cows, your mother's yellow butter,
 The love that's in my heart for you no words of mine may
 utter!

The whole world is gone wrong with me since yester-morning
 early,
 Above the shoulder of Sliav Ruadh the sun was peeping
 barely,
 Your light feet scarcely stirred the dew among the scented
 clover;
 O happy dew, O happy grass, those little feet went over!

The breeze had coaxed your nut-brown hair beneath the white
 sun-bonnet,
 The sunbeams kissed the corn-flowers blue that you had fast-
 ened on it,
 And danced and danced, and quivered down your gown of
 colored cotton;
 And when I looked upon your face I fear I'd quite forgotten—

It was not you I came to see this morning but another,
But who could look on that brown head, and ask for Tom,
the brother?

Your blue eyes have bewitched me quite, the eatin' and the
dhrinkin'

Have lost the grah¹ they used to have, of you I'm always
thinkin'.

The white of wheat is on your cheek, the scarlet of the berry
There sweetly blends: on each soft lip the smile comes quick
and merry;

And oh! the blue, blue eyes that shine beneath their silken
lashes—

My word! it is for sake of them my bread is turned to ashes!

But sure this foolish tongue of mine won't get to tell its
story—

Oh, how I wish I had the talk of my fine cousin Rory!
Who's just as glib as if he ate the highest English Grammar,
And if he loved a thousand times it would not make him
stammer.

And yet I almost think she cares—for sometimes how she
blushes!

And so this pleasant eve of May, when all the larks and
thrushes

Are singing their sweet songs of love, I'll try an' tell my
story,

Although I cannot sing like them, or speak like cousin Rory.

¹ *Grah*, taste.

THOMAS FURLONG.

(1794—1827.)

THOMAS FURLONG was born near Ferns, County Wexford, in 1794. Early in life with little or no education he was apprenticed to a grocer in a back street in Dublin. But by the force of great natural powers he made his way from sordid obscurity to a wide reputation and a recognized position in literature.

An elegy on the death of his master attracted the attention of Mr. Jameson, a well-known Dublin distiller, who, admiring not only the genius but the affection which inspired it, appointed him to a position of trust in his establishment, with duties so light as to give him time to cultivate his talents. In 1819 he published a poem entitled 'The Misanthrope,' which took the popular taste and gained for him the friendship of Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan. He became a regular contributor to *The New Monthly Magazine*; and about 1821 he assisted in founding *The New Irish Magazine*, to which he contributed largely. His most ambitious poems are 'The Misanthrope' and 'The Doom of Derenzi.' In 1824 he published a satirical poem entitled 'The Plagues of Ireland,' leveled against the state of parties in the country at that time. His 'Tales of Low Life' are true, simple, and powerful. He was a member of the Catholic Association and a strenuous agitator for emancipation. He was the intimate friend of O'Connell and often assisted the 'Liberator' with his cool and observant judgment. The labor of giving to Irishmen the songs of their beloved bard Carolan in English occupied his attention for a time, and his translation in the 'Remains' claims for him the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. In 1825 he wrote a few songs for Hardiman's 'Book of Irish Minstrelsy.' He died on the 25th of July, 1827, after a few months' illness.

Furlong is described as of low stature, with very refined features and eyes remarkable for their great brilliancy. His biographer in *The Nation* says of him: "He was powerful, quick, impulsive, and impetuous, while he had a judgment cool and discriminating."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says: "In public life his course was earnest and independent; in political literature he was an able but somewhat unscrupulous writer. But no man is entitled to a more charitable judgment, for his youth was undisciplined and unguided, and he died in his thirty-third year."

BRIDGET CRUISE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Oh! turn thee to me, my only love,
Let not despair confound me;
Turn, and may blessings from above

In life and death surround thee.
This fond heart throbs for thee alone—
Oh! leave me not to languish;
Look on these eyes, whence sleep hath flown,
Bethink thee of my anguish:
My hopes, my thoughts, my destiny—
All dwell, all rest, sweet girl, on thee.

Young bud of beauty, for ever bright,
The proudest must bow before thee:
Source of my sorrow and my delight—
Oh! must I in vain adore thee?
Where, where, through earth's extended round,
Where may such loveliness be found?
Talk not of fair ones known of yore;
Speak not of Deirdre the renowned—
She whose gay glance each minstrel bailed;
Nor she whom the daring Dardan bore
From her fond husband's longing arms;
Name not the dame whose fatal charms,
When weighed against a world, prevailed;
To each might blooming beauty fall,
Lovely, thrice lovely, might they be;
But the gifts and graces of each and all
Are mingled, sweet maid, in thee!

How the entranced ear fondly lingers
On the turns of thy thrilling song!
How brightens each eye as thy fair white fingers
O'er the chords fly gently along!
The noble, the learned, the aged, the vain,
Gaze on the songstress, and bless the strain.
How winning, dear girl, is thine air,
How glossy thy golden hair!
Oh! loved one, come back again,
With thy train of adorers about thee—
Oh! come, for in grief and in gloom we remain—
Life is not life without thee.

My memory wanders—my thoughts have strayed—
My gathering sorrows oppress me—
Oh! look on thy victim, bright peerless maid,
Say one kind word to bless me.
Why, why on thy beauty must I dwell,
When each tortured heart knows its power too well?

Or why need I say that favored and blessed
 Must be the proud land that bore thee?
 Oh! dull is the eye and cold the breast
 That remains unmoved before thee.

MARY MAGUIRE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Oh! that my love and I
 From life's crowded haunts could fly
 To some deep shady vale, by the mountain,
 Where no sound could make its way
 Save the thrush's lively lay,
 And the murmur of the clear-flowing fountain:
 Where no stranger should intrude
 On our hallowed solitude,
 Where no kinsman's cold glance could annoy us;
 Where peace and joy might shed
 Blended blessings o'er our bed,
 And love! love! alone still employ us.

Still, sweet maiden, may I see,
 That I vainly talk of thee;
 In vain in lost love I lie pining;
 I may worship from afar
 The beauty-beaming star
 That o'er my dull pathway keeps shining:
 But in sorrow and in pain
 Fond hope will remain,
 For rarely from hope can we sever;
 Unchanged in good or ill,
 One dear dream is cherished still—
 Oh! my Mary, I must love thee forever.
 How fair appears the maid,
 In loveliness arrayed,
 As she moves forth at dawn's dewy hour;
 Her ringlets richly flowing,
 And her cheeks all gayly glowing,
 Like the rose in her blooming bower.
 Oh! lonely be his life,
 May his dwelling want a wife,
 And his nights be long, cheerless, and dreary,
 Who cold or calm could be,
 With a winning one like thee,
 Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.

ROISIN DUBH.¹

Oh! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past,
 For the friends that came eastward shall see thee at last;
 They bring blessings and favors the past never knew
 To pour forth in gladness on my Roisin Dubh.

Long, long, with my dearest, through strange scenes I've gone,
 O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have toiled on;
 O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales blew,
 While the harp poured its music for my Roisin Dubh.

Though wearied, oh! my fair one! do not slight my song.
 For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved thee long;
 In sadness and in sorrow I still shall be true,
 And cling with wild fondness round my Roisin Dubh.

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
 There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell,
 Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
 Oh! the queen of that wide world should be Roisin Dubh.

Had I power, oh! my loved one, but to plead thy right,
 I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight;
 I would tell to all round me how my fondness grew,
 And bid them bless the beauty of my Roisin Dubh.

The mountains, high and misty, through the moors must go,
 The rivers shall run backwards, and the lakes overflow,
 And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
 Ere the world sees the ruin of my Roisin Dubh.

 JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.²

Blithe the bright dawn found me,
 Rest with strength had crowned me,
 Sweet the birds sung round me,
 Sport was all their toil.

¹ This song is a translation. Mr. Hardiman in his 'Irish Minstrelsy,' says of it: "*Roisin Dubh* (Little Black Rose) is an allegorical ballad in which strong political feelings are conveyed as a personal address from a lover to his fair one. The allegorical meaning has been long since forgotten, and the verses are now remembered and sung as a plaintive love ditty. It was composed in the reign of Elizabeth of England, to celebrate our Irish hero, *Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell* of Tirconnell. By *Roisin Dubh*, supposed to be a beloved female, is meant Ireland."

² This is supposed to be a very ancient poem, from the allusion to the falling of the woods which destroyed the hiding-places of the flying Irish.

The horn its clang was keeping,
 Forth the fox was creeping,
 Round each dame stood weeping
 O'er that prowler's spoil.
 Hark! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling,
 Scenes and sights appalling
 Mark the wasted soil.

War and confiscation
 Curse the fallen nation;
 Gloom and desolation
 Shade the lost land o'er.
 Chill the winds are blowing,
 Death aloft is going;
 Peace or hope seems growing
 For our race no more.
 Hark! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling,
 Scenes and sights appalling
 Throng our blood-stained shore.

Where's my goat to cheer me?
 Now it plays not near me;
 Friends no more can hear me;
 Strangers round me stand.
 Nobles once high-hearted,
 From their homes have parted,
 Scattered, scared, and started,
 By a base-born band.
 Hark! the foe is calling,
 Fast the woods are falling;
 Scenes and sights appalling
 Thicken round the land.

O! that death had found me,
 And in darkness bound me,
 Ere each object round me
 Grew so sweet, so dear.
 Spots that once were cheering,
 Girls beloved, endearing,
 Friends from whom I'm steering,
 Take this parting tear.

Spenser, in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' says: "I wish that orders were taken for cutting and opening all places 'through the woods: so that a wide way, of the space of one hundred' yards, might be laid open in every one of them."

Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling;
Scenes and sights appalling
 Plague and haunt me here.

MAGGY LAIDIR.

From the Irish of John O'Neachtan.

Here's first the toast, the pride and boast,
 Our **daring** Maggy Laidir;
 Let old and young, with ready tongue
 And open heart, applaud her.
 Again prepare—here's to the Fair
 Whose smiles with joy have crowned **us**,
 Then drain the bowl for each gay soul
 That's drinking here around us.

Come, friends, don't fail to toast O'Neil,
 Whose race our rights defended;
 Maguire the true, O'Donnell too,
 From eastern sires descended.
 Up! up again—the tribe of Maine
 In danger never failed us,
 With Leinster's spear for ever near,
 When foemen have assailed us.

The **madder** fill with right good will,
 There's sure no joy like drinking—
 Our Bishop's name this draught must claim,
 Come let me have no shrinking.
His name is dear, and with him here
 We'll join old Father Peter,
 And as he steers thro' life's long years,
 May life to him seem sweeter.

Come mark the call, and drink to all
 Old Ireland's tribes so glorious,
 Who still have stood, in fields of **blood**,
 Unbroken and victorious:
 Long as of old may Connaught hold
 Her boast of peerless beauty;
 And Leinster show to friend and **foe**
 Her sons all prompt for duty.

A curse for those who dare oppose
 Our country's claim for freedom;
 May none appear the knaves to hear,
 Or none who hear 'em heed 'em:
 May famine fall upon them all,
 May pests and plagues confound them,
 And heartfelt care, and black despair,
 Till life's last hour surround them.

May lasting joys attend the boys
 Who love the land that bore us,
 Still may they share such friendly fare
 As this that spreads before us.
 May social cheer, like that we've here,
 For ever stand to greet them;
 And hearts as sound as those around
 Be ready still to meet them.

Come, raise the voice! rejoice, rejoice,
 Fast, fast, the dawn's advancing,
 My eyes grow dim, but every limb
 Seems quite agog for dancing.
 Sweet girls begin, 't is shame and sin
 To see the time we're losing.
 Come, lads, be gay—trip, trip away,
 While those who sit keep boozing.

Where's Thady Oge? up, Dan, you rogue,
 Why stand you shilly-shally?
 There's Mora here, and Una's here,
 And yonder's sporting Sally.
 Now frisk it round—aye, there's the sound
 Our sires were fond of hearing;
 The harp rings clear—hear, gossip, hear!
 O sure such notes are cheering!

Your health, my friend! till life shall end
 May no bad chance betide us;
 Oh may we still, our grief to kill,
 Have drink like this beside us!
 A fig for care! but who's that there
 That's of a quarrel thinking?—
 Put out the clown or knock him down—
 We're here for fun and drinking.

Tie up his tongue—am I not sprung
 From chiefs that all must honor—
 The princely Gael, the great O'Neil,
 O'Kelly and O'Connor,
 O'Brien the strong, Maguire, whose song
 Has won the praise of nations;
 O'Moore the tough, and big Branduff,
 These are my blood relations!

EILEEN AROON.¹

I'll love thee evermore,
 Eileen Aroon!
 I'll bless thee o'er and o'er,
 Eileen Aroon!
 Oh, for thy sake I'll tread
 Where the plains of Mayo spread,
 By hope still fondly led,
 Eileen Aroon!

Oh, how may I gain thee,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Shall feasting entertain thee,
 Eileen Aroon?
 I would range the world wide,
 With love alone to guide,
 To win thee for my bride,
 Eileen Aroon!

Then wilt thou come away,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Oh, wilt thou come to stay,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Oh, oh yes, with thee
 I will wander far and free,
 And thy only love shall be,
 Eileen Aroon!

A hundred thousand welcomes,
 Eileen Aroon!
 A hundred thousand welcomes,
 Eileen Aroon?
 Oh, welcome evermore,
 With welcomes yet in store,
 Till love and life are o'er,
 Eileen Aroon!

¹ This Hardiman calls in his 'Irish Minstrelsy' the old 'Eileen Aroon.'

PEGGY BROWNE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Oh, dark, sweetest girl, are my days doomed to be,
While my heart bleeds in silence and sorrow for thee:
In the green spring of life to the grave I go down,
Oh! shield me, and save me, my loved Peggy Browne.

I dreamt that evening my footsteps were bound
To yon deep spreading wood where the shades fall around,
I sought, midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
But the cure of my grief rests with thee, Peggy Browne.

'Tis soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
For, like wild fairy music they melt on the ear,
Thy breast is as fair as the swan's clothed in down,
Oh, peerless and perfect 's my own Peggy Browne.

Dear, dear is the bark to its own cherished tree,
But dearer, far dearer, is my loved one to me:
In my dreams I draw near her unchecked by a frown,
But my arms spread in vain to embrace Peggy Browne.

O'MORE'S FAIR DAUGHTER:

AN ODE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Flower of the young and fair,
'Tis joy to gaze on thee.
Pride of the gay hills of Maill,
Bright daughter of the princely Gael,
What words thy beauty can declare?
What eye unmoved thy loveliness can see?
Fond object of the wanderer's praise.
Source of the poet's love-fraught lays,
Theme of the minstrel's song,
Child of the old renowned O'More,
What charms to thee belong!

Happy is he who wafts thee o'er
To yon green isle where berries grow;
Happy is he who there retired,
Can rest him by thy side,

Marking with love's delicious frenzy fired
The young cheek's changing glow,
And all the melting meaning of thine eyes;
While round and round him, far and wide,
On the shore and o'er the tide,

Soft strains of music rise,
Varying through each winning measure,
Soothing every sense to pleasure.

He to whom such joy is given
Hath, while here, his share of heaven.

Thy step is life and lightness,
Thy glance hath a thrilling brightness,
Thy waist is straight and slender,
And thy bosom, gently swelling,
Outdoes the swan's in whiteness

When she starts from her tranquil dwelling
And breasts the broad lake in splendor.

Sweet girl, those locks so wildly curled,
Have snares and spells for many:
O, far may we range through this weary world
And find thee unmatched by any.

Art thou a thing of earth?

A maid of terrestrial birth?

Or a vision sent from high

In peerless beauty beaming,

Like the shapes that pass o'er the poet's eye
When he lies all idly dreaming.

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

(1810—1889.)

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN was born in Dublin in 1810. He entered the Civil Service as an Exciseman in 1830, became a Collector of Ireland Revenue in 1857, and retired in 1877.

He is the author of 'The Monks of Kilcrea,' which for years remained anonymous. It is a long narrative poem which was much spoken of. It first appeared in 1853; a second edition with other poems was issued in 1861, while it was translated into French in 1858.

He contributed verse to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, to *The Dublin University Magazine*, and to *The Nation*.

Not many years before he died he contributed to *The Irish Monthly* the exquisite 'After Aughrim.' If the fine, stately, picturesque 'Monks of Kilcrea' or the many ringing, if often rhetorical, ballads of his published in Hayes' 'Ballad Poetry,' or even 'The Mountain Fern,' had never been written, Arthur Geoghegan would yet merit a place in any Irish anthology for the sake of this little poem, so poignant in feeling, so fresh and fragrant in expression. He died in London in November, 1889.

He was an ardent Irish antiquarian and his collection of Irish antiquities was exhibited in London, where he had settled in 1869.

AFTER AUGHRIM.

Do you remember, long ago,
Kathaleen?

When your lover whispered low,
" Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen? "

And you answered proudly, " Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green! "

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen;

Your heart is sad and full of woe.
Do you repent you made him go,
Kathaleen?

And quick you answer proudly, " No!
For better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green! "

THE MOUNTAIN FERN.

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough Erne,
That waves on our crags like the plume of a king,
And bends like a nun over clear well and spring.
The fairies' tall palm-tree, the heath-bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red-deer deems the sweetest and best;
With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,
Oh, what can ye match with its beautiful stem?

From the shrine of St. Finbar, by lone Avon-bwee,
To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,
From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,
Like a chaplet that circles our green island o'er,
In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,
On the hill-top or greenwood, by streamlet or well,
With a spell on each leaf which no mortal can learn,
Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill fern!

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern;
Through the glens of Kilcoe rose a shout on the gale,
As the Saxons rushed forth in their wrath from the Pale,
With bandog and blood-hound, all savage to see,
To hunt through Cluncalla the wild rapparee.
Hark! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings,
And forth from the wood the young fugitive springs,
Through the copse, o'er the bog, and oh, saints be his guide!
His fleet step now falters, there's blood on his sides;
Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the stream,
And sinks on the hill-top, 'mid bracken leaves green;
And thick o'er his brow are the fresh clusters piled,
And they cover his form as the mother her child,
And the Saxon is baffled. They never discern
Where it shelters and saves him, the Irish hill fern.

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's gray cairn,
Go hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
And the wind o'er the hillside is moaning about,
With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone
That thrills through the heart with its whispering lone;
And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay;
With night-owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,
And their dais of honor by cattle-hoof pressed,

With its foss choked with rushes, and spider webs flung
Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung,
With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour
That tarries so long. Look what waves on the tower
With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,
'T is the green flag of Time, 't is the Irish hill fern.

SIR JOHN T. GILBERT.

(1829—1898.)

SIR JOHN T. GILBERT was a native of Dublin and secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland till that office was abolished, when the Government awarded him a special pension for his services. Few men have done more toward the elucidation of Irish history than he has done. He wrote the first real history of Dublin; he told the stories of the various Irish viceroys, and republished many important ancient MSS.

His chief work was his 'History of Dublin' (3 vols. 1854-59). For this he was presented the gold medal of the Royal Irish Academy—perhaps the highest literary honor that can be conferred in Ireland. The work is full of interesting and varied matter. "As illustrating the wide range of subjects treated of, under their respective localities," justly observed the President of the Academy in presenting Sir John Gilbert with the medal for his work, "I may cite the account of the tribe of Mac Gillamocholmog (vol. i. p. 230), traced through unpublished Gaelic and Anglo-Irish records from the remote origin of the family to its extinction in the fifteenth century; while, as a specimen of the work in a totally different department, I may refer to the history of Crow Street Theater, as giving the only accurate details hitherto published of that once-noted establishment, verified by the original documents never before printed, from the autograph of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and other dramatic celebrities."

The 'History of the Viceroys of Ireland' (1865) also contains an enormous amount of fresh information. The work displays a great and astonishing width of acquaintance with all the sources—whether printed or in MS.—of Irish history, and is really a history of the country since the Anglo-Norman invasion.

In 1870 he edited 'Historic and Municipal Documents of Ireland, A. D. 1172-1320,' which was published in the Government series of 'Chronicles and Memorials.' He also superintended the production of 'Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland'—a large folio with colored plates, which is considered the finest publication of its class ever issued by the Government. A yet more important work is a 'Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641-52' (6 vols. 4to). This book brought documents to light which for the first time presented the Irish view of the momentous period of the Roman Catholic rising. He edited for the Government the 'National MSS. of Ireland,' and was engaged in examining and reporting on the manuscripts in collections in Ireland for the Royal Commission on Historical MSS. He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, honorary librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, and honorary secretary of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society for the publication of Materials for the History of Ireland. He died in 1898.

THE PRINCE OF DUBLIN PRINTERS.

From 'History of the City of Dublin.'

At the southern corner of Essex-street and Parliament-street stands a house erected in the last century by George Faulkner, a character of high importance in his own day, and intimately connected with the literary history of Dublin.

George Faulkner, the son of a respectable Dublin victualler, was born in 1699, and after having received the rudiments of education from Dr. Lloyd, the most eminent schoolmaster of his day in Ireland, he was apprenticed to Thomas Hume, a printer, in Essex-street. His apprenticeship having terminated, Faulkner, in conjunction with James Hoey, opened a bookselling and printing establishment at the corner of Christ-Church-lane, in Skinner's-row, where, in 1724, he commenced a newspaper called *The Dublin Journal*. After the death of John Harding, Swift, requiring a printer, sent for the publisher of *The Dublin Journal*, and was waited on by James Hoey: when the Dean asked, "if he was a printer?" Mr. Hoey answered, "he was an apology for one." The Dean, piqued at the freedom of this answer, asked further, "Where he lived?" He replied, "facing the Tholsel;" the Dean then turned from Mr. Hoey, and bid him send his partner. Mr. Faulkner accordingly waited on the Dean, and being asked the same questions, answered, "he was;" also, "that he lived opposite to the Tholsel:" "then," said the Dean, "you are the man I want," and from that time commenced his friendship.

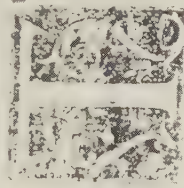
Having dissolved partnership with Hoey, Faulkner removed, in 1730, to Essex-street, where *The Dublin Journal* and his connection with Swift soon brought him into repute.

The House of Lords of Ireland in 1731 ordered the printer and publisher of *The Dublin Journal* to attend at their bar for having inserted in his paper certain queries highly reflecting upon the honor of their House. The parliament having been prorogued, Faulkner was not brought up till October, 1733, when he presented a petition praying to be discharged without fees from the custody of Sir Mul-

ACCOUNT Of the chief OCCURRENCES OF IRELAND.

Together with some Particulars from
ENGLAND.

From Monday the 11 of March, to Monday the 19 of March.



His wreck, after that by the happy Resolves of the Convention ready to be published, the good spirit of the Nation have received in more than was desired, many inestimable blessings, that whatsoever they desire, shall be accomplished: men now begin to brook after what will be testified by the Committee for Church and University affairs: this is the rising sun now courted by all eyes in a cheerful expectation of his progress: the people crying, Why tarry the wheels of Reformation? shall we never see Religion where it was? Lay aside your long delay and intention of erecting a new College, a new School is more necessary, where the young Church at Dublin may be trained up in the good old lessons of Truth and Patriotical Discipline. Thus the people generally, What will be determined by the Committee, have patience, a little time will disclose
E

At

Saturday, March 17.

This day the House debated the matter of Grievances reported unto them by *Messes Temple*, as also the Instructions to be given unto the Commissioners to be sent into *England*, reported by *Sir Paul Drury*; both which Debates were then adjourned until Monday next.

From *England*.

It is signified by letters from *London* to private hands dated the 13 instant, that all things there are in a good condition. At the same time there came also an Authority to the Lord *Broughill*, *Sir Charles Con. Sir John Clowery*, and *Sir William Bury*, to act as Commissioners for the management of the Affairs of *Ireland*. The Seal is expected by *Sir John Temple* very suddenly, with Commissions for the several Judges. The Proceedings in *Ireland* are well approved of, and the General Convention likely to sit; it being supposed that the Authority in *England* will not deny *Ireland* its former privileges of Parliament and taxing themselves: but as an additional favor will allow them 8000 *L*. a Month, for the better supply of their Army, and the ease of the Country. They are very busy in *England* about settling the Militia in the several Counties, &c.

Divers Petitions have been presented, that this Parliament should rather continue to settle the Nation, than a new one be called; to which the most liberal people seem to incline, and 'tis said that *Gen. Mordaunt* is convinced that it is best it should be so: but whether they will continue sitting or dissolve, by the next you will be more fully satisfied, but the fact is thought to be most likely; and that the House of Lords will be also satisfied, that Vote being repealed which was made for werry to disenable them: and several of the Members now sitting having declared that they will not continue to sit without them. There hath been lately a Meeting at *Whitchell* by *Gen. Mordaunt*, and ten of the most eminent persons in Authority in the Nation, and ten of the principal Officers of the Army touching matters of high importance: but the result thereof is not yet known.

Dublin, Printed by *Will. Bladen*, 1659.

ton Lambart, Usher of the Black Rod, which was acceded to, after he had on his knees received a severe reprimand.

Swift, in a letter to Alderman Barber in 1735, describes Faulkner as the "printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one." Sheridan tells us that when Faulkner "returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bagwig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would show to a perfect stranger. "Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my return from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer." "You George Faulkner, the printer! why, thou art the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the Deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend, George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

An accidental injury, received during a visit to London, having necessitated the amputation of one of Faulkner's legs, his artificial limb became an object of ridicule among the Dublin wits, who styled him a man with one leg in the grave, and scoffed at his "wooden understanding." By the more classical punsters he was designated the "oaken-footed Elzevir;" while others lampooned him as the "Wooden man in Essex-street," alluding to a figure in that locality, of great notoriety in the city. In 1735 Faulkner published a small pamphlet, written by Dr. Josiah Hort, the disreputable Bishop of Kilmore, entitled "A new proposal for the better regulation and improvement of the game of quadrille," which containing some reflections on the character of Sergeant Bettesworth, the latter represented it to the House of Commons as a breach of privilege,

and the publisher was, consequently, committed to Newgate. After a confinement of a few days, he was set at liberty, and, in lieu of their fees, each of the legal officers accepted a copy of the new edition of Swift's works; for, as Sir Walter Scott observes, "Faulkner was the first who had the honor of giving to the world a collected and uniform edition of the works of this distinguished English classic."

Faulkner gained considerable reputation by this prosecution; his shop became the rendezvous of the chief literary and political characters of the day, and, encouraged by their patronage, he undertook the publication of the 'Ancient Universal History,' which he succeeded in completing in a most creditable manner, notwithstanding the opposition which he received from a party of booksellers in Dublin, and from the London publishers, who at this period made an unsuccessful attempt to crush the printing trade in Ireland. The 'Universal History,' the printing of which was concluded in 1744, in seven folio volumes, was the largest work published up to that time in Ireland, and its typography and illustrations will bear honorable comparison with the productions of the contemporary English and Continental presses. Lord Chesterfield, while Viceroy of Ireland, 1745 to 1746, contracted an intimacy with Faulkner, and it was averred that important personages were often allowed to wait in the ante rooms of the Castle while the publisher of *The Dublin Journal* was retailing amusing stories to the Lord Lieutenant. At this time he is said to have declined the offer of knighthood from Chesterfield, much to the chagrin of the would-be Lady Faulkner, an Englishwoman whom he had married in London. A young parson named Stevens, happening to dine with the bookseller on a day when this important question was debated, composed a short poem on the subject, which was published anonymously in 1746, with the title of 'Chivalrie no Trifle; or, the Knight and his Lady: a Tale.' This composition represents the printer sleeping, while Mrs. Faulkner is described enjoying the pleasures of her coach in anticipation.

Although Chesterfield, in a vein of grave irony, compared Faulkner to Atticus, and in another epistle assured him that his character was clearly defined by the "pietate

gravem ac meritis virum " of Virgil, he averred that much of his own popularity in Ireland was owing to the advice received from the publisher of *The Dublin Journal*. To the last years of his life the Earl maintained a correspondence with Faulkner, perpetually professing the highest esteem for his "worthy friend." When the latter visited London, where he displayed the utmost prodigality in the magnificence of his entertainments, Chesterfield never failed to solicit his company for some days, and complained seriously when the bookseller left England without dining at his mansion. In 1752 the Earl urged Faulkner to undertake some literary work to transmit his name to posterity, after the example of the Aldi, Stephani, and other eminent printers.

Thus incited, Faulkner projected the publication of a work entitled 'Vitruvius Hibernicus,' containing "the plans, elevations, and sections of the most regular and elegant buildings, both public and private, in the Kingdom of Ireland, with variety of new designs, in large folio plates, engraven on copper by the best hands, and drawn either from the buildings themselves, or the original designs of the architect, in the same size, paper, and manner of 'Vitruvius Britannicus.'" This book was to be printed on Irish paper, with descriptions of the buildings in Latin, French, and English; the plates were to be entirely executed by Irish artists, and, say the proposals, "we have as good engravers in Dublin at this time (1753) as any in Paris or London." It is much to be regretted that this work was not executed, as it would have filled a great blank in our local history.

During the political excitement of 1753, Faulkner was personally assailed for having remarked in his *Journal* that modern patriotism consisted of "eating, drinking, and quarreling." For this statement, regarded as reflecting on the partisans of the Earl of Kildare, he was satirized in various brochures, under the title of "Sir Tady Faulkner, printer *in petto* to the Court Party." His career of prosperity, however, continued uninterrupted for many years; he was one of the early members of the Dublin Society, and enjoyed the familiarity of the most distinguished men of the time, who constantly frequented his house, the hospi-

The bookseller had, however, one quality, which, in the eyes of his own generation, considerably extenuated the vice of ingratitude. No man in Dublin was more famed for hospitality and good fellowship. At his new house a constant series of dinners was maintained on a superb scale, and among his guests were to be found men of the first rank and importance in the country. . . .

Faulkner is described as a man "something under the middle size, but when sitting looked tolerably lusty, his body being rather large; his features were manly, his countenance pleasing though grave; and his whole aspect not destitute of dignity; his limbs were well formed, and in his youth he was strong and active."

Notwithstanding his unrestrained indulgence in luxurious living, "the Prince of Dublin Printers" lived to an advanced age; his death, on the 30th of August, 1775, was caused by a distemper, contracted while dining with some friends at a tavern in the suburbs of the city.



LADY GILBERT (Rosa Mulholland)

LADY GILBERT (ROSA MULHOLLAND).

(1855 —)

LADY GILBERT (Rosa Mulholland) was born in Belfast about 1855, and is the daughter of the late Joseph S. Mulholland, M.D.; she married the late Sir John T. Gilbert, the noted Irish archæologist, in 1891. She spent some years in a remote mountainous part of the west of Ireland; and the picturesque scenery and the primitive people by whom she was surrounded doubtless did a good deal toward developing literary longings and talents. Her first idea was to be an artist, and when only fifteen she sent a set of comic pictures to *Punch*, which were, however, rejected. Her next attempt was in another direction, and was more successful. She sent a poem of twenty-two stanzas called 'Irene' to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which was accepted. It was also accompanied by an illustration by Millais. The great artist was kind enough to offer his assistance to Miss Mulholland in the pursuit of her artistic studies; she found a friend in Charles Dickens, who pressed her to write a serial story for *All the Year Round*, and he himself chose the title, 'Hester's History.' It was afterward republished in volume form. Dickens also selected Miss Mulholland's story 'The Late Miss Hollingford' (published originally in *All the Year Round*), to be coupled with his own 'No Thoroughfare' in a volume of the Tauchnitz Collection.

Lady Gilbert has also written 'Dunmara,' 'The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil,' 'Elder-gowan,' 'Puck and Blossom,' 'The Little Flower-seekers,' 'Five Little Farmers,' 'The First Christmas for our Dear Little Ones,' 'Prince and Saviour,' 'Holy Childhood,' 'The Wild Birds of Killeevy,' 'Marcella Grace,' 'A Fair Emigrant,' 'Banshee Castle,' 'Gionetta,' 'Vagrant Verses,' 'The Walking Trees,' 'Nanno, A Daughter of the State,' etc.

She is the novelist of contemporary Catholic Ireland and a very popular and gifted poetess, with a thought and diction peculiar to herself. Not the least successful of her work has been the writing of stories for children, which have a distinction of character lifting them out of the ordinary run of so-called "juvenile books."

MAVE'S REPENTANCE.

From 'A Round Table of Stories.'

She had always been the belle of the village. At patterns and fairs, at wakes and dances, Mave was the admiration of all. She was tall and strong for her eighteen years, with a neat, well-shaped head crowned with a coronet of nut-brown hair; a skin like the inside of a shell, so dainty

its coloring; and eyes of the deepest blue, that looked black in the shadow of the long dark lashes.

Mave McMahon was the child of a poor fisherman in Innisboffin, a small island off the west coast of Ireland; and in these days of her golden youth worked in the fields, carried baskets of sea-wrack upon her head, or tended her father's sheep as they browsed upon the hillside. Mave knew little of the great mainland that lay beyond the sea. Her whole world was in the island where she had been born, and she wished for nothing more. To live and die there was the beginning and end of her ambition. For there was her home; there dwelt her father and mother, brothers and sisters. And there, with his widowed mother, in a little cabin, about a mile up the hill, lived her affianced husband, Dermot Kilfoyle.

Dermot was a big, burly fellow of twenty-five, whose handsome face, browned and burnt by the sun and sea air, told of a warm heart and a quick and somewhat jealous temper. For years he had loved pretty Mave with an adoring love, and when at last she consented to become his wife, his happiness was great.

"Och! begorrah thin, sure it's Dermot that's the fool to be choosin' the likes of her, wid her airs and graces," said the old woman, with a wise shake of her head, as she talked over the match with her cronies. "She'll be afther leadin' him a dance and no mistake."

"Thruce for you," cried another. "But sure, woman alive, the lads do mostly be taken wid a purty face an' a pair of bright eyes."

"Bedad! an' that same 's the pity, for there 's many 's a dacint girl wid a plain face maybe, but wid a heart of gold an' thinkin' of nothin' but doin' her work an' sayin' her prayers that would—"

"Aisy, aisyy—it's not many you'll find for him like that. An' sure if you did—a hundred or so—he'd still fix his eyes on Mave, so you may as well give over."

"Bad manners to it, sure an' I must; but it's sorry I am to see a fine man like Dermot slootherin' round a girl like Mave, till he doesn't know what he 's at."

"Och! well sure he 's a dacint lad; an' sure there must be some good in the girl, since he thinks such a hape of her."

But none of these murmurs reached Dermot's ears; and if they had, they would have troubled him little. He was too happy in his new-found bliss.

So for some time all went merrily. Mave was sweet and gentle in voice and manner—glad to receive her lover, and sorry to see him go. She was steady and regular at her work, and not one in the island had a word to say against her.

"Sure there isn't wan like her for miles round, the crathur," Dermot told himself continually. "She's the jewel of a girl entirely, an' she'll make me the happiest man ever stepped, plase the Lord."

But before many months had elapsed, Dermot's peace of mind was disturbed, his soul racked and torn, with wild, unconquerable jealousy. This sudden change in the young man's feelings was brought about in the following manner.

One evening at a dance, when Mave in her neat red petticoat, and blue cotton jacket, a soft white neckerchief folded across her snowy bosom, her pretty feet in their stout little brogues scarcely touching the floor as she tripped gracefully up the middle and down again in time to the music, a stranger appeared suddenly in the doorway and stood looking in, an expression of interest and amusement in his handsome eyes.

The mistress of the cabin, one Mrs. McGurk, stepped forward, and in a hospitable manner invited him to enter.

"My name is Fane—Cecil Fane," he said, following her into the kitchen. "And I'm staying with Dr. Sinclair."

"Sure thin you're welcome as the flowers in May," she said. "The doctor's a rale frind to us all."

Then leading him into the "room," she offered him some refreshment. But both tea and whisky he politely refused.

"I'll try my hand, or rather my feet, at a jig presently," he said, as he looked back towards the scene of merriment. "There's a lovely girl out there I'd like to ask to teach me how to dance it. Will you kindly present me to her?"

"It's Mave McMahon you mane?" she said. "Och! she'll show you the steps finely."

"I'm sure she will," he answered, smiling. And the next moment he was bowing low before Mave, who, hot and breathless after the last dance, was standing beside Dermot, her hand resting on his arm.

The girl accepted the handsome stranger's invitation to dance with shy reluctance, and blushed deeply as he led her away. For she felt nervous and awkward, knowing full well that every eye in the place was fixed upon her and her partner.

But Fane soon put her at her ease, and in a short time she was laughing merrily at his energetic attempts to master the jig.

Mave's bright, rustic beauty, her slim, graceful figure, and unusual coloring delighted young Fane, and he took no pains to conceal his admiration.

"I'm an artist," he told her, "and am always in search of a pretty face. May I paint you? Just a little sketch?"

"Sure paint me if you plase," Mave answered with an upward glance of the beautiful eyes. "But you'll have to do me widout seein' me, for sure all day I'm out mindin' the cattle at Torr's Head, beyant."

"Capital!" he cried. "A background of sea and sky is just what I want."

"'Deed thin you'll niver find me," she answered, in a tone that seemed like a challenge. "An' there's many another'll do just as well."

"Not one. And I'll find you, never fear," he said, as, pressing her hand warmly, he bade her good-night. "I'm not easily daunted, as you'll see by and by."

And find her he did, and without as much trouble as he had expected. So easily indeed, that he fancied the bashful maiden had purposely placed herself in an unusually prominent position. However, he did not mention his suspicions, but, rejoicing openly at his good luck in finding her so soon, set up his easel and canvas, and began to work.

A fortnight passed. And as Cecil Fane went every day to the hillside and sat there, painting for several hours, the picture grew apace.

One morning, just as it was well-nigh finished, the young man did not appear, and Mave wondered greatly.

"Sure, I'm hopin' he an' Dermot didn't meet," she thought with sudden terror, as the evening came on. "Dermot was that quare-tempered last night that—Patsey," to the boy sent by her father to relieve her, and now seen sauntering slowly across the field, "will you step out a bit,

you gosthoon, an' come on—for sure I'm in a mortal hurry."

And as he ran shouting after a straying cow, she started off at a brisk pace down the hill.

About a quarter of a mile away, she came suddenly face to face with Cecil Fane.

"Whither so fast, sweet Mave?" he cried. "I was just going to look for you."

"Oh! sir—sure—" she grew rosy red, "I—"

"You're not in a hurry? Good. Well, then, since you've got rid of your cows, and I've turned my back on my paints, we'll go for a walk." And he led the way towards the sea.

Mave followed him without a word. Her heart beat quickly, and her conscience was ill at ease. She felt she was doing wrong, knew she was wanted at home for many reasons, and trembled at the thought of what Dermot might do or say when he heard of her conduct.

"But there can't be much harm in goin', an' sure it won't be for long," she thought. "An' Dermot's not me master yet."

"This is really delightful," said Fane, little suspecting what a battle was going on in the girl's mind. "It's quite a new sensation to walk about with you, and I must say the sea air agrees with you. It has given you a wondrous color. How I wish I could paint it. But it is, alas! beyond me."

Mave answered nothing, and went along shyly, with downcast eyes, wishing she had courage to go, yet too much fascinated by his pleasant ways and the sweet softness of his voice and language to do so. He told her endless stories of the gay world from whence he came and to which he would return, and assured her that among the many fair ladies he knew there, not one was as beautiful as she. Mave looked at him from under her long lashes, and the color deepened in her cheek. She did not quite believe him; but being a woman, young and very foolish, she was pleased.

"And yet," he said, smiling, as he saw how eagerly she listened to his compliments, "except as an artist, I care little about beauty—so called. The woman I love and hope to make my wife, sweet Lena Grey, is not handsome, but

lovely and lovable, because of the holiness and purity that look out of her eyes."

"I'm glad you've told me," cried Mave impulsively. "God bless you an' her, an' give you all joy and happiness."

"Thank you; and I hope you and she may meet some day."

"'Deed an' that same 's not likely."

"Who knows? And I tell you what, Mave, I'll bring her here on our wedding trip."

"Do," cried Mave gayly, "an' sure we'll have a dance for her an' you. Now, that 's a bargain."

"Done," he answered, laughing; and raising her hand, he pressed it to his lips. "Lena will be proud and pleased to know you, I feel sure."

At this moment Dermot Kilfoyle came up the path from the beach, carrying a basket of fish upon his back. He was very wet and tired. He had spent a long day on a tossing, angry sea, and was thinking longingly of Mave and the happy walk they would take together in the moonlight.

"There'll be a storm—a bad storm before mornin'," he said, looking towards the west, where the sun was slowly sinking, like a great ball of fire, into the sea. "God help him that 's out late the night. Mercy on us, who 's him two?" he cried, as his eyes fell upon the girl and her companion. "Why, if it isn't Mave an' that gomeral¹ of an artist from England."

Then his handsome face flushed hotly, as Fane raised her hand and softly kissed it.

"How dare he?" he muttered. "An' sure Mave must have taken lave of her sinses." And, scowling angrily, he strode forward.

As Mave saw him approach, she blushed, grew pale, then blushed again.

Fane noticed the quick change of color, and glanced from her to Dermot, then back at her, and laughed.

"Kilfoyle 's a good-looking fellow, but a trifle rude," he said. "Look how he scowls at us. One would think he was angry to see us together. He 's a rough specimen, I must say."

Mave trembled a little. It annoyed her to hear him speak so. And yet was he not right? Dermot did look

¹ Gomeral, fool.

rude, and very uncouth, in his coarse clothes, his basket upon his back, his brows knit together in a frown.

"Mave, come home," he said, going close to her side. "You must not stay here talkin' wid this stranger."

She tossed her head and started away with a look of scorn and annoyance.

"I'll go home whin I plase, Dermot Kilfoyle," she said haughtily. "Go your ways and don't mind me."

Dermot grew white to the lips. He glared angrily at Cecil Fane, then, shrugging his shoulders, laughed a bitter, contemptuous laugh.

"Bedad I'll go. It's not me that would come meddlin' where I'm not wanted. But you'll be afther suppin' sorra wid the spoon of grief, Mave McMahon," he said between his teeth, "or my name's not Kilfoyle."

Then turning away, he tramped on up the hill.

As he disappeared, Mave's mood suddenly changed, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, don't, don't mind him!" cried Fane, surprised and alarmed. "He's an insolent fool, and—"

"Arrah, thin, in the name of Heaven say nothin' agin him," she sobbed, "for sure I've promised to be his wife." And she ran past him, down among the rocks, and soon vanished out of sight.

"Poor child! So that's the way the wind blows. Well, I'm sorry—very sorry for you, and bitterly regret having roused the fellow's jealousy. If the picture were but finished, I would go. And he would soon forgive and forget. But, by Jove! at all risks I must have another sitting. Perhaps I might find her on the beach and ask her about to-morrow." And humming softly to himself he went quickly after her.

But Mave was nowhere to be seen.

"Gone home, I suppose," he thought. "Well, let's hope that she and her future lord and master have met and made it up. By Jove! I hadn't an idea of such a thing or I'd have been more careful. I'll give it to Sinclair for not telling me. See if I don't." And seating himself upon a big stone, he began to fill his pipe.

Presently he saw Mave walking towards him along the beach, Dermot Kilfoyle by her side. He had got rid of his creel of fish, and had changed his clothes, but his temper

had not softened apparently, for he was talking and gesticulating in an angry, excited way.

Mave's face was flushed and proudly sullen. Her bosom rose and fell quickly, and she seemed to suffer intense emotion. But she held her head high, and kept it turned resolutely away from her lover.

"Come," cried Kilfoyle, as they paused in front of Fane without noticing him, "promise niver to speak to that man agin, and I'll forgive you."

"'Deed thin I'll promise no such thing. I'll spake to any wan I plase—an' Mr. Fane's a gintleman, who—"

"A gintleman, aye," Dermot laughed bitterly, "who mocks an' makes game of you—"

The girl turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"How dare you spake so! He only says kind an' pleasant things an'—"

He caught her arm in a grasp like a vise.

"An' you—you listen to him—smile on him—you—"

"I'll listen to him, an' to any wan I plase," she cried, wrenching herself free. "I'm not your wife to—"

"No; nor niver will be. I've done wid you, Mave McMahon. So you may talk an' walk wid him till Doomsday." And he strode away from her side, his brain whirling, his heart filled with bitterness and anger.

Mave stood where he had left her, staring out at the great foaming waves. Her blue eyes had an angry light in them, while her rosy lips were pressed tightly together with a look of hard, uncompromising determination.

"He'll come back," she muttered, "an' be sorry for his words. But sure he'll have to be mighty humble entirely, or I'll niver give in." Then, turning suddenly, she saw Cecil Fane seated upon a rock close by.

"Mave," he said, going forward to meet her, "I'm sorry that my friendship should have caused you such trouble. But the picture will soon be finished, and then I'll leave this forever. One more sitting will—"

"I can't give it, sir." Mave had grown very white. "I darn't vex him more. I'm sorry, for sure—"

"Not give it? But think," he caught her hand, "what it means to me."

"It manes more to me sure. But—"

"You 'll come? On the hillside again to-morrow. Good—"

At this moment a boy came running along the beach carrying a telegram.

"Mr. Fane, sir, this came by the packet just now."

"For me?" Fane tore open the envelope, and as he read the message his face blanched, and, in a voice full of emotion, he cried aloud:

"Lena ill—in danger. My God! Then I must leave this to-night. When does the packet sail?" he asked, turning to the messenger.

"Sure, it won't go till mornin'."

"Then I must go in a boat."

"Begorra, thin, you 'll get no boat to take you across the night. It 's too stormy; an' sure any man can see that it 's gettin' worse it is."

"I must leave the island as soon as possible. Who 'd be most likely to take me across?"

"I will." Dermot Kilfoyle stepped up to him, with a white, set face. "I 've a boat that 'd sail in any say, an' the wind 'll be wid us," he cried. "So come on, an' lose no time. Not that I wouldn't brave any storm to get shut of you."

A cry of anguish escaped from Mave.

"No, Dermot." She clasped her hands round his arm. "Look at the say. There 's a storm comin'."

But he flung her from him. "It 's frettin' you are to see him go," he sneered. "You 'll be lonesome the morra—"

"No, no, Dermot, but you—"

"Don't consarn yourself about me. There 's not many wantin' me—an' I might as well go to the bottom as not. Come on, Misther Fane; the sooner we go—the sooner we 'll get it over." And casting a glance of withering scorn and defiance at the trembling girl, he took Fane's arm and dragged him away.

"My God! an' I," she shuddered, "have done this. Driven him—to danger—maybe to death. For there 's nothin' will gainsay him now, nothin' 'll turn him back—an' the storm is comin' up—the say just frightenin'."

She pushed back the hair from her brow, and a low, deep moan escaped her lips. Then, scarcely knowing where she

went, she began to grope her way among the rocks. But she made but little progress, as every moment she turned and looked out wildly over the ocean.

The evening had now closed in; the rain that had been threatening all day came down in torrents, and a thick mist soon enveloped both sea and land. Blindly Mave staggered along, her heart full of anguish, her soul torn with remorse. The wind howled and shrieked as though in mockery of her grief, and huge waves dashed violently against the rocks, drenching her with their spray.

"Merciful God, have pity," she moaned, "save thim. Holy Mary, Star of the Say, pray for thim. I'm sorry an' repent bitterly of my pride an' wickedness that druv poor Dermot out the night. Ochone!" she gave a cry of terror as through the drifting rain and heavy mist she saw a light, now rising upon the crest of the wave, now engulfed and hidden from sight. That light she knew was in a boat, and in that boat were the two men, Dermot Kilfoyle and Cecil Fane.

"The Lord save an' deliver thim," she gasped. "Sure they're lost. No boat could live in such a say, an' I—God forgive me—I druv thim out to death to-night. O Dermot, Dermot, if I was only by your side!" Then, white and haggard, she struggled up over the rocks, and staggered away along the dark, wet road to her father's cabin.

All through the long hours of the night Mave lay tossing from side to side, in open-eyed misery.

"Maybe the mornin' will bring hope," she murmured, as the storm abated. "An' sure good news may come wid the dawn." And at last, weary and exhausted, she fell into a troubled sleep.

But the next day passed, and when evening came on, no word from Dermot or Fane had reached their friends on the island.

"They're gone fur sure," said one old fisherman, in husky tones. "We'll niver see thim more."

And when the news was spread abroad, that the outgoing packet, that morning, had seen a boat bottom upwards, floating out to sea, all agreed that he was right. There could no longer be any doubt as to what their end had been.

To describe Mave's sorrow, her heart-broken remorse,

and bitter self-reproach would be impossible. No one guessed one-half of what she suffered. She did not fall in, or give way to violent grief, but went about in a half-dazed condition, dry-eyed and silent, the soft bloom in her cheeks slowly fading, the lines round her sweet mouth gradually hardening.

One rainy day, chance took her past the little cabin where Dermot Kilfoyle had lived with his mother. Through the open door she saw the old woman sitting alone, her hands clasped together as though in prayer.

With a sudden stab at her heart she paused and looked in. Then remembering that she had caused this sorrow, she ran up to her, and threw her arms round her neck.

"It's desolite you look, Mrs. Kilfoyle," she cried, bursting into tears, "rale desolite."

"Aye, my dear, for sure Dermot's gone from me. But it's God's will, alanna. An' we must all bow to that. I loved my boy—maybe too well. An' the Lord took him. It's hard, sore hard. But God knows best. An' we must pray for his sowl, Mave. You don't forget that?"

"No. But can you forgive me? Sure, 't was I druv him from you, in my pride an' vanity I—"

"Whisht, alanna,—an' don't be frettin' too much about that. There was, I've no manner of doubt, faults on both sides. Dermot had always a misfortunit temper, poor lad." Tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. "But sure, if he's dhrownded the Lord will forgive you because of your great sorrow; 't was for sinners He died, Mave. An' He'll have mercy on Dermot, for he was a good son."

"God love you," whispered Mave. "You've put hope into my heart. But till the day of my death I'll niver forgive myself. Only for me he'd niver have gone to say that night."

"Who knows?" sighed the mother. "He was always darin' and thought greatly of his boat. She was the fine sailer. An' thin whin Misther Fane—och, 't was the black day brought him among us."

"He was no ways to blame," cried Mave, blushing. "An' sure there'll be many frettin' sore for him."

"Musha, thin, throe for you. He'd a mother, too, may be?"

"Yes. An' some one who loved him dear. He was thinkin' of marryin' soon, an' now—"

"God comfort thim an' us," said the old woman solemnly. "At such a time He is our only refuge. His holy will be done."

"Amen," sobbed Mave. "But sure it's desolite we all are entirely."

And then they sat, with clasped hands, silently weeping.

From that hour Mave spent every spare moment of the day and night with the lonely woman. Her holy submission to the Divine Will, her gentle and tender way of speaking, touched the girl and soothed her breaking heart. Constant intercourse with her, showing as it did how terrible the loss of her son had been to her, deepened, if possible, Mave's feeling of remorse, and blaming herself for having caused her so much sorrow, she did all she could to console and comfort her. Such sweet sympathy and devotion were very dear to Mrs. Kilfoyle, and before long they became like mother and daughter.

It was a wild autumn that year, and a wilder winter. Terrible storms raged continually, and owing to the almost impassable state of the sea there was but little coming and going between the island and the mainland.

"It's not much we know of what's passin' in the world," remarked Mave one day, as she and Mrs. Kilfoyle sat knitting by the fire. "What wid the desperate wind an' Docther Sinclair bein' away, it's lost we are for news."

"Musha, thin, an' what news would you be wantin', honey?"

"Sure I'd like to know how that poor girl Misther Fane loved is gettin' on. Lena Grey he called her. The telegram said she was ill. I wondher did she die."

"When the docther comes back, an' sure that same won't be long, he'll be able to tell you, may be. He was the only one knew anything of Misther Fane an' his people."

A tall, broad-shouldered man stood in the doorway, and they rose to their feet, in a flutter of surprise and pleasure, as they recognized Dr. Sinclair.

"Well, Mrs. Kilfoyle, I hope I see you well," he cried in a cheery voice. "And Mave McMahon, too—but looking white and thin. We must bring the roses back to your cheeks, my girl." And he laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

Mave grew crimson, and tears rushed to her eyes.

"You're nervous," he said, looking at her with kindly interest, "and run down. We must take care of you and strengthen you before—" He paused abruptly, and seating himself in front of Mrs. Kilfoyle, crossed one leg slowly over the other, saying: "You've never asked me about my visit to England, or any of the things I've seen or heard."

"Och, no, Dochter dear, but sure you must have seen hapes of wonderful things."

"Yes," taking a pinch of snuff. "And the last and most wonderful thing—was a wedding."

"A wedding!" the old woman laughed. "Arrah, sure they're common enough—over there especially."

"Yes, so they are. But this one was peculiar—peculiar in this way. The bride and the bridegroom were both on the point of death—or at least, in danger of death some four months ago. The bride through a fall from her horse; the bridegroom through the upsetting of a boat on a tempestuous sea, not very far from the island of Innisboffin. He was found clinging to the boat, and rescued by a passing vessel bound for America. He was safely landed at the first port; but there he fell ill. For some time his life hung in the balance, and he'd probably have died unknown and among strangers, had it not been for a good, devoted fellow, an Irishman, who tended and nursed him with infinite devotion. But thanks to him, his youth, and a good constitution, he recovered, after some time reached home, and was last week married to sweet Lena Grey."

"Dochter"—Mave started forward with quivering lips and heaving bosom—"sure it must be about Mither Fane you're tellin' us. If he was saved—what—became of Dermot?"

"My dear child, they were together. Both clung to the boat; both were saved; Dermot it was who nursed and took care of poor Fane. Dermot is alive and well."

"My God!" The old woman threw her arms above her head. "Blessed be Thy holy name forever," she cried in a loud voice; then fell back sobbing upon her seat.

For an instant a look of intense joy lit up Mave's beautiful face, but it passed quickly away, and she grew suddenly pale as death.

"Dermot saved—Dermot alive and well," she moaned in a voice of anguish. "Oh! can it be—can it be true? I have

grieved—his mother has shed bitter tears thinkin' him dead, an' he has left us widout a word. Och! it was cruel—downright cruel of him."

"'Deed an' he might have been afther sendin' us a bit of a letter, just to let us know he wasn't lyin' dhrownded dead," cried the old woman. "But sure there's many mishaps wid the post an'—"

"That's just it," said Dr. Sinclair. "Dermot assured me he had written many letters telling you that he was alive, and asking Mave's forgiveness—saying he knew the truth about Mr. Fane, who was now his best friend, and that he loved her more than ever, and only waited till she sent him a line to allow him to come home."

"Sure no letter iver came to us," said Mave, with quivering lips.

"Well, Dermot is not much of a scholar, and dear knows what sort of addresses he put on those letters of his. But you see, after all, it was not his fault that you did not know that he was living and well. So don't be too hard, Mave. The poor fellow has suffered terribly. For, not getting any answer from you, he thought you had ceased to care for him, and was very miserable."

"How could he think so?" cried Mave, now rosy red. "Sure he knows nothin' on airth could iver change me."

"That's right," cried the doctor, beaming with delight, as he got up, and walking over to the door opened it wide. "And if I were you," standing upon the step, "I'd tell that without delay to Dermot Kilfoyle himself."

"Oh!" she said with a smile and sigh, "sure if I got the chanst I wouldn't be long doin' that same."

"And if he came to you—just walked in—you'd welcome and be pleased to see him?"

"Oh!" the beautiful eyes filling up with tears, "I'd welcome him from the bottom of me heart. Let him only come, dochter, an' thry."

"Do you mane that, Mave, asthore?" asked a voice that sent the blood coursing quickly through her veins, and made her heart beat joyfully. "Oh! me jewel of a girl, put your hand in mine, an' say you love an' forgive me."

"'Deed thin I do, Dermot," she cried, raising a radiantly happy face to his, as she clasped his hand and drew him

into the cabin. "I both love you an' forgive you. An' sure there 's some one else in here longin' to do the same."

And the next moment Dermot was sobbing like a child upon his mother's breast.

SONG.

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,
 The scythe is hid in the corn,
 The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
 The grateful sheep are shorn;
 Redder and redder burns the rose,
 The lily was ne'er so pale,
 Still and stiller the river flows
 Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
 A face is hiding within;
 When birds are silent and oxen drowse
 Why should a maiden spin?
 Slower and slower turns the wheel,
 The face turns red and pale,
 Brighter and brighter the looks that steal
 Along the path to the vale.

SHAMROCKS.

I wear a shamrock in my heart.
 Three in one, one in three—
 Truth and love and faith,
 Tears and pain and death;
 O sweet my shamrock is to me!

Lay me in my hollow bed,
 Grow the shamrocks over me.
 Three in one, one in three,
 Faith and hope and charity,
 Peace and rest and silence be
 With me where you lay my head:
 O dear the shamrocks are to me!

HENRY GILES.

(1809—1882.)

HENRY GILES, a Unitarian minister and writer, was born in County Wexford, Nov. 1, 1809. Born a Roman Catholic, he changed his religious belief several times, finally becoming a Unitarian and officiating as a minister of that denomination in Greenock and Liverpool.

He came to this country in 1840, where he preached, lectured extensively, and wrote. Among his works are 'Lectures and Essays' (2 vols. 1845), 'Christian Thoughts on Life' (1850), and 'Illustrations of Genius in Some of its Applications to Society and Culture.' He died at Quincy, Mass., July 10, 1882.

THE IRISH INTELLECT.

From 'Lectures and Essays on Irish and Other Subjects.'

That part of the mind which we call intellect; that part of the mind which deals with thought and argument, reasoning and ideas, is, in the Irish, quick, sharp, strong, active. The Irish mind combines readily and rapidly. It delights in analogies and analysis, in criticism and controversy. Hence, perhaps, the success of the Irish mind at the bar, in the pulpit, in the popular assembly, in all those positions which demand the spontaneous transmission of thinking into speech—thinking that is never far from passion, and speech that usually is instinct with the spirit of imagination.

The logic of the Irish mind takes naturally, therefore, the form of rhetoric or oratory. The action of the Irish understanding, united as commonly it is with fancy and emotion, quick to yield to the influence of sympathy or antagonism, kindles readily into eloquence—into eloquence of persuasion and conviction, or of contest and invective. But the Irish intellect has also shown its force in profound and abstract thinking. It is much given to mathematics. So dispersed used to be this kind of knowledge in Ireland in my time, that small local almanacs were full of questions, from mere crambos and puzzles in arithmetic and algebra up to the higher regions of geometry and the calculus. The gentlemen who conducted the trigonometrical survey

of the kingdom declared that they found youngsters in abundance to do their calculations at a halfpenny a triangle. The Irish intellect is not less given to metaphysics, as many subtle and deep thinkers bear witness, from Scotus, among the greatest of early scholastics, to Berkeley, the father of modern Idealists.

From the earliest Christian times known to Western Europe, the Irish mind has been celebrated for its devotion to theology, for its attainments in ecclesiastical learning; and during a long period these were the only studies which constituted literature. Ireland, in this respect, was the school of Europe; and not the school only to which strangers came for instruction, but the school likewise from which native students went forth in all directions as teachers and apostles. It was once the fashion to sneer at such statements, but the fashion has had its day. A deeper scholarship has silenced the ridicule of shallow scoffers, and nothing in the past of nations is now better ascertained than the antiquity of Ireland, and the intellectuality of its early civilization. Particularly it has been so within the sphere of western culture. Irish learning was from the first found in the colleges of the continent, as afterwards Irish statesmanship was in its cabinets, and Irish valor in its camps. Beautiful ruins that abound in Ireland are mournful monuments of its former zeal in the cause of letters as well as of religion; for the structures that are lovely even in their desolation were those that once gave shelter to priest and student when Ireland was, as Dr. Johnson calls it, "the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning." These architectural remains show what grand and goodly dwelling-places Ireland reared for her men of prayer and her men of thought—show with what love and pomp she cherished the sublime ministry of the soul—show her enthusiasm for divine things, in noble forms of art as well as in sacred inspirations of soul.

The barbarism which was fatal to scholarship and scholars; the barbarism which desecrated the sanctuaries of devotion and intelligence; the barbarism which gave force and will the place of faith and reason; the barbarism which turned the college into a barrack, which pulled down the Almighty's temple, and built up the robber's castle—none of *this* was Irish; this came first from the wild outlaws of

northern seas. The Danes began the havoc, which other ravagers and spoliators successively and ruthlessly continued. The Irish, in the worst of their own conflicts, revered the shrines of worship and of study. The savageism to which neither laws nor letters, human or divine, were sacred, was foreign. The savageism was not Irish which destroyed buildings and burned books, which spared nothing in its fury, which swept as a devastating tempest over all that the labor or the zeal of mind had created or ennobled. The intellect of Ireland has survived many persecutions, and come clear and bright out of much stormy darkness. *That* intellect oppression could neither crush nor kill; it has a living force, which renders the spirit ever superior to the senses. But all this, it may be said, has reference only to the mind of a select few. The mind of the mass, it may be urged, has in the meantime continued in contented ignorance, and given small evidence of capacity.

The very laws, which were made by Protestant rulers in Ireland against the education of the Catholic people—laws enacted for the purpose of closing every avenue by which intelligence could be cultivated—do of themselves refute both parts of this objection. For if the people had been already in contented ignorance, no laws would have been needed to hinder them from instruction, and if the people had been void of natural capacity, such laws, instead of being the refinement of cruelty, which they were, would have been the most laughable of absurdities. Surely to forbid schools and schoolmasters under direst penalties to a people who had no desire for schools or schoolmasters, and no fitness for them, would have been an audacity of drollery which even Irish farce has never dared. Such was not the case. The people, even the humblest of them, had both the desire and the fitness for education. A few generations ago, in Ireland, Protestant laws, as I have said, forbade Catholic education—confronted every endeavor after it with terror and penalty. If by stratagem such education was achieved, it was shut out from every sphere of activity or ambition. Now that, in the face of such threatening, and despite its execution, the Irish of all classes should still protect the schoolmaster—should still respect his office—should still, by every means of ingenuity, avail them-

selves of it—should still, for the sake of knowledge, brave the danger of spies, of informers, and the stern consequences of confiscation, imprisonment, or death, is an example of vigor in the life of mind which the history of few nations can show.

The Catholic Irish, in those hard times when education was thus forbidden them, carried their literary studies into the silent fields, and amidst bushes and brambles conned Homer, Virgil, Euclid, or the spelling-book; and this was the origin of what has been called “the hedge-school.” The old Irish hedge-school should be held in immortal honor, as the last refuge of a people’s mind, and as the last sanctuary of persecuted intellect. The Irish who dared all penalties for their faith, dared no less for their understanding. They were as zealous martyrs for scholarship as for conscience. Even while the penal laws were still in force, peasants who spoke Latin could be found among the hills of southern Ireland; and at all times classical studies have been popular among the Irish.

Within the short period in which there has been in Ireland any comprehensive system of popular education, even the poorest of the people have made remarkable progress, and the time is fast hastening, when few, even of the poorest, will be liable to the odium—as odium it is considered—of not knowing how to read or write. Yet I do not esteem mere knowledge of reading and writing in itself as highly as many do. When *that* knowledge is not carried into thoughtful and practical application, it often satisfies only the vanity of conceited and pretentious ignorance. In any event, the mere knowledge of elementary reading and writing is no standard by which to judge in certain conditions of society the amount of a people’s intelligence. Here is how I should estimate, until within the present century, the mental stock of a quick-minded farmer in Ireland, and his active accomplishments, even if he were not able to read or write. I leave out the proper business of his rural profession, which, if skillfully conducted, implies no contemptible quantity of knowledge, experience, industry, acuteness, and good sense.

Independently of all this, such a man usually spoke two languages, English imperfectly, it might be, but Irish in all its wealth. In either Irish or English, he could tell a

story; in either he could sing a song; and to the song he could sometimes add a tune on the bagpipes or the fiddle. Play indeed he might not, but he was sure to dance, and to dance with every ingenuity of step; he could dance any measure, from a single reel to a treble hornpipe. He was fully indoctrinated in all the science of the shillalah. He pulled it, a juicy sapling; he trimmed it, set it, seasoned it, greased it, polished it, coaxed it, petted it; it was thus disciplined, trained, highly educated, and became admirably fit for use; then, as frequently as occasion offered, *he was not* the boy to leave it idle, or to manage it unskillfully. He knew well how to govern it with his fingers and thumb, to give it breath with his mouth, to play upon all its stops, and to make it the occasion of vociferous, if not of "most eloquent music." He was acquainted with all the local traditions; could recite the chronicles of every family. For every marked spot he had note and name. He was acquainted with the legends and the myths of every olden ruin. He was at home in the romance of witches, ghosts, fairies, and giants. He was also well informed in the 'Arabian Nights,' in 'Gulliver's Travels,' in 'Robinson Crusoe,' in the 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' in the 'Seven Wise Men of Greece,' in the 'Wars of Troy,' and in many classics of the same sort too numerous to mention.

He was tolerably versed in the history of Ireland; he was familiarly ready with its great names, from Partholanus to Saint Patrick, from Con of the hundred battles to General Sarsfield, and from Ossian, sublimest among the bards, to Carolan, the latest of them, and the sweetest. He was tolerably instructed in the doctrines of his religion, and he could cunningly defend them. He rather courted than avoided controversy. He was usually more than critical, and less than complimentary, on the characters of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Archbishop Cranmer, and Queen Elizabeth. His version of the Protestant Reformation was not a favorable one; and certainly his ideas of Luther and of Calvin were exactly the opposite of eulogy. Now, taking all this together, it forms a respectable amount of faculty and acquisition; and though it might not be singly owned, except by a very marked individual, it was yet collectively shared by the average of the population. Grant as much to the average of ancient Greeks, and the classical enthusi-

ast would speak of it with abundance of laudation. Mr. Grote sets a very high value upon less. "If we analyze," he says, "the intellectual acquisition of a common Grecian townsman from the rude communities of Arcadia or Phokis, even up to the enlightened Athens, we shall find that over and above the rules of art, or capacities requisite for his daily wants, it consisted chiefly of various myths connected with his gens, his city, his religious festivals and the mysteries in which he might have chosen to initiate himself, as well as with the works of art, and the more striking natural objects which he might see round him—the whole set off and decorated by some knowledge of the epic and dramatic poets. Such," continues Mr. Grote, "was the intellectual and imaginative reach of an ordinary Greek, considered apart from the instructed few. It was an aggregate of religion, of social and patriotic retrospect, and of romantic fancy blended into one indivisible whole."

Reading and writing, as critics now very generally admit, were not known to the ancient Greeks, when early poets chanted in their public assemblies mighty songs about gods and heroes. It is even maintained that these poets could not themselves read or write. Even in later times, when reading and writing became accomplishments among the specially educated, great multitudes, without these accomplishments, had among themselves an instinctive and traditional education. It was this mental force of nature, and its marvelous susceptibility and plasticity, which constituted the essentials of Grecian genius. Reading and writing became the instruments for *this* genius, but they did not give it. Genius it was which gave reading and writing to the Greeks, as it was genius which gave them inspired rhapsodists before reading and writing had ever been thought of. When reading and writing had become perfect, it was still their genius that gave the Greeks their great men, that enabled the Greeks to *understand* their great men. It was this genius, and not mere reading and writing, that gave the Greeks the loftiest drama which nation ever had—the most perfect architecture and sculpture of which human imagination ever dreamed. It was this genius which made the Greeks the masters of mind and method, the conquerors of barbarism, the creators of art,

the originators of science, and in beauty and philosophy the teachers of the world.

Yet multitudes to whom this genius was native, out of whose intuitions it sprung, who could feel it in its noblest power, could still neither read nor write. Put, then, the Christian faith of Ireland against the pagan faith of Greece, the sublime doctrines, the immortal hopes and fears, the spiritual ideas, the impressive worship of the one against the carnal fables, the bounded conceptions, the conventional rituals of the other; put the tragic story of Ireland against the patriotic struggles of Greece. As to imagination, put the wild and deep passion of Ireland against the graceful and the fair poetries of Greece; put tradition against tradition, legend against legend, myth against myth; give Grecian sculpture to the eye, give Irish music to the heart; let the Grecian temple speak to the love of beauty, let the Gothic church speak to the instinct of the soul; put, I say, the one against the other, then, for all that gives active life to mind, the Irishman to whom I have directed attention is surely not behind the Greek whom Mr. Grote describes. Yet the Irishman to whom I refer is but a quick-minded peasant, while the Greek to whom Mr. Grote refers is a townsman, and of ordinary education. To those higher powers of Greek genius which left ineffaceable impression on the civilization of the world, this comparison has, of course, no application; but in mere vividness, in *that* intellectual irritableness to which mental activity is a necessity, there is no small resemblance between the Greek mind and the Irish mind, and also, for the delight which mental activity in itself bestows, both minds appear to have been similarly constituted.

No mind, not even the Greek, has ever had a more disinterested love of knowledge than the Irish mind; no other mind has ever had more passion for study, and without any reference to its gainful applications. In no country more than in Ireland has scholarship been sought for in defiance of such appalling obstacles. Hunger, cold, weariness, sorrow, loneliness, sickness, have been braved for it. Many a hero of the mind has struggled with death itself in battle against the ignorance which poverty or persecution had enforced. In no other country have men made nobler efforts than in Ireland to obtain education for themselves or for

their children. Many a man in Ireland who arose to professional eminence had the schooling which prepared him for it at the cost of his father's sweat, and many a loving sacrifice has been made in the home to meet the expenses of the college. I do therefore deny, and I deny it most strenuously, and with all my soul, that the Irish have ever been content with ignorance, or indifferent to knowledge.

The imaginative element in the mental character of the Irish is that which comes now under observation.

This element in the Irish character is diffusive. It pervades the whole mind, and it pervades the whole people. There is in the Irish mind an idealism which, more or less, influences all its faculties, and which naturally disposes the Irish to what is intensive and poetic. Many of the faults and failings in Irish character may perhaps be traced to this peculiarity. It may have led to that want of balance and compactness which, not without justice, is attributed to Irish character—to want of directness, force, and persistency—to want of that sustained purpose which alone conquers and succeeds. This interfused idealism has hindered it from grasping the prosaic and the practical with sufficient firmness, or of holding to them with persistent tenacity.

A sense of ever-present soul in nature pervades the Irish popular imagination. This imagination personifies objects, and endows them with intelligence. It goes behind the visible world, and, whether at noontide or at night, it discerns another world for the mind. Could the traditions, the tales, the legends, the countless stories, droll and dreadful, which make the unwritten poetry of the people, have been in due season collected, they would have formed a body of popular romance which only the 'Arabian Nights' might have surpassed. They would besides have had a moral truth, a spiritual depth, a sanctity and a purity of which Oriental genius is peculiarly deficient. Then how the comic, the beautiful, the pathetic, and the tragic, are embodied in creatures of the Irish popular imagination, as, by turns, they are capricious, fantastic, melancholy. There is the Leprachawn, the mocking imp that delights in solitude and sunshine; the tiny shoemaker that, whenever seen, is busy with his hammer and his lapstone. The cynical and cunning cobbler knows where pots of money

are concealed which would make everybody richer than the richest of the Jews.

Oh, how many times, in those golden days of youth which are given *once* to the most wretched, and are never given *twice* to the most blessed, have I looked for that miniature Son of the Last—watched for his red cap amidst the green grass of the hillside—spied around to catch the thumb-sized treasure-knower, that I might have guineas to buy books to my heart's content, or wealth enough to go, like Aladdin, and ask for the caliph's daughter. But I must honestly confess that, though no one ever looked more diligently than I did for a Leprachawn, I never found one. There are the fairies that love the moonlight, that affectionately sport around beauty, and watch over childhood. There is the Banshee, the lonely and fearful spirit-watcher of her clan, the loyal visitant who attends the generations of her tribe, wails over the hour of their death and sorrow, and who, under castle window or through cottage door, sings her lamentations for the long-descended. The imaginative element is so native to the popular Irish mind, that those writers of Irish fiction truest to this element have best revealed the heart of the people's life. . . .

In reference to the artistic direction of Irish imagination, I have only time to specify Music and Eloquence, and these I select as the most national and the most characteristic. Music is universal. It is not absent from any human heart. Every country has it, and in it every country takes delight. But the countries of strength, of wealth, of work, and of prosperity are *not* those which most or best cultivate it. The people of such countries are too busy in building ships and cities, in founding or ruling empires; they have other occupation than to give their thoughts to song, or train their hands to instruments. Music has indeed sounds for mirth and gladness; but its inmost secrets are hidden in the heart of sorrow—its deepest mysteries are reached only by the serious and meditative spirit. So it is that the best religious music is deep and pathetic—so it is that Christianity has so profoundly inspired music, for Christianity, born of a tragedy, has never lost the sense of its origin; it carries always in its bosom the solemn ideas of death and immortality. So it is that, as the lyric utterance of humanity, music has most of soul when it is the

voice of memory, and of those relations to the future and the infinite which, in revealing at the same time our greatness and our littleness, sadden while they sanctify. Music too is peculiarly the art of the subjected and the unhappy. It is no wonder, therefore, that it should have attained so much excellence in Ireland. A sentiment of grief seems to breathe through the whole of Irish history. The spirit of Ireland is of the past, and the past to Ireland is a retrospect of sorrow. Irish music is alive with the spirit of this impassioned and melancholy past—a past which has such pathos in it as no words can utter, and for which music only has expression. Irish music is thus the voice of melancholy, with variations of war song and prayer, of dance sounds and death sounds. It is the lyric sighing of solemn and reflective musing, of troubled affections and of mourning nationality—a low long litany for the dying, without the resignation which belongs to the requiem for the dead.

The bards which reached the deepest sources of this music struck their harps amidst afflictions; in later times they composed it as if under the shadows of ruins, where the weeds had grown upon the castle tower, where grass was rank in courtly halls, where echoes of the lonely wind were in the vacant spaces of dismal valley or of haunted cave, and where the pallid ghosts of saints and warriors seemed to listen to the strain. Grief is always sacred; grief invests even the most savage people with dignity; but when genius weds itself to grief—when genius breathes the historic sadness of a cultivated nation, it makes art as immortal as humanity. So it is with Irish music; and herein is the secret of its depth, its tenderness, its beauty, and its strength. . . .

In speaking of Irish eloquence, I enter on no critical disquisition. This has been done so often and so well, that there is nothing more to say, and I will not, therefore, tax your patience with the repetition of a rather out-worn theme. I would merely observe: Irish eloquence, like Irish music, has much of its character from that law of human experience which connects intensity with adversity—to which we must also add the ardor, the enthusiasm, and the impulsive sensibility of the Irish temperament.

E. L. GODKIN.

(1831—1902.)

E. L. GODKIN, whose name is inseparably connected with the *New York Nation* and *The Evening Post*, was born in Moyne, County Wicklow, Oct. 2, 1831. His father, the Rev. James Godkin, wrote a 'Religious History of Ireland' (1873). The son was educated at a grammar school near Wakefield, England, and at Queen's College, Belfast, where he was graduated in 1851. He was a correspondent of the *London Daily News* in Turkey and Russia during the Crimean war, 1854-56.

In the autumn of 1856 he came to the United States, and in the ensuing winter made a journey on horseback through the Southern States, a record of which appeared in letters to the *News*.

He studied law under David Dudley Field of New York city, was admitted to the bar in 1859, practiced for a few years, and then went to Europe, owing to impaired health. He returned to New York at the close of 1862, and was correspondent of the *News* and an editorial writer for the *New York Times* until July, 1865, when he established and became editor of *The Nation*, which in 1866 passed into the hands of Mr. Godkin and two other gentlemen (James Miller McKim and Frederick Law Olmstead) as proprietors. *The Nation*, a weekly paper avowedly patterned after the *London Spectator*, soon became famous as one of the leading literary critical journals in the country, a reputation which it enjoys to-day. In 1881 *The Nation* was made the weekly issue of *The Evening Post*, and Mr. Godkin became one of the editors and proprietors of the joint publication. Harvard University conferred upon him the honorary degree of M.A. in 1871, and Oxford made him an honorary D.C.L. in 1897. He was the author of a 'History of Hungary, A.D. 300-1850' (London, 1856), and of the work 'Government' in the 'American Science Series' (New York, 1871), 'Problems of Modern Democracy,' 'Reflections and Comments,' 'Ireland in 1872.'

THE DUTY OF CRITICISM IN A DEMOCRACY.

From 'Problems of Modern Democracy.'¹

There is probably no government in the world to-day as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command on an emergency. By "emergency" I mean the suppression of an insurrection or the conduct of a foreign war. But it is not equally strong in the ordinary work of administration. A good many gov-

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ernments, by far inferior to it in strength, fill the offices, collect the taxes, administer justice, and do the work of legislation with much greater efficiency. One cause of this inefficiency is that the popular standard in such matters is low, and that it resents dissatisfaction as an assumption of superiority. When a man says these and those things ought not to be, his neighbors, who find no fault with them, naturally accuse him of giving himself airs. It seems as if he thought he knew more than they did, and was trying to impose his plans on them. The consequence is that in a land of pure equality, as this is, critics are always an unpopular class, and criticism is in some sense an odious work. The only condemnation passed on the governmental acts or systems is apt to come from the opposite party in the form of what is called "arraignment," which generally consists in wholesale abuse of the party in power, treating all their acts, small or great, as due to folly or depravity, and all their public men as either fools or knaves. Of course this makes but small impression on the public mind. It is taken to indicate not so much a desire to improve the public service as to get hold of the offices, and has as a general rule but little effect. Parties lose their hold on power through some conspicuously obnoxious acts or failures; never, or very rarely, through the judgments passed on them by hostile writers or orators. And yet nothing is more necessary to successful government than abundant criticism from sources not open to the suspicion of particular interest. There is nothing which bad governments so much dislike and resent as criticism, and have in past ages taken so much pains to put down. In fact, a history of the civil liberty would consist largely of an account of the resistance to criticism on the part of rulers. One of the first acts of a successful tyranny or despotism is always the silencing of the press or the establishment of a censorship.

Popular objection to criticism is, however, senseless, because it is through criticism—that is, through discrimination between two things, customs, or courses—that the race has managed to come out of the woods and lead a civilized life. The first man who objected to the general nakedness, and advised his fellows to put on clothes, was the first critic. Criticism of a high tariff recommends a low tariff;

criticism of monarchy recommends a republic; criticism of vice recommends virtue. In fact, almost every act of life, the practice of a profession or the conduct of a business, condemns one course and suggests another. The word means *judging*, and judgment is the highest of the human faculties, the one which most distinguishes us from the animals. There is probably nothing from which the public service of the country suffers more to-day than the silence of its educated class; that is, the small amount of criticism which comes from the disinterested and competent sources. It is a very rare thing for an educated man to say anything publicly about the questions of the day. He is absorbed in science, or art, or literature, in the practice of his profession, or in the conduct of his business; and if he has any interest at all in public affairs, it is a languid one.

He is silent because he does not much care, or because he does not wish to embarrass the administration or "hurt the party," or because he does not feel that anything he could say would make much difference. So that on the whole, it is very rarely that the instructed opinion of the country is ever heard on any subject. The report of the Bar Association on the nomination of Maynard in New York was a remarkable exception to this rule. Some improvement in this direction has been made by the appearance of the set of people known as the "Mugwumps," who are, in the main, men of cultivation. They have been defined in various ways. They are known to the masses mainly as "kickers"; that is, dissatisfied, querulous people, who complain of everybody and cannot submit to party discipline.

But they are the only critics who do not criticise in the interest of party, but simply in that of good government. They are a kind of personage whom the bulk of the voters know nothing about and find it difficult to understand, and consequently load with ridicule and abuse. But their movement, though its visible recognizable effects on elections may be small, has done inestimable service in slackening the bonds of party discipline, in making the expression of open dissent from party programmes respectable and common, and in increasing the unreliable vote in large States like New York. It is of the last importance that this unreliable vote—that is, the vote which party leaders cannot count on with certainty—should be large in such

States. The mere fear of it prevents a great many excesses.

But in criticism one always has hard work in steering a straight course between optimism and pessimism. These are the Scylla and Charybdis of the critic's career. Almost every man who thinks or speaks about public affairs is either an optimist or a pessimist; which he is, depends a good deal on temperament, but often on character. The political jobber or corruptionist is almost always an optimist. So is the prosperous business man. So is nearly every politician, because the optimist is nearly always the more popular of the two. As a general rule, people like cheerful men and the promise of good times. The kill-joy and bearer of bad news has always been an odious character. But for the cultivated man there is no virtue in either optimism or pessimism. Some people think it a duty to be optimistic, and for some people it may be a duty; but one of the great uses of education is to teach us to be neither one nor the other. In the management of our personal affairs, we try to be neither one nor the other. In business, a persistent and uproarious optimist would certainly have poor credit. And why? Because in business the trustworthy man, as everybody knows, is the man who sees things as they are: and to see things as they are, without glamour or illusion, is the first condition of worldly success. It is absolutely essential in war, in finance, in law, in every field of human activity in which the future has to be thought of and provided for. It is just as essential in politics. The only reason why it is not thought as essential in politics is, the punishment for failure or neglect comes in politics more slowly.

The pessimist has generally a bad name, but there is a good deal to be said for him. To take a recent illustration, the man who took pessimistic views of the silver movement was for nearly twenty years under a cloud. This gloomy anticipation of 1873 was not realized until 1893. For a thousand years after Marcus Aurelius, the pessimist, if I may use the expression, was "cock of the walk." He certainly has no reason to be ashamed of his rôle in the Eastern world for a thousand years after the Mohammedan Hegira. In Italy and Spain he has not needed to hang his head since the Renaissance. In fact, if we take various

nations and long reaches of time, we shall find that the gloomy man has been nearly as often justified by the course of events as the cheerful one. Neither of them has any special claim to a hearing on public affairs. A persistent optimist, although he may be a most agreeable man in family life, is likely, in business or politics, to be just as foolish and unbearable as a persistent pessimist. He is as much out of harmony with the order of nature. The universe is not governed on optimistic any more than on pessimistic principles. The best and wisest of men make their mistakes and have their share of sorrow and sickness and losses. So also the most happily situated nations must suffer from internal discord, the blunders of statesmen, and the madness of the people. What Cato said in the Senate of the conditions of success, "*vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo, prosperê omnia cedunt,*" is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We must remember that though the optimist may be the pleasantest man to have about us, he is the least likely to take precautions; that is, the least likely to watch and work for success. We owe a great deal of our slovenly legislation to his presence in large numbers in Congress and the legislatures. The great suffering through which we are now passing, in consequence of the persistence in our silver purchases, is the direct result of unreasoning optimism. Its promoters disregarded the warnings of economists and financiers because they believed that somehow, they did not know how, the thing would come out right in the end. The silver collapse, together with the Civil War over slavery, are striking illustrations to occur in one century, of the fact that if things come out right in the end, it is often after periods of great suffering and disaster. Could people have foreseen how the slavery controversy would end, what frantic efforts would have been made for peaceful abolition! Could people have foreseen the panic of last year, with its wide-spread disaster, what haste would have been made to stop the silver purchases! And yet the experience of mankind afforded abundant reason for anticipating both results.

This leads me to say that the reason why educated men should try and keep a fair mental balance between both pessimism and optimism, is that there has come over the

world in the last twenty-five or thirty years a very great change of opinion touching the relations of the government to the community. When Europe settled down to peaceful work after the great wars of the French Revolution, it was possessed with the idea that the freedom of the individual was all that was needed for public prosperity and private happiness. The old government interference with people's movements and doings was supposed to be the reason why nations had not been happy in the past. This became the creed, in this country, of the Democratic party, which came into existence after the foundation of the federal government. At the same time there grew up here the popular idea of the American character, in which individualism was the most marked trait. If you are not familiar with it in your own time, you may remember it in the literature of the earlier half of the century. The typical American was always the architect of his own fortunes. He sailed the seas and penetrated the forest, and built cities and lynched the horse thieves, and fought the Indians and dug the mines, without anybody's help or support. He had even an ill-concealed contempt for regular troops, as men under control and discipline. He scorned government for any other purposes than security and the administration of justice. This was the kind of American that Tocqueville found here in 1833. He says:—

“The European often sees in the public functionaries simply force ; the American sees nothing but law. One may then say that in America a man never obeys a man, or anything but justice and law. Consequently he has formed of himself an opinion which is often exaggerated, but is always salutary. He trusts without fear to his own strength, which appears to him equal to anything. A private individual conceives some sort of enterprise. Even if this enterprise have some sort of connection with the public welfare, it never occurs to him to address himself to the government in order to obtain its aid. He makes his plan known, offers to carry it out, calls other individuals to his aid, and struggles with all his might against any obstacles there may be in his way. Often, without doubt, he succeeds less well than the State would in his place ; but in the long run the general result of individual enterprises far surpasses anything the government could do.”

Now there is no doubt that if this type of character has not passed away, it has been greatly modified ; and it has been modified by two agencies—the “labor problem,” as it

is called, and legislative protection to native industry. I am not going to make an argument about the value of this protection in promoting native industry, or about its value from the industrial point of view. We may or we may not owe to it the individual progress and prosperity of the United States. About that I do not propose to say anything. What I want to say is that the doctrine that it is a function of government, not simply to foster industry in general, but to consider the case of every particular industry and give it the protection that it needs, could not be preached and practiced for thirty years in a community like this, without modifying the old American conception of the relation of the government to the individual. It makes the government, in a certain sense, a partner in every industrial enterprise, and makes every Presidential election an affair of the pocket to every miner and manufacturer and to his men; for the men have for fully thirty years been told that the amount of their wages would depend, to a certain extent at least, on the way the election went. The notion that the government owes assistance to individuals in carrying on business and making a livelihood has in fact, largely through the tariff discussions, permeated a very large class of the community, and has materially changed what I may call the American outlook. It has greatly reinforced among the foreign-born population the socialistic ideas which many bring here with them, of the powers and duties of the State toward labor; for it is preached vehemently by the employing class.

What makes this look the more serious is, that our political and social manners are not adapted to it. In Europe, the State is possessed of an administrative machine which has an efficacy and permanence unknown here. Tocqueville comments on its absence among us; and it is, as all the advocates of civil-service reform know, very difficult to supply. All the agencies of the government suffer from the imposition on them of what I may call non-American duties. For instance, a custom-house organized as a political machine was never intended to collect the enormous sum of duties which must pass through its hands under our tariff. A post-office whose master has to be changed every four years to "placate" Tammany, or the anti-Snappers, or any other body of politicians, was never

intended to handle the huge mass which American mails have now become. One of the greatest objections to the income tax is the prying into people's affairs which it involves. No man likes to tell what his income is to every stranger, much less to a politician, which our collectors are sure to be. Secrecy on the part of the collector is in fact essential to reconcile people to it in England or Germany, where it is firmly established; but our collectors sell their lists to the newspapers in order to make the contributors pay up.

In all these things, we are trying to meet the burdens and responsibilities of much older societies with the machinery of a much earlier and simpler state of things. It is high time to halt in this progress until our administrative system has been brought up to the level even of our present requirements. It is quite true that, with our system of State and federal constitutions laying prohibitions on the Legislature and Congress, any great extension of the sphere of government in our time seems very unlikely. Yet the assumption by Congress, with the support of the Supreme Court, of the power to issue paper money in time of peace, the power to make prolonged purchases of a commodity like silver, the power to impose an income tax, to execute great public works, and to protect native industry, are powers large enough to effect a great change in the constitution of society and in the distribution of wealth, such as, it is safe to say, in the present state of human culture, no government ought to have and exercise.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(1728—1774.)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, who "left no kind of writing untouched, and who touched nothing which he did not adorn," was born Nov. 10, 1728, at Pallas or Pallasmore in the county of Longford.

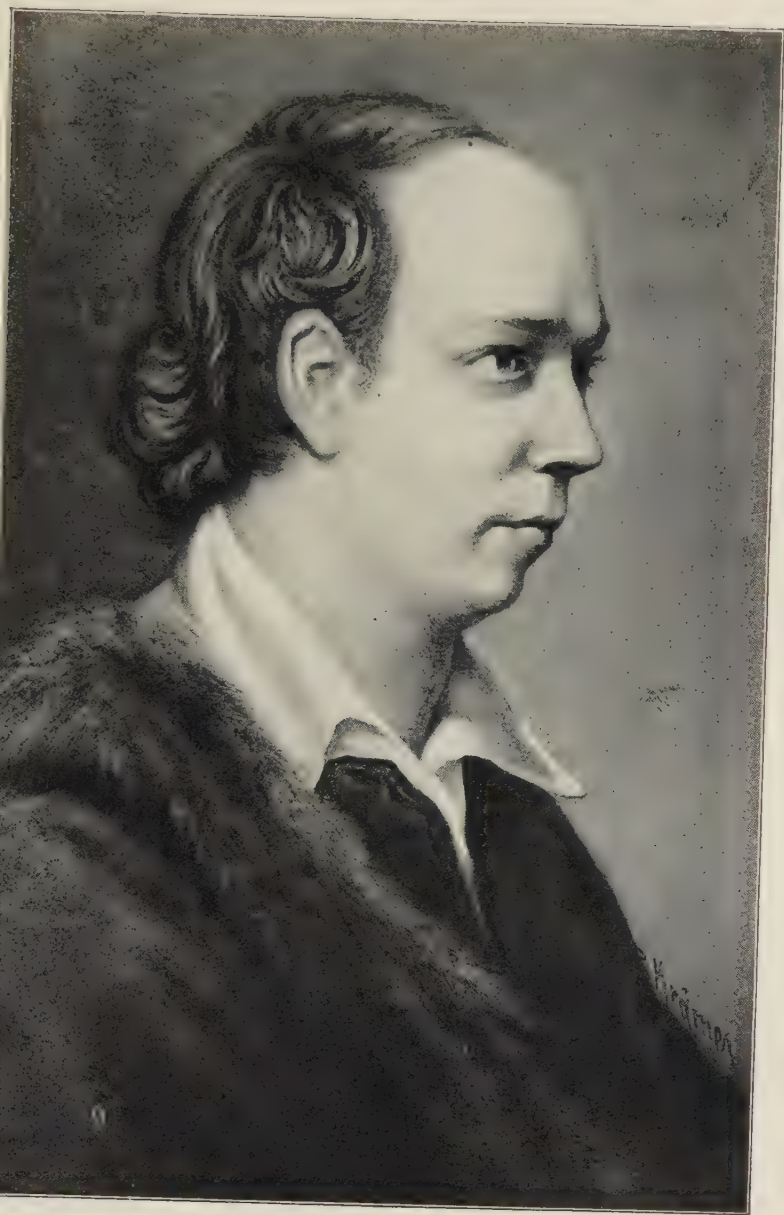
Among all the literary figures of the eighteenth century, crowded as it is with men who compel our attention, there is none in whom the human interest is so strong as in Oliver Goldsmith, there is none whose personality is so attractive and interesting in spite of its defects and its contradictions, and there is none whose individuality so completely permeates his writings.

In the joco-serious preface, and in the slyly humorous notes, to the first collection of the Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose, which he made for John Newbery, in the quaint fun of 'Goody Two Shoes,' as well as in the higher creations of his genius in 'The Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village,' and the ever-green 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and in his inimitable comedies, as well as in his treatment of "Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream," in his essays, and even in the prefaces to his numerous scientific, historical, and other compilations, one always feels the warm heart-beat of the living, human personality of the writer.

And because of this, every incident of Goldsmith's life is perennially interesting, sad and squalid as some of them are, and full of vanity and human weaknesses as are others.

The father of Oliver Goldsmith was a curate and small farmer, who "starved along as best he could" while the boy was yet young; although later he came into a living worth £200 (\$1,000) a year. Oliver seems to have been "dragged," rather than brought, up. He was taught his letters by a serving maid and was later sent to a village school taught by a veteran of the Spanish wars, who occupied his pupils' time chiefly by recounting to them fairy-tales, romances, and adventures, and who also encouraged Goldsmith in scribbling verses. Later on he was sent to other schools, but his boyhood life was always an unhappy one. An attack of smallpox had left his face cruelly pitted, his limbs were loosely hung and misshapen, and his ungainly figure and clumsy speech made him the butt of the schoolboys and of the masters as well. When he was seventeen years of age he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as sizar, a capacity in which, in return for menial services, he was enabled to pursue his studies.

His father died in 1747, and he was left entirely without means, except for a dole now and again from his uncle, Contarine. In order to exist he pawned his books, borrowed small sums of his fellow students, and wrote street ballads for five shillings (\$1.25) each. However, in spite of the capricious and brutal treatment he received from his tutor, and of the difficulties into which his own peculiar temperament led him, he stuck manfully to his work and was graduated in 1749. He read for Holy Orders, but when he pre-



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

sented himself before the Bishop for examination, arrayed in a pair of scarlet breeches, he was promptly rejected. He essayed to join the bar, but gambled away the money which his uncle had provided him for this purpose. Then, in 1752, he went to study medicine in Edinburgh University. After two years he went to Leyden, continued his studies there for a time, and then wandered on foot through Europe, dependent on his flute-playing and his wits for his daily bread, until 1756, when he returned to England, traveled on foot to London in the same way; and then for nearly three years we have no record of his doings. His biographers have said that he was by turns a strolling player, an usher in a country school, and a corrector for the press in the printing house of Samuel Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' It is certain, however, that he was at one time employed in a school carried on by a Dr. Milner, for it was there that Griffiths, the publisher of *The Monthly Review*, first met him and engaged him to write descriptive notes of books in that magazine. For this he was to receive a small salary and to board in the house of the publisher. He and his wife, however, took upon themselves to mutilate, and as Goldsmith said "falsify," his writings, and they quarreled and parted.

In 1759 Smollet engaged him to contribute to the *British Magazine*. He also contributed to *The Bee*, a publication which had a very short life. It was not until 1760, when he became acquainted with John Newbery, that his literary career may fairly be said to have begun. He engaged Goldsmith to contribute to his new venture, the *Public Ledger*, and it was in its columns that the 'Chinese Letters,' which were afterward published as 'The Citizen of the World,' first saw the light. His association with Newbery now became a very intimate one, and he was constantly employed by him in concocting title-pages, in writing prefaces, introductions, and dedications, manufacturing puffs, and compiling advertisements for Newbery's many ventures. From 1760-67 John Newbery had rooms at Canonbury House, at Islington, and during most of this time Goldsmith occupied a room in the upper story. Newbery charged himself with paying for his board and lodging, advancing him cash from time to time, and crediting him with sums of money for his completed literary work. Much has been said about Newbery's treatment of Goldsmith; one of his biographers almost in so many words charges Newbery with having been a "sweater" of his brains, but there is no doubt that Newbery treated Goldsmith with honesty and even generosity, for we know on the very best authority that it was ever a favorite topic with Oliver Goldsmith to tell pleasant stories of Newbery, who, he said, was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time; and that Goldsmith had a high opinion of him is made further evident from the following charade which he wrote, punning upon Newbery's name:—

"What we say of a thing which is just come in fashion,
And that which we do with the dead,
Is the name of the honestest man in creation;
What more of a man can be said?"

By this time Goldsmith had become acquainted with the prominent

figures of literary London—Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percy, Murphy, Smart, Bickerstaff, etc., and unfortunately for his own reputation Boswell was among them. There does not appear to have been any love lost between Goldsmith and Boswell, and whenever the latter had an opportunity of extolling Johnson, by belittling Goldsmith, he never let it slip. An example of this may be found in the utterly untrue story which he printed about the sale of ‘The Vicar of Wakefield.’ The book was bought Oct. 28, 1762, and Newbery, together with Collins and another, paid £21 (\$105) each, making £63 (\$315) in all, for the copyright. The book was not published until 1766, and just why it was kept for four years in manuscript must still remain a mystery. The most plausible suggestion is that since the book was published by Francis Newbery, the nephew of John, they decided not to issue it until after ‘The Traveller’ had appeared. It is very doubtful whether Dr. Johnson ever saw the manuscript of ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ before it was published, but it is certain that both the Newberys, father and son, were aware of the fact that Goldsmith was at work upon it, for he read portions of it, as well as of ‘The Traveller,’ to them while they were in progress. ‘The Traveller,’ the first work to which he put his name, was published in 1764 and at once established Goldsmith’s position in the world of letters. In 1765 an edition of his collected Essays appeared. In 1766 ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ was given to the world, and went into three editions, but made no profit for its publishers, for the accounts which have been preserved show that the fourth edition started with a loss. In 1767 ‘The Goodnatured Man’ was produced and ran for ten nights only, producing for its author the sum of £500 (\$2,500). In this year Newbery died, but Goldsmith still continued his association with the business, which was carried on by Newbery’s son and his nephew Francis. ‘The Deserted Village’ appeared May 26, 1770, and stormed the hearts of the public more successfully than even ‘The Traveller’ had done. Meanwhile he had been working at hack jobs for the publishers, producing his ‘Roman History,’ ‘The History of the Earth,’ and ‘Animated Nature,’ his lives of Parnell and Beau Nash, and his ‘History of England.’ In March, 1773, ‘She Stoops to Conquer’ appeared, and met with a success which placed him on the very highest pinnacle of fame. But the cloud of difficulties and trouble which never left him until his death had already begun to thicken around him. His reckless extravagance, his expensive eccentricities in dress, his gambling and other vicious propensities, kept him constantly in debt; he was always struggling to complete work which had already been paid for, and this, and the inroads upon his constitution which his early dissipations and privations had brought about, caused his heart to sink and his courage to fail, and he gave up the struggle and determined to retire from London life altogether. After one last flash of his genius, the production of the poem ‘Retaliation,’ he was stricken down, and died April 4, 1774, in the forty-sixth year of his age. And no man died more regretted, for, with all his faults, he was kind, generous, and benevolent to a degree—he would share his last crust with a beggar, his

last shovelful of coal with a distressed fellow lodger—and could be as genial as he was clumsy.

Goldsmith never married. If he ever felt the tender passion it was for Miss Mary Horneck, a girl of remarkable beauty, who was called popularly the *Jessamy Bride*.

A monument to his memory is in Westminster Abbey with an inscription by Dr. Johnson, which we have quoted in the opening words of this notice. But his greatest and most lasting monument is in his books and in the hearts of the people, for, as Thackeray says in his *English Humorists*: “Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday’s elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day’s battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty.”

C. W.

THE VICAR’S HOME.

From ‘*The Vicar of Wakefield*.’

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next

alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment, for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humor.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her on the other, which would you be for?"—"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."—"Very well, sir," cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: "if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"—"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. "Good again," cried the squire: "and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that I can go no further."—"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."—"I hope, too," returned the other,

“you will grant that a part is less than the whole.”—“I grant that too,” cried Moses, “it is but just and reasonable.”—“I hope,” cried the squire, “you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.”—“Nothing can be plainer,” returned t’ other, and looked round him with his usual importance. “Very well,” cried the squire, speaking very quick; “the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.”—“Hold, hold!” cried the other, “I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?”—“What,” replied the squire, as if in a passion, “not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?”—“Undoubtedly,” replied the other.—“If so, then,” cried the squire, “answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly.”—“I protest,” cried Moses, “I don’t rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.”—“O, sir,” cried the squire, “I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir! there, I protest, you are too hard for me.” This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humor, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman: and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by

education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that, indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I: "but if the governor invites the enemy there he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been willfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good

husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in 'Religious Courtship.'"—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day, and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blar-

ney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter: "heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him sev-

eral paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I

should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about; I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims?" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we

have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

NEW MISFORTUNES.

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we traveled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we were to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any

change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her that books were sweet, unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at the hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when to my amazement I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the

roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones: but they were not to be seen. Oh misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?" "They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire; and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined; "where are my little ones?" "Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbors were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbors contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbor and his children were not the least

assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner which was ever followed with instant submission:—"I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not therefore increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short

in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

Some assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as by amusing the imagination contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbors, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She had now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove in a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention, for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the color of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity be-

fore me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved however to get more certain information, and to defeat if possible the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendor; the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him if he can," returned I; "but my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof, those moldering walls and humid floor, my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread. You have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travelers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travelers

that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travelers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me, for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions charitably sent us by my kind parishioners seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family; nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus once more the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?"

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an inter-

ruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains me."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this, nor can I understand what it means. I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it."

"Go," cried I; "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger. Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing! to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honor for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time, and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for although the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul and sting it into rage. "Avoid my sight, thou reptile," cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences

of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty, for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

I am just returned from Westminster, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and

dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the épitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavor to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can noways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest: "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection."—"It is

not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice."—"What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"—"Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service: but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege."—"This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume; of one whose wit has gained him immortality!"—"No, sir," replied my guide; "the gentleman who lies here never made verses, and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."—"Pray tell me then in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"—"Remarkable, sir!" said my companion, "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."—"But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here! I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"—"I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, it is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too: so he paid his money for a fine monument, and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger,—"that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."—"Drayton!" I replied, "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope,—is he there?"—"It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet."—"Strange," cried I; "can any be found to hate a man whose

life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?"—"Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out 'dunce,' and 'scribbler,' to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candor; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies: he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here; and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I.—"Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancor of malevolent dullness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man, "whether the people of England kept

a *show*? whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honor of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honor?" "As for your questions," replied the gatekeeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them: but as for that three-pence, I farm it from one who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live." I expected upon paying here to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armor, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity.—"Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye: in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armor, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armor," said he, "belonged to General Monk."—"Very surprising, that a general should wear armor!"—"And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap."—"Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should

have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?"—"That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."—"A very small recompense, truly," said I.—"Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money."—"What! more money! Still more money!"—"Every gentleman gives something, sir."—"I'll give thee nothing," returned I: "the guardians of the temple should pay your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES,

WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE INDIAN TALE.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favorable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them; I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the colic in the stomach, and all the thoroughbred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant

and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a 'squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all? Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap or a roll of pomatum, the other in the shape of an electuary or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature, till they know him false; let not prudes allege the falseness of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then, "*sic argumentor*,"—but not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette,

The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighboring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing; their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art; she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess, being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on these occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, further down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls, a youth, who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving, when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing therefore the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize, but both hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth: the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before; come, and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless my eyes," cries the prude, "what have we got here? this is a very odd fish to be sure; I never saw anything in my life look so queer; what eyes! what terrible claws! what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a tanglang, that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it."

The diver in the meantime stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world: and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know."—"Horrid," cried the prude, "would the girl be poisoned! I tell you it is a tanglang; I have read of it in twenty places. It is everywhere described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now therefore obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children!" cries she, "what have you done? the fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey."—"If that be all," says the young coquette, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I will hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line once more, but, with all their gilding, and

paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till at last, the genius of the place, in pity of their distress, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquette into an oyster. Adieu.

BEAU TIBBS.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I

attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery,—on my soul, I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me; 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night?' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I; 'faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.' "

"Ah! Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?" "Improved!" replied the other; "you shall know,—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town." "Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town; egad, now I do remember I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By-the-bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's,—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret. Well, there happened to be no *asa-fœtida* in the sauce to a turkey, upon which says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that——' But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me

half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.” . . .

My little Bean yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator. When we were got to the end of our procession, “Blast me,” cries he, with an air of vivacity, “I never saw the Park so thin in my life before! There’s no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen.” “No company!” interrupted I, peevishly; “no company where there is such a crowd? why, man, there’s too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?” “Lord, my dear,” returned he with the utmost good-humor, “you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke’s sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine, grave, sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on ’t. I’ll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred (but that’s between ourselves) under the inspection of the Countess of All-Night. A charming body of voice; but

no more of that,—she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet, pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship—let it go no farther: she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air. We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which, answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window; you shall see the ships sailing and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance. When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. "Good troth," replied she in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they

have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts!" cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!" cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me a hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious deshable, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack!" cries he, "a dear, good-natured fellow; I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little, will do,—a turbot, an

ortolan, a—" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing!" replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life." By this time my curiosity began to abate and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mrs. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

LIBERTY IN ENGLAND.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Ask an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers, his own. Ask him in what that freedom principally consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere; for, in this particular, several states in Europe excel them; nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few countries pay more; it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burdened with so many; nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite state in Europe.

How, then, are the English more free (for more free they certainly are) than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy, with this superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that the severity of their laws may be relaxed without endangering the constitution.

In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an effective power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the community.

But in all those governments where laws derive their sanction from the people alone, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case are those who prescribe it, by which means it loses not only its influence, but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble; they must resemble an Asiatic husband, who is justly jealous, because he knows himself impotent. Thus in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to laws of their own making, little less than in unmixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one, subject to frailties like themselves.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty of which we can form any idea: here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society; several are unnoticed, many unknown; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions; others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

There is scarcely an Englishman who does not almost every day of his life offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he would not receive punishment. Gaming houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbid and frequented. These prohibitions are useful; though it be prudent in their magistrates, and

happy for the people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

The law in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offenses to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume her terrors and punish those faults she had so often overlooked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more popular government: every step, therefore, the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom; but every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will at last dissolve the political constitution.

Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, and burdened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state can vindicate them into former liberty: thus, the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful, in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigor. They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigors of their constitution.

The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would, in fact, impoverish the public.

As the Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible degrees, became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free, so it is possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only governed.

If then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king who, through good-nature or age, should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people; if there should come a minister of merit and popularity—but I have room for no more. Adieu.

THE LOVE OF "FREAKS."

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Though the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money; no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning, by locking them up close, and showing for money, they soon become prodigies! His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a waxwork figure behind a glass door at a puppet show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by painting his face, and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frightened several ladies and children with amazing success. In this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in waxwork: thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from jail, he was now grown wiser, and, instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up mummies; was never at a loss for an artificial *lusus naturæ*; nay, it has been reported that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rarities; but this the learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than a halter, yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it in their heads that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much wished to see as this very rope, and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity; he therefore got one made, not only of silk, but, to render it more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights, one would be apt to imagine that instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might starve; but if stuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his

fortune is made forever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighborhood, who was bred a habit maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged, by an accident, to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin made her fortune here: she now was thought more fit for her trade than before; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantua maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman showing me his collection of pictures stopped at one with peculiar admiration; there, cried he, is an inestimable piece. I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured; it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection: I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet insensible. Sir, cries he, the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes; I bought it at a very great price, for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded.

But these people are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to show the best imitation of nature that was ever seen, they all live in luxury. A singing woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another who jingles several bells fixed to his cap is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labors of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago of this misplaced generosity of the times. Here, says he, have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned

to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed! Prithee, young man, says I to him, are you ignorant that in so large a city as this it is better to be an amusing than a useful member of society? Can you leap up, and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground? No, sir. Can you flatter a man of quality? No, sir. Can you stand upon two horses at full speed? No, sir. Can you swallow a penknife? I can do none of these tricks. Why then, cried I, there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose, by subscription.

I have frequently regretted that none of our Eastern posture masters or showmen have ever ventured to England. I should be pleased to see that money circulate in Asia, which is now sent to Italy and France, in order to bring their vagabonds hither. Several of our tricks would undoubtedly give the English high satisfaction. Men of fashion would be greatly pleased with the postures as well as the condescension of our dancing girls; and the ladies would equally admire the conductors of our fireworks. What an agreeable surprise would it be to see a huge fellow with whiskers flash a charged blunderbuss full in a lady's face, without singeing her hair, or melting her pomatum. Perhaps, when the first surprise was over, she might then grow familiar with danger; and the ladies might vie with each other in standing fire with intrepidity.

But of all the wonders of the East, the most useful, and I should fancy the most pleasing, would be the looking-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as the body. It is said that the Emperor Chusi used to make his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in one of these glasses every morning: while the lady was at her toilet, he would frequently look over her shoulder; and it is recorded that among the three hundred which composed his seraglio, not one was found whose mind was not even more beautiful than her person.

I make no doubt but a glass in this country would have the very same effect. The English ladies, concubines and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures in so faithful a monitor. There, should we happen to peep over a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be able to see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride, debauchery,

nor a love of gadding. We should find her, if any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more careful in rectifying it than plastering up the irreparable decays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy that ladies would find more real pleasure in this utensil in private than in any other bauble imported from China, though ever so expensive or amusing.

THE WORSHIP OF PINCHBECK HEROES.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. "These," say the gazettes, "are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages." Let me see—forty-six great men in half a year amount just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times will have any other business to mind but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech, he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his commonplace book into a folio, he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme, he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I

attempted by a second and a third assault to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from intrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China; but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. "Heavens," thought I, "this man pretends to know China even better than myself!" I looked round to see who was on my side; but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man: I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a teapot for a tobacco box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects; to speak and to act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple: here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are dispatched among the people, to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all

fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world, till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment,—by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair.

In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer: at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense, Adieu.

WHANG AND HIS DREAM OF DIAMONDS.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

The Europeans are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her; coquette like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than acquire: when people say, Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there, take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are, and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbor has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang, in our books of Chinese learning,—he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody

loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine: but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew, but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him: but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slyly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in

money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

THE LOVE OF QUACK MEDICINES.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by leveling a pill

at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with dropsy; does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever; or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must; otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius! they die, though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescription, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses; they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow!

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigor to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed here every day: a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb; and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at threescore. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy or a residence in jail has called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East,—where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretend to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form's sake. He knows every disorder by intuition; he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches his horse. If the patient live, then has he one more to add to the surviving list; if he die, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, that, "as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable."

HAPPINESS AND GOOD-NATURE.

From 'The Bee.'

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure: I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are

infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theater, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de

Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception; if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress,—he persuaded himself that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarin, and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humor, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailer.

All that philosophy can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his

deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah, father!" cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure) "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah, father!" cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good-humor in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behavior they can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; the only method to come off victorious is by running away.

THE MISTAKE OF A NIGHT.

From 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

SCENE.—*An Alehouse Room.*

Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY LUMPKIN at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.

All. Hurra! hurra! hurra! bravo!

1 Fellow. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

All. Ay; a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alchouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.—TONY LUMPKIN.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
 With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
 Gives genius a better discerning.
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians :
 Their quis, and their quæs, and their quods,
 They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll, '

When methodist preachers come down
 A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown
 They always preach best with a skinful.
 But when you come down with your pence,
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then, come, put the jorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever ;
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout :
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
 Let some cry woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons ;
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hastings. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself

under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offense, gentlemen: but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Harcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hastings. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marlow. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No, offense; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Harcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Marlow. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Harcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a d—d long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentleman the way to Mr. Harcastle's (*winking at the Landlord*)—Mr. Harcastle's, of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me.

Landlord. Master Harcastle's? Lack-a-daisy! my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came

to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash-lane?

Landlord. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one.

Marlow. Oh, sir! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Marlow. Zounds! man, we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hastings. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, master; we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with three chairs and a bolster?

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country—

Hastings. O ho! so, we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you: let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house on the roadside: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Landlord. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step, myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

SCENE.—*An old-fashioned house. MARLOW and HASTINGS.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Harcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? (*Marlow advances.*) Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire! I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To Harcastle.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Harcastle. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. We must, however, open the campaign.

Harcastle. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generalship by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Harcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts

me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marlow. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Harcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hastings. Marlow, what's o'clock?

Harcastle. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marlow. Five minutes to seven.

Harcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Marlow. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Harcastle. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. (*Aside.*)

Marlow. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT, with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Harcastle. Here's a cup, sir.

Marlow. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. (*Aside to Hastings.*)

Harcastle. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.*)

Marlow. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. (*Aside.*) Sir, my service to you.

Hastings. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentlemen. (*Aside.*)

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose. (*Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.*)

Hardcastle. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale. (*Gives the tankard to Hastings.*)

Hastings. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hastings. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Marlow. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hardcastle. Ay, young gentlemen, that and a little philosophy.

Marlow. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. (*Aside.*)

Hastings. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hardcastle. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? (*Aside.*)

Marlow. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hardcastle. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*Aside.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marlow. You do, do you?

Hardcastle. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marlow. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offense, I hope, sir.

Hardcastle. Oh! no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hastings. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marlow. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too.

Hardcastle. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it. (*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*)

Hastings. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. (*Aside.*) But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert.—The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But let's hear it.

Marlow. (*Reading.*) For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hastings. D— your pig, say I.

Marlow. And d— your prune sauce, say I.

Hardcastle. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.—Their impudence confounds me. (*Aside.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hastings. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hardcastle. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Marlow. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marlow. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. (*Aside.*)

Hardcastle. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least, to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like an old-fashioned impudence.

(*Aside and exit with Marlow.*)

Hastings. So, I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him?

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

This poem was dedicated to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, brother of the author.—[ED.]

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Blessed be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blessed that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blessed be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.

Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smoldering fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire,
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
 Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And, freshened from the wave, the Zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blessed a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings.
 Are here displayed. Their much loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Even liberty itself is bartered here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state.
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blessed, indeed, were such without alloy,
 But fostered e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;

Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that earth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,

The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master, taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;

'T was certain he could write and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place;
 The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.

Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close in sorrow doubly dear;

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,

As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
 Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
 I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù;
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They 'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in,
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
 This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
 But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.¹

To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best;
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
 'T was a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:²
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
 There's Howard, and Coley, and H—rth, and Hiff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,

¹ Lord Clare's nephew.

² Dorothy Monroe, a woman of great beauty, who also figures in Lord Townshend's verse.

It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie centered,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.

"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
 Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
 "Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a founce:
 "I get these things often;"—but that was a bounce:
 "Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
 "I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
 We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
 And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
 We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
 What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
 Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"
 Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
 Were things that I never disliked in my life,
 Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine:)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
 "For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t' other with Thrals;
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,

They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*.”
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vexed me most was that d—d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue,
And, “Madam,” quoth he, “may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst;”
“The tripe,” quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
“I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.”
“O—oh!” quoth my friend, “he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
“There's a pasty”—“A pasty!” repeated the Jew,
“I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too.”
“What the de'il, mon, a pasty!” re-echoed the Scot,
“Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.”
“We'll all keep a corner,” the lady cried out;
“We'll all keep a corner,” was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labor misplaced
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sickened over by learning;

At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

EXTRACTS FROM RETALIATION.

[At a literary club held at the St. James's coffee-house, St. James's street, Goldsmith was the cause of much diversion, owing to his odd manners and speech. During one of the gatherings he desired to try his talent for epigram with Garrick, the actor. Each was to write the other's epitaph. Garrick spoke his on the spot as follows :—

“ Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
 Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.”

This was received with hearty laughter, and Goldsmith, discontented, did not then respond ; but some weeks after he produced ‘Retaliation.’ It was published a fortnight after his death, on April 18, 1774.]

Of old, when Scarron¹ his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
 If our landlord² supplies us with beef, and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :
 Our Dean³ shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
 Our Burke⁴ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;
 Our Will⁵ shall be wildfowl, of excellent flavor,
 And Dick⁶ with his pepper shall heighten the savor :
 Our Cumberland's⁷ sweetbread its place shall obtain,
 And Douglas⁸ is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our Garrick's⁹ a salad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am.
 That Ridge¹⁰ is anchovy, and Reynolds¹¹ is lamb ;
 That Hickey's¹² a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

¹ French burlesque writer. ² Master of St. James's coffee-house.

³ Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, Ireland. ⁴ Edmund Burke.

⁵ William Burke, M.P. for Bedwin, and a relative of Edmund Burke.

⁶ Richard Burke, a barrister, younger brother of the statesman.

⁷ Richard Cumberland, dramatist.

⁸ Dr. Douglas, Canon of Windsor, became Bishop of Carlisle (1787) and of Salisbury (1791). ⁹ David Garrick. ¹⁰ Counselor John Ridge.

¹¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds. ¹² An Irish attorney.

Who 'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last:
 Here, waiter! more wine, let me sit while I 'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine:
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day:
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,¹ and Woodfalls² so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind.
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,

¹ Hugh Kelly, author of 'False Delicacy,' 'School for Wives.'

² William Woodfall, printer of *The Morning Chronicle*.

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering.
 When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing :
 When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet,¹ and only took snuff.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
 With manners wondrous winning;
 And never followed wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The King himself has followed her—
 When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent Street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.

¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so deaf that he had to use an ear-trumpet. He also took snuff largely. Goldsmith did not quite finish 'Retaliation.' He intended to conclude with an epitaph on himself.

EPITAPH ON DOCTOR PARNELL.

This tomb inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.¹

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

¹ Purdon was Goldsmith's friend at Trinity College, Dublin. He spent his fortune, enlisted as a soldier, in time obtained his discharge, and wrote for the newspapers.

HENRY GRATTAN.

(1746—1820.)

GRATTAN's political philosophy and Constitutional theory may be, no doubt, a little out of date to-day, but his great spirit, so ardent, pure, soaring, intrepid, will never grow old. Generation after generation that spirit continues descending and redescending, reincarnating itself, as it were, in the thoughts and aspirations of the young and brave, and not in Ireland only. Wherever men think of patriotism they think of Grattan. Ruskin, when treating of this subject, selected Grattan as the noblest example of the patriot known to him. The hero is not often an orator or the orator a hero, but Grattan was both. Great as are his words, they in no way matched his daring and unconquerable spirit.

Henry Grattan was born July 3, 1746, and was the son of James Grattan, who for many years was the Recorder and Member of Parliament for the city of Dublin.

In 1763 Grattan entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his most intimate friend was Broome, with whom for a long time he maintained a continuous correspondence which reveals a character highly emotional, melancholy, poetical, eager, and passionate, yet reflective. One is surprised to find in his letters a great love of nature, for of this one cannot recall the least trace in his oratory.

In 1767 he joined the Middle Temple in London, and till his thirtieth year lived in that city, doing little at his profession, but reading widely and thinking much; and he might have lived and died there quite undistinguished but for his meeting the celebrated Henry Flood. From him he learned that he had a country, a native land, and was not a mere citizen of the world, while the brilliant career of that orator and statesman was a clear proof to the younger man that Ireland, though a province, could supply to genius and ambition a noble field of action.

The two Henrys became, and for years continued to be, friends and mutual admirers, and if they quarreled in after years, and used concerning each other language the most scornful and contumelious, it was a grand quarrel, arising, as it did, out of the conflict of colliding and irreconcilable principles. It must be remembered, too, that Grattan, on his side, after Flood's death, made ample, eloquent, and most sincere amends to the memory and fame of his great antagonist.

What Grattan said then concerning Flood was true, but the truth came most appropriately from Grattan's lips, for Flood had found him a student, a dreamer, an intellectual dilettante, and a political virtuoso, and had left him strong, practical, with clear and high public principles and purposes, and eager to bring them into action and to the test of real life.

In 1775 he took his seat in the Irish Parliament, and at once became a leader of the Opposition, that proud place having been



THE GRATTAN STATUE, DAME STREET, DUBLIN

vacated by Flood, who had accepted office, believing that he could do more for the country as a trusted member of the Government than as the leader of a small and ineffective party; able, indeed, to vex and discomfort Ministers, but unable to wring from them any concessions.

He was probably right. He knew the country well and had ample private means, and no one could seriously accuse him of surrendering principle for mere gain. But for the Volunteer movement Grattan, if more brilliantly, might have trodden the same road as Flood. But two years after he entered Parliament, England being then at war with France and America, and the country being denuded of troops, corps of armed and disciplined Irish Protestants, the Volunteers, began to start up in different parts of Ireland for purposes of national defense.

The sequel is too well known to require here more than a few words. Ireland had great and notorious wrongs to redress, and in the heat and light of this mighty movement ideas and purposes ripened fast, and especially in the mind of young Grattan.

Subsequently, Grattan always spoke of the Volunteers of this period as "the armed Property of the country," while he stigmatized those of a later time—the men with whom Wolfe Tone effected an alliance—as "the armed Beggary of the country," for he was often unscrupulous in the use of words, especially when the opportunity of a telling antithesis presented itself.

The first great achievement of Grattan and the Volunteers—the whole country, of all orders and religions, moving together as if one man, or like a tide urged and directed by his genius—was the liberation of the trade of Ireland, an immense victory on the road to freedom. For generations the Parliamentary Opposition had been requesting the Imperial Government to give Ireland her natural liberty of trading with foreign countries, but in vain. Grattan and the Volunteers *demand*ed that liberty. It was granted; and, as if in a day, fell to the ground a huge system of oppression and injustice, in defense of which no honest man ever opened his mouth.

Grattan now determined to advance a great step further and demand the independence of the Irish Parliament, and what a stride that really was no one can now realize without first familiarizing himself with the state of thought and feeling which then prevailed in Ireland, mitigated, though it was, by the growing consciousness of power, the spreading flame of patriotism, and the intellectual illumination and liberation resulting from that recent victory.

It is not easy now to recognize the degree of courage, enthusiasm, force of conviction, and all-daring resolution needed for the attempt, but, physically and morally, Grattan was the man for that work. He was in both respects the bravest man in Ireland, though his tenement of clay was frail and undermined by disease. He had not only courage and of the best kind, but below it and behind it an illimitable audacity of character. The wrath of the powerful no more disturbed him than the pistol of the duellist. In his hostile meeting with Corry he reserved his fire, letting Corry shoot first, who did his best to kill him. Then he, himself, fired in the air. "I could

have shot him dead, had I pleased," wrote the old man. He was fifty-three at the time, and sick and weak, too.

Ireland had grievances enough, surely, and had drunk to the lees the cup of wrong, humiliation, and degradation, and there was an abundance of smoldering wrath and discontent everywhere, but Ireland wanted a man, and Grattan came forth as that, gloriously equipped, armed with knowledge, philosophy, intellectual power, dazzling eloquence, and flaming passion, enthusiasm, and love of country, and a temperament that rejoiced in danger, and with joy went out to meet it.

On the 19th of April, 1780, he made his memorable motion of a declaration of Irish Right in one of the grandest pieces of reasoning, eloquence, enthusiasm, and lofty moral intention that has, perhaps, ever proceeded out of the mouth of man, or of which we have any historical account. Its effect was electrical; the country kindled to his words.

Then, inspired to that step by the noble Francis Dobbs, the Volunteers of Ulster met in Dungannon, in the great church there, and unanimously passed the celebrated resolution which Grattan himself had drawn up, and which ran as follows: "Resolved—That a claim by any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom is unconstitutional, and a grievance."

The second resolution, directed against Poyning's law, originated with Flood, and seemed to be superfluous in view of the first.

The third was drawn by, and originated with, the unrecognized and still misunderstood Volunteer hero of the North, Francis Dobbs, but was approved and authorized by Grattan—a most memorable one, indicative of many things in that strange and sublime time, when, for a moment, the Spirit of the Highest seemed to mingle with the Spirit of Ireland. "Resolved—That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as well as in ourselves; that we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland."

Then came on the Address of the Irish Parliament to the King, the declaration of Irish independence, moved again by Grattan, and in a speech of surpassing eloquence, full of fire—white-fire—of sublimity and an immense reach of thought.

And then—then came the end! The mighty wave had culminated, and culminating burst, as if in foam and glittering spray, in those wonderful speeches, those great resolutions and declaratory motions, and began to subside, to fall, and—in its fall—Grattan fell too.

Grattan now committed the grand error of his career; he refused to go forward with the Volunteers for the reform of the borough and irresponsible Parliament which, as an independent legislature, he had called into existence. He desired, at all costs, to "slow down" the furious national excitement which then prevailed, and which he believed was leading toward anarchy and social dissolution. He saw the evil as clearly as any, but for its removal he trusted in the patriotism and public spirit of the aristocracy, in the reforming ener-

gies of the great English Whig party, then powerful and in power; also in himself and in his seeming boundless authority over the minds of the landed gentry of Ireland. He was wrong; all those expectations were falsified in the event, and, as to his own personal authority, he lost not only that but his popularity as well, so that for many years he was, perhaps, the best hated man in Ireland, and continued so until he blazed out again as the national leader in the great debates which accompanied the passage of the Act of Union.

Space forbids more extended treatment of his career, which, after that event, loses all greatness of significance, though the rest of his life was devoted to the noble task of achieving the complete political enfranchisement of Roman Catholics.

He died in London, and was buried, contrary to his desire, in Westminster Abbey. Madden, author of 'The Lives of the United Irishmen,' thus summarizes the grand features of his character and career as an Irish leader :—

(1) "He was the first Irishman who ministered intellectually to the national character of his country."

(2) "He was the first Irishman who treated of Irish politics on a grand scale, with breadth of view and liberal judgment."

(3) "He was not only a national patriot—he was also the herald of civilization."

"I never knew a man," said the noble Wilberforce, "whose love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and cause him to look so invariably and exclusively to the public good."

Then, as to that "grand error of his career," it is well to remember how easy it is to be wise after the event; also, that great men are very liable to the generous error of believing that others are as great as themselves.

S. O'G.

DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

Speech in the House of Commons, April, 1780.

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might in the most public manner deny the claim of the British parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woolen manufacture, or when the 6th of George the First declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so impor-

tant a duty; upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring since my time in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied—something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people under pretense of affectionate advice,—is an attempt weak, suspicious, and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are intrusted to represent; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade; you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, “we have gotten commerce, but not freedom:” the same power which took away the export of woollens and the export of glass may take them away again; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority while the exercise is mitigated; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the repeal of the American stamp-act. England thought it expedient to repeal that law; happy had it been for mankind, if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the woollen act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty: present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject for illumination to a populace, or a pretense for apostasy to a courtier, but cannot be the subject of settled satisfaction to a freeborn, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is therefore they consider the free-trade as a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the parliament

of England, not a free-trade under the charters of Ireland as a tribute to her strength; to maintain which she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every quarter of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation after the death-wound given to her freedom had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, nor God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty than this in which I have the honor to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrine of imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection; you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Besides, there does of late a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspirited yours;—for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it; where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the

genuine speech of liberty and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardor, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man." Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, bilge the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty.

It begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free: it was the delicacy of former parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they should show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation; you have spoken out, you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks as for a favor, and your exultation has brought your charters as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty: thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too

far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woolen, and may load a vessel with baize, serges, and kerseys, and you may bring back again directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a parliament.

I read Lord North's proposition; I wish to be satisfied, but I am controlled by a paper, I will not call it a law; it is the 6th of George the First. [The paper was read.] I will ask the gentlemen of the long robe, Is this the law? I ask them whether it is not practice? I appeal to the judges of the land whether they are not in a course of declaring that the parliament of Great Britain, naming Ireland, binds her? I appeal to the magistrates of justice whether they do not from time to time execute certain acts of the British parliament? I appeal to the officers of the army whether they do not fine, confine, and execute their fellow-subjects by virtue of the Mutiny Act, an act of the British parliament; and I appeal to this house whether a country so circumstanced is free. Where is the freedom of trade? where is the security of property? where is the liberty of the people? I here, in this Declaratory Act, see my country proclaimed a slave! I see every man in this house enrolled a slave! I see the judges of the realm, the oracles of the law, borne down by an unauthorized foreign power, by the authority of the British parliament against the law! I see the magistrates prostrate, and I see parliament witness of these infringements, and silent (silent or employed to preach moderation to the people whose liberties it will not restore)! I therefore say, with the voice of 3,000,000 of people, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar, beetle-wood, and panellas, and the export of woolens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or

honorable, nothing except a declaration of right. What! are you, with 3,000,000 of men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? Are you, the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English House of Commons that passed the Petition of Right, or that other that passed the Declaration of Right, are you afraid to tell that British parliament you are a free people? Are the cities and the instructing counties, who have breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome when Rome did honor to mankind, are they to be free by connivance! Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment have transcended, equaled at least, anything in modern or ancient story—is the vast line of northern army, are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the Naturalization Bill? What man will settle among you? who will leave a land of liberty and a settled government for a kingdom controlled by the parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade a thing by permission, whose judges deny her charters, whose parliament leaves everything at random; where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope that the jury shall despise the judge stating a British act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the constitution by trampling on the government, by anarchy and confusion?

But I shall be told that these are groundless jealousies, and that the principal cities, and more than one half of the counties of the kingdom, are misguided men, raising those groundless jealousies. Sir, let me become on this occasion the people's advocate and your historian; the people of this country were possessed of a code of liberty similar to that of Great Britain, but lost it through the weakness of the kingdom and the pusillanimity of its leaders. Having lost our liberty by the usurpation of the British parliament, no wonder we became a prey to her ministers; and they did plunder us with all the hands of all the harpies for a series of years in every shape of power, terrifying our people with the thunder of Great Britain, and bribing our leaders with the rapine of Ireland. The kingdom became a plantation, her parliament, deprived of its privileges, fell into con-

tempt; and with the legislature the law, the spirit of liberty, with her forms, vanished. If a war broke out as in 1778, and an occasion occurred to restore liberty and restrain rapine, parliament declined the opportunity; but with an active servility and trembling loyalty, gave and granted without regard to the treasure we had left or the rights we had lost. If a partial reparation was made upon a principle of expediency, parliament did not receive it with the tranquil dignity of an august assembly, but with the alacrity of slaves.

The principal individuals, possessed of great property but no independency, corrupted by their extravagance, or enslaved by their following, a species of English factor against an Irish people, more afraid of the people of Ireland than the tyranny of England, proceeded to that excess that they opposed every proposition to lessen profusion, extend trade, or promote liberty; they did more, they supported a measure which, at one blow, put an end to all trade; they did more, they brought you to a condition which they themselves did unanimously acknowledge a state of impending ruin; they did this, talking as they are now talking, arguing against trade as they now argue against liberty, threatening the people of Ireland with the power of the British nation, and imploring them to rest satisfied with the ruins of their trade, as they now implore them to remain satisfied with the wreck of their constitution.

The people thus admonished, starving in a land of plenty, the victim of two parliaments, of one that stopped their trade, the other that fed on their constitution, inhabiting a country where industry was forbid, or towns swarming with begging manufacturers, and being obliged to take into their own hands that part of government which consists in protecting the subject, had recourse to two measures, which, in their origin, progress, and consequence, are the most extraordinary to be found in any age or in any country, viz. a commercial and a military association. The consequence of these measures was instant; the enemy that hung on your shores departed, the parliament asked for a free trade, and the British nation granted the trade, but withheld the freedom. The people of Ireland are therefore not satisfied; they ask for a constitu-

tion; they have the authority of the wisest men in this house for what they now demand. What have these walls, for this last century, resounded? The usurpation of the British parliament and the interference of the privy council. Have we taught the people to complain, and do we now condemn their insatiability, because they desire us to remove such grievances at a time in which nothing can oppose them except the very men by whom these grievances were acknowledged?

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country: so long as this shall be the case, that very free-trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character: had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character—that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty. . . .

I shall hear of ingratitude: I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it: I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument;

I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parceled out in gratitude: no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty: there are certain unimpartible, inherent, invaluable properties not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

I shall be told that we hazard the modification of the law of Poynings and the Judges Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Bill, and the Nullum Tempus Bill; but I ask, have you been for years begging for these little things, and have not you yet been able to obtain them? and have you been contending against a little body of eighty men in privy council assembled, convocating themselves into the image of a parliament, and ministering your high office? and have you been contending against one man, an humble individual, to you a leviathan—the English attorney-general—who advises in the case of Irish bills, and exercises legislation in his own person, and makes your parliamentary deliberations a blank by altering your bills or suppressing them? and have you not yet been able to conquer this little monster! Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you: because you have not been a parliament nor your country a people. Do you wish to know the remedy?—be a parliament, become a nation, and these things will follow in the train of your consequence. I shall be told that titles are shaken, being vested by force of English acts; but in answer to that, I observe, time may be a title, acquiescence a title, forfeiture a title, but an English act of parliament certainly cannot; it is an authority, which, if a judge

would charge, no jury would find, and which all the electors in Ireland have already disclaimed unequivocally, cordially, and universally. Sir, this is a good argument for an act of title, but no argument against a declaration of right. My friend, who sits above me (Mr. Yelverton), has a bill of confirmation; we do not come unprepared to parliament. I am not come to shake property, but to confirm property and restore freedom. The nation begins to form; we are moulding into a people; freedom asserted, property secured, and the army (a mercenary band) likely to be restrained by law. Never was such a revolution accomplished in so short a time, and with such public tranquillity. In what situation would those men who call themselves friends of constitution and of government have left you? They would have left you without a title, as they state it, to your estates, without an assertion of your constitution or a law for your army; and this state of unexampled private and public insecurity, this anarchy raging in the kingdom for eighteen months, these mock moderators would have had the presumption to call peace.

I shall be told that the judges will not be swayed by the resolution of this house. Sir, that the judges will not be borne down by the resolutions of parliament, not founded in law, I am willing to believe; but the resolutions of this house, founded in law, they will respect most exceedingly. I shall always rejoice at the independent spirit of the distributors of the law, but must lament that hitherto they have given no such symptom. The judges of the British nation, when they adjudicated against the laws of that country, pleaded precedent and the prostration and profligacy of a long tribe of subservient predecessors, and were punished. The judges of Ireland, if they should be called upon, and should plead sad necessity, the thralldom of the times, and above all, the silent fears of parliament, they no doubt will be excused: but when your declarations shall have protected them from their fears; when you shall have emboldened the judges to declare the law according to the charter, I make no doubt they will do their duty; and your resolution, not making a new law, but giving new life to the old ones, will be secretly felt and inwardly acknowledged, and there will not be a judge who will not perceive,

to the innermost recess of his tribunal, the truth of your charters and the vigor of your justice.

The same laws, the same charters, communicate to both kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, the same rights and privileges; and one privilege above them all is that communicated by Magna Charta, by the 25th of Edward the Third, and by a multitude of other statutes, "not to be bound by any act except made with the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and freemen of the commonalty," viz. of the parliament of the realm. On this right of exclusive legislation are founded the Petition of Right, Bill of Right, Revolution, and Act of Settlement. The king has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty; both are founded, the throne and your freedom, upon the right vested in the subject to resist by arms, notwithstanding their oaths of allegiance, any authority attempting to impose acts of power as laws, whether that authority be one man or a host, the second James, or the British parliament!

Every argument for the House of Hanover is equally an argument for the liberties of Ireland: the Act of Settlement is an act of rebellion, or the declaratory statute of the 6th of George the First an act of usurpation; for both cannot be law.

I do not refer to doubtful history, but to living record; to common charters; to the interpretation England has put upon these charters; an interpretation not made by words only, but crowned by arms; to the revolution she had formed upon them, to the king she has deposed, and to the king she has established; and above all, to the oath of allegiance solemnly plighted to the House of Stuart, and afterwards set aside in the instance of a grave and moral people absolved by virtue of these very charters.

And as anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation, we are too conversant with her history, we are too much fired by her example to be anything less than her equal; anything less, we should be her bitterest enemies—an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that constitution from whose blessings we were excluded: to be ground as we have been by the British nation, bound by her parliament, plundered by her crown,

threatened by her enemies, insulted with her protection, while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination, as I hope it has in her magnanimity.

There is no policy left for Great Britain but to cherish the remains of her empire, and do justice to a country who is determined to do justice to herself, certain that she gives nothing equal to what she received from us when we gave her Ireland.

With regard to this country England must resort to the free principles of government, and must forego that legislative power which she has exercised to do mischief to herself; she must go back to freedom, which, as it is the foundation of her constitution, so is it the main pillar of her empire. It is not merely the connection of the crown; it is a constitutional annexation, an alliance of liberty, which is the true meaning and mystery of the sisterhood, and will make both countries one arm and one soul, replenishing from time to time, in their immortal connection, the vital spirit of law and liberty from the lamp of each other's light. Thus combined by the ties of common interest, equal trade and equal liberty, the constitution of both countries may become immortal, a new and milder empire may arise from the errors of the old, and the British nation assume once more her natural station—the head of mankind.

That there are precedents against us I allow—acts of power I would call them, not precedent; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England:—Such things are the weakness of the times; the tyranny of one side, the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the Declaration of Right, “no doing, judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example.” Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God,—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a

century, that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woolen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe—that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury—and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold?

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go,—assert the law of Ireland,—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked; he shall not be in iron; and I do see

the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

I shall move you, "That the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland."

PHILIPPIC AGAINST FLOOD.

From a Speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, October, 1783.

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence; I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution.

I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious: that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government, when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example; when your money bills were altered without reserve by the council; when an embargo was laid on your export trade, and a war declared against the liberties of America.

At such a critical moment I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose that he was suspected by the government that

had bought him, and in consequence thereof, that he thought proper to resort to the arts of a trimmer, the last sad refuge of a disappointed ambition; that, with respect to the constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the mutiny bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of her parliament; when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded. But a year and a half after the bill had passed, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward and to say that your constitution had been destroyed by the perpetual bill. With regard to that part of the constitution that relates to the law of Poynings, I will suppose the gentleman to have made many a long, very long, disquisition before he took office, but after he had received office to have been as silent on that subject as before he had been loquacious. That, when money bills, under color of that law, were altered year after year, as in 1775 and 1776, and when the bills so altered were resumed and passed, I will suppose that gentleman to have absconded or acquiesced, and to have supported the minister who made the alteration; but when he was dismissed from office, and a member introduced a bill to remedy this evil, I will suppose that this gentleman inveighed against the mischief, against the remedy, and against the person of the introducer, who did that duty which he himself for seven years had abandoned. With respect to that part of the constitution which is connected with the repeal of the 6th of George the First, when the adequacy of the repeal was debating in the house, I will suppose this gentleman to make no kind of objection; that he never named at that time the word renunciation; and that, on the division on that subject, he absconded; but when the office he had lost was given to another man, that then he came forward, and exclaimed against the measure; nay, that he went into the public streets to canvass for sedition, that he became a rambling incendiary, and endeavored to excite a mutiny in the volunteers against an adjustment between Great Britain and Ireland of liberty and repose which he had not the virtue to make, and

against an administration who had the virtue to free the country without buying the members.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years and almost destroyed it, and when an address in 1778 to open her trade was propounded, to remain silent and inactive; and with respect to that other part of her trade, which regarded the duty on sugar, when the merchants were examined in 1778 on the inadequate protecting duty, when the inadequate duty was voted, when the act was recommitted, when another duty was proposed, when the bill returned with the inadequate duty substituted, when the altered bill was adopted, on every one of those questions I will suppose the gentleman to abscond; but a year and a half after the mischief was done, he out of office, I will suppose him to come forth and to tell his country that her trade had been destroyed by an inadequate duty on English sugar, as her constitution had been ruined by a perpetual mutiny bill. With relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions. In the same manner I will suppose him to have opposed the institution of the volunteers, to which we owe so much, and that he went to a meeting in his own county to prevent their establishment; that he himself kept out of their associations; that he was almost the only man in this house that was not in uniform; and that he never was a volunteer until he ceased to be a placeman, and until he became an incendiary.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty; and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to

have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him and say, Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible; you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue: after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden *silent*; you were silent for seven years: you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money!

In 1773, while a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation; you were not at that period to be found in the house; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish; you were descried with a criminal anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this house like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honor—you practiced pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before parliament; the embargo of 1776 for instance. “O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!” You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt’s scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send 4,000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defense of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend;—you, sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778 on account of their hostility to America;—you, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles;—you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden;—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against Amer-

ica;—and you, sir, voted 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty*; but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning) that the king had only dishonored you; the court had bought but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary*, without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the Declaration of Right should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your sovereign by betraying the government as you had sold the people; until at last, by this hollow conduct and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

OF THE INJUSTICE OF DISQUALIFICATION
OF CATHOLICS.

From the Speech of May 31, 1811.

Whatever belongs to the authority of God, or to the laws of nature, is necessarily beyond the province and sphere of human institution and government. The Roman Catholic, when you disqualify him on the ground of his religion, may with great justice tell you that you are not his God, that he cannot mould or fashion his faith by your decrees. You may inflict penalties, and he may suffer them in silence; but if Parliament assume the prerogative of Heaven, and enact laws to impose upon the people a different religion, the people will not obey such laws. If you pass an act to impose a tax or regulate a duty, the people can go to the roll to learn what are the provisions of the law. But whenever you take upon yourselves to legislate for God, though there may be truth in your enactments, you have no authority to enforce them. In such a case, the people will not go to the roll of Parliament, but to the Bible, the testament of God's will, to ascertain his law and their duty. When once man goes out of his sphere, and says he will legislate for God, he in fact makes himself God. But this I do not charge upon the Parliament, because in none of the Penal Acts has the Parliament imposed a religious creed. It is not to be traced in the qualification oath, nor in the declaration required.

The qualifying oath as to the great number of offices and seats in Parliament, scrupulously evades religious distinctions; a Dissenter of any class may take it, a Deist, an atheist, may likewise take it. The Catholics are alone excepted; and for what reason? Certainly not because the internal character of the Catholic religion is inherently vicious; not because it necessarily incapacitates those who profess it to make laws for their fellow-citizens. If a Deist be fit to sit in Parliament, it can hardly be urged that a Christian is unfit. If an atheist be competent to legislate for his country, surely this privilege cannot be denied to the believer in the divinity of our Saviour. But let me ask you if you have forgotten what was the faith of your ancestors, or if you are prepared to assert that the men who procured

your liberties are unfit to make your laws? Or do you forget the tempests by which the Dissenting classes of the community were at a former period agitated, or in what manner you fixed the rule of peace over that wild scene of anarchy and commotion? If we attend to the present condition and habits of these classes, do we not find their controversies subsisting in full vigor? and can it be said that their jarring sentiments and clashing interests are productive of any disorder in the State; or that the Methodist himself, in all his noisy familiarity with his Maker, is a dangerous or disloyal subject? Upon what principle can it be argued that the application of a similar policy would not conciliate the Catholics, and promote the general interests of the empire? I can trace the continuance of their incapacities to nothing else than a political combination; a combination that condemned the Catholic religion, not as a heresy, but as a symptom of civil alienation.

By this doctrine, the religion is not so much an evil in itself as a perpetual token of political disaffection. In the spirit of this liberal interpretation, you once decreed to take away their arms, and on another occasion ordered all Papists to be removed from London. In the whole subsequent course of administration, the religion has continued to be esteemed the infallible symptom of a propensity to rebel. Known or suspected Papists were once the objects of the severest jealousy and the bitterest enactments. Some of these statutes have been repealed, and the jealousy has since somewhat abated; but the same suspicions, although in a less degree, pervade your councils. Your imaginations are still infected with apprehensions of the proneness of the Catholics to make cause with a foreign foe. A treaty has lately been made with the King of the Two Sicilies. May I ask: Is his religion the evidence of the warmth of his attachment to your alliance? Does it enter into your calculation as one of the motives that must incline him to our friendship, in preference to the friendship of the State professing his own faith? A similar treaty has been recently entered into with the Prince Regent of Portugal, professing the Roman Catholic religion; and one million granted last year and two millions this session, for the defense of Portugal. Nay, even in the treaty with the Prince Regent of Portugal, there is an

article which stipulates that we shall not make peace with France unless Portugal shall be restored to the house of Braganza. And has the Prince of Brazil's religion been considered evidence of his connection with the enemy? You have not one ally who is not Catholic; and will you continue to disqualify Irish Catholics, who fight with you and your allies, because their religion is evidence of disaffection?

But if the Catholic religion be this evidence of repugnance, is Protestantism the proof of affection to the Crown and government of England? For an answer, let us look at America. In vain did you send your armies there; in vain did you appeal to the ties of common origin and common religion. America joined with France, and adopted a connection with a Catholic government. Turn to Prussia, and behold whether her religion has had any effect on her political character. Did the faith of Denmark prevent the attack on Copenhagen? It is admitted on all sides that the Catholics have demonstrated their allegiance in as strong a manner as the willing expenditure of blood and treasure can evince. And remember that the French go not near so far in their defense of Catholicism, as you in your hatred of it in your own subjects and your reverence for it in your allies. They have not scrupled to pull down the ancient fabrics of superstition in the countries subjected to their arms. Upon a review of these facts, I am justified in assuming that there is nothing inherent in Catholicism which either proves disaffection, or disqualifies for public trusts. The immediate inference is that they have as much right as any dissentient sect to the enjoyment of civil privileges and a participation of equal rights; that they are as fit morally and politically to hold offices in the State or seats in Parliament. Those who dispute the conclusion will find it their duty to controvert the reasoning on which it is founded. I do not believe the Church is in any danger; but if it is, I am sure that we are in a wrong way to secure it. If our laws will battle against Providence, there can be no doubt of the issue of the conflict between the ordinances of God and the decrees of man: transient must be the struggle, rapid the event.

Let us suppose an extreme case, but applicable to the present point: Suppose the Thames were to inundate its

banks, and suddenly swelling, enter this House during our deliberations (an event which I greatly deprecate, from my private friendship with many members who might happen to be present, and my sense of the great exertions which many of them have made for the public interest), and a motion of adjournment being made, should be opposed, and an address to Providence moved that it would be graciously pleased to turn back the overflow and direct the waters into another channel. This, it will be said, would be absurd; but consider whether you are acting upon a principle of greater intrinsic wisdom, when after provoking the resentments you arm and martialize the ambition of men, under the vain assurance that Providence will work a miracle in the constitution of human nature, and dispose it to pay injustice with affection, oppression with cordial support. This is in fact the true character of your expectations; nothing less than that the Author of the Universe should subvert his laws to ratify your statutes, and disturb the settled course of nature to confirm the weak, the base expedients of man. What says the Decalogue? Honor thy father. What says the penal law? Take away his estate! Again, says the Decalogue, Do not steal. The law, on the contrary, proclaims, You may rob a Catholic!

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

(1846 —)

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES was born in Dublin in 1846, and educated at Trinity College, obtaining double-first honors in classics and English. He was graduated in 1870, after entering the Home Office, where he became private secretary to Mr. Winterbotham, then Under-Secretary in that department. Mr. Graves is now one of his Majesty's inspectors of schools.

Mr. Graves began to write at an early age. His first literary production appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* when he was but sixteen or seventeen years of age. He employed himself at this time for the most part in making poetic translations from the Greek and Latin classics. Mr. Graves has also contributed to *Fraser's*, *The Spectator*, *Punch*, and several other periodicals. The first collection of his poems was published in 1872, under the title 'Songs of Killarney.' It was received with a chorus of praise from the journals—literary and political, English, Irish, Scotch, and American. The book consists for the most part of Irish songs and ballads. The aim of the poet has been to express the humor and pathos of the Irish character, and, further, to make the expression of these passions take the simplicity of form in which the Irish people would themselves clothe them. These poems are full of genuine Irish humor, which is delicate and graceful, and utterly free, it need scarcely be said, from the buffoonery that has been made to pass as characteristically Irish. There is also true natural melody in the verses, and the sentiment is pure and healthy.

This work was followed by 'Irish Songs and Ballads,' 1880, which has passed through several editions, and by 'Father O'Flynn and Other Irish Lyrics' in 1889. The following were published in conjunction with the musical accompaniments: 'Songs of Old Ireland' (music arranged by Professor C. Villiers Stanford), 'Irish Songs and Ballads' (*idem*), 'Irish Folk Songs' (the airs arranged by Mr. Charles Wood). Other lyrics of his written to music may be found in 'Manx National Songs.' Mr. Graves is the editor of 'Songs of Irish Wit and Humor'; of 'The Purcell Papers,' by J. S. Le Fanu; and of 'The Irish Song Book.'

As a lecturer on Irish literature and music, and as Honorary Secretary of the Irish Literary Society, he has taken his share in the Irish literary renaissance of the day. But Mr. Graves is not only entitled to the honorable distinction of having caused Anglo-Irish literature to take a distinct step forward; he has rendered a notable service to the cause of Irish music by rescuing from oblivion a large number of old national airs and wedding them to his own racy and humorous verses. In the opinion of many competent critics Mr. Graves has done more than any of Moore's successors to "unbind the Irish harp," and in his own sphere he is often more distinctly Irish than many.

"Mr. Graves," says Mr. George A. Greene, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "knows and understands the peasantry of Ireland as but few writers of high merit and culture have known and understood them; and he has given us in his popular songs and ballads a gallery of pictures in which the genial, passionate, lovable, withal somewhat inconsequent Irish countryman is depicted merry-making, love-making, cutting capers, joking, lamenting, telling stories of the 'good people,' getting married, and dying, against backgrounds of Irish hills and lakes, rivers and woods. And the great sea is there too, and the memory of those who have passed over it. . . . His reputation, not only among Irishmen, but among all who speak the Irish tongue, must firmly rest upon those of his poems which treat of Irish subjects, and especially upon the songs and ballads in dialect—full, as many of them are, not only of quiet humor or of rollicking mirth, but also of an unobtrusive, yet deep and tender pathos."

THE IRISH SPINNING-WHEEL.

 Show me a sight
 Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 Oh no!
 Nothing you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

 Look at her there—
 Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us!
 Faix, an' a foot,
 Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

 That there's a sight
 Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it—
 Oh no!
 Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

 See! the lamb's wool
 Turns coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful weeshy white hands of her.
 Down goes her heel,
 Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 Oh no!
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aqual her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
 Seated on sates,
 Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me!
 You may want three
 For your massacre,
 But one Fate for me, boys—and only the one for me!

And isn't that fate
 Pictured complete—
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
 Oh no!
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aqual her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a
 bough of the willow,
 To the *shoheen ho*¹ of the wind of the west and the *lullalo*² of
 the soft sea billow.
 Sleep, baby dear,
 Sleep without fear,
 Mother is here at your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the
 beautiful river,
 Where a *shoheen* whisper the white cascades, and a *lullalo*
 the green flags shiver.
 Sleep, baby dear,
 Sleep without fear,
 Mother is here with you for ever.

Shoheen ho! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 't is sleep
 has bound you,

¹ *Shoheen ho*, lulling music. ² *Lullalo*, murmuring.

And, O my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could love
have found you?

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sláinte, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix! and the divils and all at Divinity—
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all!
Come, I vinture to give you my word,
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father aviek!
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity
Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
 "Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

SHE IS MY LOVE.

In the measure of the original Gaelic love song.

She is my love beyond all thought,
 Though she hath wrought my deepest dole;
Yet dearer for the cruel pain
 Than one who fain would make me whole.

She is my glittering gem of gems,
 Who yet contemns my fortune bright;
Whose cheek but glows with redder scorn
 Since mine has worn a stricken white.

She is my sun and moon and star,
 Who yet so far and cold doth keep,
She would not even o'er my bier
 One tender tear of pity weep.

Into my heart unsought she came,
 A wasting flame, a haunting care;
Into my heart of hearts, ah, why?
 And left a sigh for ever there.

SINCE WE SHOULD PART.

Founded upon an old Gaelic love song, and sung to an air in the
 Petrie Collection.

Since we should part, since we should part,
The weariness and lonesome smart
Are going greatly through my heart.
Upon my pillow, ere I sleep,
The full of my two shoes I weep,
And like a ghost all day I creep.

'Tis what you said you'd never change,
Or with another ever range,

Now even the Church is cold and strange.
 Together there our seats we took,
 Together read from the one book;
 But with another now you look.

And when the service it was o'er,
 We'd walk and walk the flowery floor,
 As we shall walk and walk no more.
 For now beneath the starry glow,
 While ye step laughing light and low,
 A shade among the shades I go.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR LOVE OF THEE.

O Woman, shapely as the swan,
 Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?
 Nay, bend those blue love-darting eyes
 On men unwise, they wound not me.
 Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,
 Shall limbs turn weak and color flee?
 And languorous grace and foam white form,
 Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy cool of gold
 In ringlets rolled around thy knee;
 Thy scented sighs and looks of flame,
 They shall not tame my spirit free.
 For, Woman, shapely as the swan,
 A wary man hath nurtured me;
 White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,
 I shall not die for love of ye.

LIKE A STONE IN THE STREET.

I'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street,
 With no kind "good day" on the way from the many I meet.
 Still with looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now
 unbends,
 None hold out his hand of the band of my fair-weather friends.

They helped me to spend to the end all my fine shining store,
 They drank to my health and my wealth till both were no
 more.

And now they are off with a scoff as they leave me behind.
 "When you've ate the rich fruit, underfoot with the bare bitter
 rind."



AN IRISH VILLAGE SCENE

There's rest deep and still on yon hill by our old Chapel's
side;
Where I laid long ago, to my woe, my young one year's
bride.
Then Ochone! for relief from my grief into madness I flew:
Would to God ere that day in the clay I'd been covered with
you.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE.

Oh, many and many a time
In the dim old days,
When the chapel's distant chime
Pealed the hour of evening praise,
I've bowed my head in prayer;
Then shouldered scythe or bill,
And traveled, free of care,
To my home across the hill;
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

For oft and oft I've stood,
Delighted in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
Where it stole into my view—
Sweet spirit of the sod,
Of our own Irish Earth,
Going gently up to God
From the poor man's hearth.
O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing
My thousand welcomes home.

But I hurried swiftly on,
When Herself from the door
Came swimming like a swan
Beside the Shannon shore;
And after her in haste,
On pretty, pattering feet,

Our rosy cherubs raced
Their daddy dear to meet;
 Whilst the blue, blue smoke
 Of my cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
 Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
 Since those dim old days,
And far, far I've ranged
 From those dear old ways;
And my colleen's golden hair
 To silver all has grown,
And our little cherub pair
 Have cherubs of their own;
 And the black, black smoke,
 Like a heavy funeral plume,
 Darkly wreathing,
 Fearful breathing,
 Crowns the city with its gloom.

But 't is our comfort sweet
 Through the long toil of life,
That we'll turn with tired feet
 From the noise and the strife,
And wander slowly back
 In the soft western glow,
Hand in hand by the track
 That we trod long ago;
 Till the blue, blue smoke
 Of my cottage in the coom,
 Softly wreathing,
 Sweetly breathing,
 Waves our thousand welcomes home.

MRS. J. R. GREEN.

(1848 —)

ALICE SOPHIA AMELIA GREEN was born at Kells, County Meath, in 1848. She is the daughter of Archdeacon Stopford of Meath. In 1877 she married John Richard Green, the famous historian, who died in 1883.

Mrs. Green has published 'Henry II.' (English Statesmen Series), 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century,' 'Oxford Studies,' 'Books of Courtesy and Education in the Fifteenth Century.' She has edited her husband's 'Conquest of England' and 'A Short History of England.' Mrs. Green's reputation is a serious one, prepared for by arduous study, and there is no doubt that association with her gifted husband, whose work she shared, helped to develop that power of recreating and picturing the past which is as marked a feature of her work as it was of his.

BOOKS OF COURTESY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

From 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.'

But there is another side of the town history which is not less important, and which is far more complicated than the question of its foreign relations and policy—that is, the problem of its own nature, of the spirit by which it was animated and the inherent resources of its corporate life. In the town a new world had grown up, with an organization and a polity of its own wholly different from that of the country. Members who joined its community were compelled to renounce all other allegiance and forego aid and protection from other patrons. The chief magistrate set over its inhabitants must be one of their own fellow-citizens—"not a far dweller" unless in time of special need, such as war, and then only "by the pleasure of the commonalty." Adventurers from the manor-houses of the neighborhood and strangers in search of fortune were equally shut out; and it was only when a county squire was willing to throw in his lot with the burghers, to turn into a good citizen and honest tradesman, and to prove his credit and capacity by serving in a subordinate post, that he could hope to rise to the highest office. It is true that country folk were welcome to pay a double price for hay-

ing a stall in the market, or a store-room in the Common House for their wool; while the impoverished knight might come in search of a renewal of his wasted fortunes through the dowry of some rich mercer's daughter. But otherwise the town carried on its existence apart, in a watchful and jealous independence. Its way of life, its code of manners, its habits, aims, and interests, the condition of the people, the local theories of trade by which its conduct of business was guided, the popular views of citizenship and government under the influence of which the burghers regulated their civic policy—all these things must be kept in view if we could gain a clear idea of the growth of the burrough from within.

The way of thinking and acting of the new world of traders and shopkeepers and artisans lives again for us in a wholly new literature which first sprang up in England about the middle of the fifteenth century—in Books of Courtesy and popular rhymes as to the conduct of daily life. The first English manual of etiquette appeared about 1430. Germany had had its book of courtesy more than two hundred years before, a set of rules composed for a distinguished society by equally fastidious writers, one of whom laments that his pen had been made "common" by writing about masters and servants, and explains that it was never happy save in describing knights and ladies. In northern Italy a similar book drawn up in the thirteenth century had taken a very different character. There the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns, impatient of "new ceremonies" brought in from over the mountains which they deemed contrary to all the traditions of the traders of Lucca and Florence, and only fit for the degenerate Neapolitans, framed rules to suit their own needs and aspirations. The French followed rather later, at the end of the fourteenth century; and then last of all came the English experiment.

The very appearance of such a book at this time is most significant. The nobles had already their own literary traditions, handed down from an older world; and in the idea of chivalrous conduct which was enshrined for them in the 'Morte d'Arthur,' the Knights of the Round Table still served as a standard of social virtue and good bearing for the upper classes—a standard with which the burgh-

ers had nothing whatever to do. But the new literature was for the townsfolk themselves, and it bore on every line the impress of its origin. A growing sense of dignity and self-respect in the middle class of traders and artisans wakened aspirations for polite manners, and intercourse with strangers abroad gave fresh stimulus to social ambition.

Englishmen who visited Flanders towards the end of the century were as much impressed by the Flemish manners as by the Flemish wealth: "They can best behave them and most like gentlemen," was their comment. In England the new society, with no heritage of traditions and no recognized array of models in the past, had to create its own standard of behavior, to shape its own social code, to realize for itself the art of life. Compilers worked busily in the service of the middle-class aspirants. One book of courtesy after another was adapted for the vulgar use. The 'Rules of S. Robert,' the good Bishop of Lincoln, whereby "whosoever will keep these rules well will be able to live on his means and keep himself and those belonging to him," were put into English in a brief form, after wearing a more courtly garb of French or Latin for three centuries. A Latin treatise on manners was translated for the unlearned by a writer who prayed for help in his work from Him who formed man after His own image, from Mary the gracious Mother, and from Lady Facetia the Mother of all virtue. Sound codes of morals were put in the form of an A B C. The right conduct of life, especially as it concerned polite behavior, was set out in little songs "made for children young, at the school that bide not long." Plain directions in verse pointed out the duties of girls, of young men, of housewives, of wandering youths looking for service. The rhymes are of the homeliest kind, with trite and prosaic illustrations taken from the common sights of the market-place, the tavern, the work-shop, or the street with its wandering pigs and its swinging signs; it is in their very rudeness and simpleness that their interest lies. Meanwhile political and satirical songs, which had been so common in the foregoing centuries, mostly died out of fashion and were heard no more, as the burghers, quickened into a new self-consciousness, began to be concerned for a time with matters nearer home.

The fragments of old speech and song lead us into the very midst of the lanes and workshops of a medieval town. They recall for us the countless political and social troubles amid which the trader was slowly fighting his way upward, and which left their deep impress on his character and view of life. A pervading suspicion, a distrustful caution, are the ground-note of many a song. Rude proverbs of daily speech, jingling rhymes of wise counsel, all are profoundly marked by the narrow prudence of people set in the midst of pitfalls, to whom danger was ever present, whether at the council-chamber or at the tavern or at a friend's dinner-table, and among whom talk and clatter with the tongue were looked on as an unspeakable indiscretion. They picture a life anxious and difficult, whose recognized condition is one of toil that knows no relaxation and no end, of hardship borne with unquestioning endurance—a life amid whose humble prosperity family affection and the family welfare are best assured by having one roof, one entrance-door, one fire, and one dining-table, and a “back-door” is looked on as an extravagance which would bring any household to ruin.

After a man had lived hard and worked strenuously he still stood in need of the constantly recurring warning against any bitterness of envy at the prosperity of a lucky dealer next door. The limits of his ambition and his duty are bounded by rigid lines; and the standard of conduct is one framed for a laborious middle class, with its plain-spoken seriousness, its sturdy morality, its activity and rectitude and independence, its dulness and vigilance and thrift. It is the duty of good men to set their people well to work, to keep house carefully, to get through any heavy job steadily and swiftly, to pay wages regularly, to give true weight, to remember ever that “Borrowed things must needs go home.” They are not to ape their betters in dress, only

“Be as pure as flour taken from the bran
In all thy clothing and all thine array.”

With one whom “thou knowest of greater state” there should be no easy fellowship, no dining or betting or playing at dice; above all, there must be no show of over-much “meekness” or servility, “for else a fool thou wilt be told.” A practical religion adds its simple obligations,

Men ought to pay tithes, to give to the poor, to be strong and stiff against the devil. The prayer on awaking, the daily mass before working hours, the duties of self-control and submission, must ever be kept in mind. For the trader, indeed, the way to virtue was a narrow one and straight. Three deaths ever stand menacingly before him. First comes the common lot, the mere severing of soul and body.

“The tother death is death of Shame,
If he die in debt or wicked fame;
The third death, so saith the clerks,
If he hath no good works.”

But side by side with directions about mercy, truth, and fulfilling the law, come other warnings—warnings about carving meat and cutting bread and dividing cheese, about a formal and dignified bearing, how to walk and stand and kneel, how to enter a house or greet a friend in the street—all carefully and laboriously shaped into rhyme. In the new sense of changing customs, of fashions that came and went with the revolutions of society, training and thought and conscious endeavor were called in to replace the simplicity of the old unvarying forms. Manners became a subject of serious anxiety. Throwing aside the mass of tradition handed down from century to century, where every usage was consecrated by custom, and determined by immemorial laws as to the relations of class to class, the burghers, side by side with the professional and middle classes all over the kingdom, were tending towards the realization of a new social order, in which men were no longer obliged as formerly to pass through the door of the Church to find the way of social advancement, but might attain to it along the common high-road of secular enterprise. The notion of the worth of the individual man was none the less important for the homely and practical form given to it in their rude and untrained expression. No one, they declared simply, need be shame-faced, of whatever lowly position he might come, for

“In hall or chamber, or where thou gon,
Nature and good manners maketh man.”

In whatever society he might find himself, the humblest citizen should therefore so order his behavior that when

he left the table men would say, "A gentleman was here." The practical divinity of plain people easily drew the graciousness of outward demeanor within the sphere of religion, and "clerks that knew the seven arts" explained

"That courtesy from heaven came
When Gabriel our Lady grette,
And Elizabeth with Mary mette."

Since "all virtues are closed in courtesy and all vices in villainy" or rudeness, the best prayer one could make was to be well-mannered, for the virtues of a fine behavior reached as far as thought could go.

"In courtesy He make you so expert,
That through your nature and your governance,
In lasting bliss He may yourself advance."

The books of courtesy show us one side of the great change that passed over society when the medieval theory of *status* was broken down by the increase of riches which trade brought with it, and the chances of rising in the world through wealth. The yeoman might become a gentleman by getting into a lord's household, and "spending large and plenty." The squire who would be a knight without the danger of bearing arms need only go to the king's court with his purse full of money. The man of letters, the merchant, the seeker after pleasure, whoever and whatever a man might be, he could win neither degree nor worship "but he have the penny ready to take to." When the acquisition of wealth or the passage from one class to another was practically impossible, poverty and a low estate might still be dignified. But as soon as fortune and position had been brought within the reach of all, the man who remained poor might be looked on as idle or incapable. A new test of superiority was applied, a test of material prosperity, and by this measure the townsman was judged by his neighbors, and naturally judged himself. On all sides we find indications of the excited ambition which had begun to stir in every class.

"Now every boy will counterfeit a knight,
Report himself as good as he."

GEORGE ARTHUR GREENE.

(1853 —)

MR. GREENE is of a distinguished Dublin family. His grandfather was Recorder of the city, and his uncle, Baron Greene, was an ornament of the Irish judicial bench. He was born Feb. 21, 1853, in the house in which Lover wrote 'Charles O'Malley.' Educated first at a French school in Florence, and then at the Istituto di Superiori in that city, he afterward entered Dublin University, and there obtained the highest distinctions in the Romance languages, as well as in English literature. As a boy he translated Dr. Gubernati's 'Mythical Zoölogy,' which helped to qualify him for his later interpretation of 'Italian Lyrists of To-day.' After studying at the University of Leipzig, he was in 1876 appointed professor of English literature in the Alexandra College, Dublin. He has done much very felicitous translation, has collaborated with Mr. Arthur Hillier in a novel, 'The Lost Prima Donna,' and has published school editions of various English classics.

As Vice-Chairman of the committee of the Irish Literary Society of London he has become one of the leaders of the new Irish literary movement, by contributing valuable papers and addresses on Irish history to its proceedings, and has turned his linguistic talent to the study of Irish, throwing himself actively into the work of the newly established Irish Texts Society.

ART'S- LOUGH.

GLENMALURE, COUNTY WICKLOW.

Lone lake, half lost amidst encircling hills,
Beneath the imprisoning mountain-crag's concealed,
Who lies to the wide earth unrevealed,
To whose repose the brief and timorous rills

Bring scarce a murmur—thou whose sight instils
Despair, o'er whom its dark disdainful shield
Abrupt Clogherna 'gainst the sun doth wield,
And thy dim face with deepening shadow fills—

O poet soul! companionless and sad,
Though half the daytime long a death-like shade
Athwart thy depths with constant horror lies,

Thou art not ever in dejection clad,
But showest still, as in a glass displayed,
The limitless, unfathomable skies.

ON GREAT SUGARLOAF.

Where Sugarloaf with bare and ruinous wedge
 Cleaves the gray air to view the darkening sea,
 We stood on high, and heard the north wind flee
 Through clouds storm-heavy fallen from ledge to ledge.

Then sudden "Look!" we cried. The far black edge
 Of south horizon oped in sunbright glee,
 And a broad water shone, one moment free,
 Ere darkness veiled again the wavering sedge.

Such is the Poet's inspiration, still
 Too evanescent! coming but to go:
 Such the great passion showing good in ill,

Quick brightnesses, love-lights too soon burnt low;
 And such man's life, which flashes Heaven's will
 Between two glooms a transitory glow.

FROM 'THE RETURN.'

For, now returned from golden lands,
 I see Night lift her misty shroud,
 And through the veil of morning cloud
 The sun strikes northern sands;

I hail with joy the early ray
 That gleams o'er valleys thrice more dear,
 My pulse beats quicker as I hear
 Up from Killiney Bay

The whisper of familiar rills;
 And sudden tremors veil mine eyes
 As, at a turn, before me rise
 Long sought, the Wicklow Hills.

LINES.

Surely a Voice hath called her to the deep—
 The deep of heaven, star calling unto star:
 Surely she passed but through the vale of sleep
 That hideth from our hearts the things that are.



LOUGH DAN COUNTY, WICKLOW

Surely the ringing music of the spheres
Sounds richlier to-day by one pure voice:
Ah! though we mourn its silence with our tears,
The stars we hear not, hearing it, rejoice.

SPRING-TIME.

The winter fleeteth like a dream,
The rain is past and o'er;
The sea is lit with sunny gleam,
The hills are white no more.
Full-flowered the lilac hedges stand,
The throstle sings all day,
But there's no spring in all the land
When Eileen is away.

Green are the copses on the hill;
The cuckoo, hid from sight,
Haunts all the ringing valleys still
With echoes of delight;
His name is like a memory
Repeated day by day,
But memories all are sad to me
When Eileen is away.

The yellow cowslips here and there
Shake in the balmy breeze;
There is no perfume in the air,
Far-brought from southern seas;
There is a brooding melody
In forest, hill, and bay,
But in my soul no harmony
When Eileen is away.

The birds remember in their song
Their dwellings o'er the foam;
The cuckoo will not tarry long,
The swift returneth home:
The very wind, so full and free,
Forgets not ocean's spray,
And, Eileen, I forget not thee
When thou art far away.

LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY.

(1856 —)

LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY is the youngest daughter of Dudley Perse of Roxborough, County Galway, and was born about 1856. She married in 1880 Sir William Gregory, who was for many years Member of Parliament for County Galway and was subsequently Governor of Ceylon. He died in 1892. During the last few years Lady Gregory has been closely identified with the new Irish literary movement, and has contributed much to the press in support of the Irish revival generally. She has edited the 'Autobiography' of her husband, and 'Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box,' being the correspondence of Sir William Gregory's grandfather, who was an important Dublin Castle official during a stormy period; but her chief works are her 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne,' a retelling of the old Irish sagas relative to that great figure; 'Poets and Dreamers,' a collection of essays on various phases of the modern Irish literary movement; and 'Gods and Fighting Men' (1904), which recounts the story of the Tuatha de Danaan and of the Fianna of Ireland, in the naïve and beautiful prose which she has chosen as the vehicle for telling them. She has also written a play for the Irish Literary Theater, called 'Twenty-Five,' and has translated several of Dr. Hyde's Irish plays into English.

THE ONLY SON OF AOIFE.

From 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne.'

The time Cuchulain came back from Alban, after he had learned the use of arms under Scathach, he left Aoife, the queen he had overcome in battle, with child.

And when he was leaving her, he told her what name to give the child, and he gave her a gold ring, and bade her keep it safe till the child grew to be a lad, and till his thumb would fill it; and he bade her to give it to him then, and to send him to Ireland, and he would know he was his son by that token. She promised to do so, and with that Cuchulain went back to Ireland.

It was not long after the child was born, word came to Aoife that Cuchulain had taken Emer to be his wife in Ireland. When she heard that, great jealousy came on her, and great anger, and her love for Cuchulain was turned to hatred; and she remembered her three champions that he had killed, and how he had overcome herself, and she



LADY GREGORY

determined in her mind that when her son would come to have the strength of a man, she would get her revenge through him. She told Conlaoch her son nothing of this, but brought him up like any king's son; and when he was come to sensible years, she put him under the teaching of Scathach, to be taught the use of arms and the art of war. He turned out as apt a scholar as his father, and it was not long before he had learnt all Scathach had to teach.

Then Aoife gave him the arms of a champion, and bade him go to Ireland, but first she laid three commands on him: the first never to give way to any living person, but to die sooner than be made turn back; the second, not to refuse a challenge from the greatest champion alive, but to fight him at all risks, even if he was sure to lose his life; the third, not to tell his name on any account, though he might be threatened with death for hiding it. She put him under *geasa*, that is, under bonds, not to do these things.

Then the young man, Conlaoch, set out, and it was not long before his ship brought him to Ireland, and the place he landed at was Baile's Strand, near Dundevalgan.

It chanced that at that time Conchubar, the High King, was holding his court there, for it was a convenient gathering-place for his chief men, and they were settling some business that belonged to the government of that district.

When word was brought to Conchubar that there was a ship come to the strand, and a young lad in it armed as if for fighting, and armed men with him, he sent one of the chief men of his household to ask his name, and on what business he was come.

The messenger's name was Cuinaire, and he went down to the strand, and when he saw the young man he said: "A welcome to you, young hero from the east, with the merry face. It is likely, seeing you come armed as if for fighting, you are gone astray on your journey; but as you are come to Ireland, tell me your name and what your deeds have been, and your victories in the eastern bounds of the world."

"As to my name," said Conlaoch, "it is of no great account; but whatever it is, I am under bonds not to tell it to the stoutest man living."

"It is best for you to tell it at the king's desire," said Cuinaire, "before you get your death through refusing it,

as many a champion from Alban and from Britain has done before now." "If that is the order you put on us when we land here, it is I will break it," said Conlaoch, "and no one will obey it any longer from this out."

So Cuinaire went back and told the king what the young lad had said. Then Conchubar said to his people: "Who will go out into the field, and drag the name and the story out of this young man?" "I will go," said Conall, for his hand was never slow in fighting. And he went out, and found the lad angry and destroying, handling his arms, and they attacked one another with a great noise of swords and shouts, and they were gripped together, and fought for a while, and then Conall was overcome, and the great name and the praise that was on Conall, it was on the head of Conlaoch it was now.

Word was sent then to where Cuchulain was, in pleasant, bright-faced Dundevalgan. And the messenger told him the whole story, and he said: "Conall is lying humbled, and it is slow the help is in coming; it is a welcome there would be before the Hound."

Cuchulain rose up then and went to where Conlaoch was, and he still handling his arms. And Cuchulain asked him his name and said: "It would be well for you, young hero of unknown name, to loosen yourself from this knot, and not to bring down my hand upon you, for it will be hard for you to escape death." But Conlaoch said: "If I put you down in the fight, the way I put down your comrade, there will be a great name on me; but if I draw back now, there will be mockery on me, and it will be said I was afraid of the fight. I will never give in to any man to tell the name, or to give an account of myself. But if I was not held with a command," he said, "there is no man in the world I would sooner give it to than to yourself, since I saw your face. But do not think, brave champion of Ireland, that I will let you take away the fame I have won, for nothing."

With that they fought together, and it is seldom such a battle was seen, and all wondered that the young lad could stand so well against Cuchulain.

So they fought a long while, neither getting the better of the other, but at last Cuchulain was charged so hotly by the lad that he was forced to give way, and although he

had fought so many good fights, and killed so many great champions, and understood the use of arms better than any man living, he was pressed very hard.

And he called for the Gae Bulg, and his anger came on him, and the flames of the hero-light began to shine about his head, and by that sign Conlaoch knew him to be Cuchulain, his father. And just at that time he was aiming his spear at him, and when he knew it was Cuchulain, he threw his spear crooked that it might pass beside him. But Cuchulain threw his spear, the Gae Bulg, at him with all his might, and it struck the lad in the side and went into his body, so that he fell to the ground.

And Cuchulain said: "Now, boy, tell your name and what you are, for it is short your life will be, for you will not live after that wound."

And Conlaoch showed the ring that was on his hand, and he said: "Come here where I am lying on the field, let my men from the east come round me. I am suffering for revenge. I am Conlaoch, son of the Hound, heir of dear Dun-dealgan; I was bound to this secret in Dun Scathach, the secret in which I have found my grief."

And Cuchulain said: "It is a pity your mother not to be here to see you brought down. She might have stretched out her hand to stop the spear that wounded you." And Conlaoch said: "My curse be on my mother, for it was she put me under bonds; it was she sent me here to try my strength against yours." And Cuchulain said: "My curse be on your mother, the woman that is full of treachery; it is through her harmful thoughts these tears have been brought on us." And Conlaoch said: "My name was never forced from my mouth till now; I never gave an account of myself to any man under the sun. But, O Cuchulain of the sharp sword, it was a pity you not to know me the time I threw the slanting spear behind you in the fight."

And then the sorrow of death came upon Conlaoch, and Cuchulain took his sword and put it through him, sooner than leave him in the pain and the punishment he was in.

And then great trouble and anguish came on Cuchulain, and he made this complaint:

"It is a pity it is, O son of Aoife, that ever you came into the province of Ulster, that you ever met with the Hound of Cuailgne.

"If I and my fair Conlaoch were doing feats of war on the one side, the men of Ireland from sea to sea would not be equal to us together. It is no wonder I to be under grief when I see the shield and the arms of Conlaoch: A pity it is there is no one at all, a pity there are not hundreds of men on whom I could get satisfaction for his death.

"If it was the king himself had hurt your fair body, it is I would have shortened his days.

"It is well for the House of the Red Branch, and for the heads of its fair army of heroes, it was not they that killed my only son.

"It is well for Laegaire of Victories it is not from him you got your heavy pain.

"It is well for the heroes of Conall they did not join in the killing of you; it is well that traveling across the plain of Macha they did not fall in with me after such a fight.

"It is well for the tall, well-shaped Forbuide; well for Dubthach, your Black Beetle of Ulster.

"It is well for you, Cormac Conloingeas, your share of arms gave no help, that it is not from your weapons he got his wound, the hard-skinned shield or the blade.

"It is a pity it was not one on the plains of Munster, or in Leinster of the sharp blades, or at Cruachan of the rough fighters, that struck down my comely Conlaoch.

"It is a pity it was not in the country of the Cruithne, of the fierce Fians, you fell in a heavy quarrel, or in the country of the Greeks, or in some other place of the world, you died, and I could avenge you.

"Or in Spain, or in Soreha, or in the country of the Saxons of the free armies; there would not then be this death in my heart.

"It is very well for the men of Alban it was not they that destroyed your fame; and it is well for the men of the Gall.

"Och! It is bad that it happened; my grief! it is on me is the misfortune, O Conlaoch of the Red Spear, I myself to have spilled your blood.

"I to be under defeat, without strength. It is a pity Aoife never taught you to know the power of my strength in the fight.

"It is no wonder I to be blinded after such a fight and such a defeat.

“It is no wonder I to be tired out, and without the sons of Usnach beside me.

“Without a son, without a brother, with none to come after me; without Conlaoch, without a name to keep my strength.

“To be without Naoise, without Ainnle, without Ardan; is it not with me is my fill of trouble?

“I am the father that killed his son, the fine green branch; there is no hand or shelter to help me.

“I am a raven that has no home; I am a boat going from wave to wave; I am a ship that has lost its rudder; I am the apple left on the tree; it is little I thought of falling from it; grief and sorrow will be with me from this time.”

Then Cuchulain stood up and faced all the men of Ulster. “There is trouble on Cuchulain,” said Conchubar; “he is after killing his own son, and if I and all my men were to go against him, by the end of the day he would destroy every man of us. Go now,” he said to Cathbad, the Druid, “and bind him to go down to Baile’s Strand, and to give three days fighting against the waves of the sea, rather than to kill us all.”

So Cathbad put an enchantment on him, and bound him to go down. And when he came to the strand, there was a great white stone before him, and he took his sword in his right hand, and he said: “If I had the head of the woman that sent her son to his death, I would split it as I split this stone.” And he made four quarters of the stone.

Then he fought with the waves three days and three nights, till he fell from hunger and weakness, so that some men said he got his death there. But it was not there he got his death, but on the plain of Muirthemne.

DEATH OF CUCHULAIN.

From ‘Cuchulain of Muirthemne.’

Cuchulain went on then to the house of his mother, Dechtire, to bid her farewell. And she came out on the lawn to meet him, for she knew well he was going out to face the men of Ireland, and she brought out wine in a vessel

to him, as her custom was when he passed that way. But when he took the vessel in his hand, it was red blood that was in it. "My grief!" he said, "my mother Dechtire, it is no wonder others to forsake me, when you yourself offer me a drink of blood." Then she filled the vessel a second, and a third time, and each time when she gave it to him, there was nothing in it but blood.

Then anger came on Cuchulain, and he dashed the vessel against a rock, and broke it, and he said: "The fault is not in yourself, my mother Dechtire, but my luck is turned against me, and my life is near its end, and I will not come back alive this time from facing the men of Ireland." Then Dechtire tried hard to persuade him to go back and to wait till he would have the help of Conall. "I will not wait," he said, "for anything you can say; for I would not give up my great name and my courage for all the riches of the world. And from the day I first took arms till this day, I have never drawn back from a fight or a battle. And it is not now I will begin to draw back," he said, "for a great name outlasts life."

Then he went on his way, and Cathbad, that had followed him, went with him. And presently they came to a ford, and there they saw a young girl, thin and white-skinned and having yellow hair, washing and ever washing, and wringing out clothing that was stained crimson red, and she crying and keening all the time. "Little Hound," said Cathbad, "do you see what it is that young girl is doing? It is your red clothes she is washing, and crying as she washes, because she knows you are going to your death against Maeve's great army. And take the warning now and turn back again." "Dear master," said Cuchulain, "you have followed me far enough; for I will not turn back from my vengeance on the men of Ireland that are come to burn and to destroy my house and my country. And what is it to me, the woman of the Sidhe to be washing red clothing for me? It is not long till there will be clothing enough, and armor and arms, lying soaked in pools of blood, by my own sword and my spear. And if you are sorry and loth to let me go into the fight, I am glad and ready enough myself to go into it, though I know as well as you yourself I must fall in it. Do not be hindering me any more, then," he said, "for, if I stay or if I go, death

will meet me all the same. But go now to Emain, to Conchubar and to Emer, and bring them life and health from me, for I will never go back to meet them again. It is my grief and my wound, I to part from them! And O Laeg!" he said, "we are going away under trouble and under darkness from Emer now, as it is often we came back to her with gladness out of strange places and far countries."

Then Cathbad left him, and he went on his way. And after a while he saw three hags, and they blind of the left eye, before him in the road, and they having a venomous hound they were cooking, with charms on rods of the rowan tree. And he was going by them, for he knew it was not for his good they were there.

But one of the hags called to him: "Stop a while with us, Cuchulain." "I will not stop with you," said Cuchulain. "That is because we have nothing better than a dog to give you," said the hag. "If we had a grand, big cooking-hearth, you would stop and visit us; but because it is only a little we have to offer you, you will not stop. But he that will not show respect for the small, though he is great, he will get no respect himself."

Then he went over to her, and she gave him the shoulder-blade of the hound out of her left hand, and he ate it out of his left hand. And he put it down on his left thigh, and the hand that took it was struck down, and the thigh he put it on was struck through and through, so that the strength that was in them before left them.

Then he went down the road of Meadhon-Luachair, by Slieve Fuad, and his enemy, Erc, son of Cairbre, saw him in the chariot, and his sword shining red in his hand, and the light of his courage plain upon him, and his hair spread out like threads of gold that change their color on the edge of the anvil under the smith's hand, and the Crow of Battle in the air over his head.

"Cuchulain is coming at us," said Erc to the men of Ireland, "and let us be ready for him." So they made a fence of shields linked together, and Erc put a couple of the men that were strongest here and there, to let on to be fighting one another, that they might call Cuchulain to them; and he put a Druid with every couple of them, and he bid the Druid to ask Cuchulain's spears of him, for it would be hard for him to refuse a Druid. For it was in the pro-

phhecy of the children of Calatin that a king would be killed by each one of those spears in that battle.

And he bid the men of Ireland to give out shouts, and Cuchulain came against them in his chariot, doing his three thunder feats, and he used his spear and his sword in such a way, that their heads, and their hands, and their feet, and their bones, were scattered through the plain of Muirthemne, like the sands on the shore, like the stars in the sky, like the dew in May, like snow-flakes and hailstones, like leaves of the trees, like buttercups in a meadow, like grass under the feet of cattle on a fine summer day. It is red that plain was with the slaughter Cuchulain made when he came crashing over it.

Then he saw one of the men that was put to quarrel with the other, and the Druid called to him to come and hinder them, and Cuchulain leaped towards them. "Your spear to me," cried the Druid. "I swear by the oath of my people," said Cuchulain, "you are not so much in want of it as I am in want of it myself. The men of Ireland are upon me," he said, "and I am upon them." "I will put a bad name on you if you refuse it to me," said the Druid. "There was never a bad name put on me yet, on account of any refusal of mine," said Cuchulain, and with that he threw the spear at him, and it went through his head, and it killed the men that were on the other side of him.

Then Cuchulain drove through the host, and Lugaid, son of Curoi, got the spear. "Who is it will fall by this spear, children of Calatin?" said Lugaid. "A king will fall by it," said they. Then Lugaid threw the spear at Cuchulain's chariot, and it went through and hit the driver, Laeg, son of Riagabra, and he fell back, and his bowels came out on the cushions of the chariot. "My grief!" said Laeg, "it is hard I am wounded." Then Cuchulain drew the spear out, and Laeg said his farewell to him, and Cuchulain said: "To-day I will be a fighter and a chariot-driver as well."

Then he saw the other two men that were put to quarrel with one another, and one of them called out it would be a great shame for him not to give him his help. Then Cuchulain leaped towards them. "Your spear to me, Cuchulain," said the Druid. "I swear by the oath my people

swear by," said he, "you are not in such want of the spear as I am myself, for it is by my courage, and by my arms, that I have to drive out the four provinces of Ireland that are sweeping over Muirthemne to-day." "I will put a bad name upon you," said the Druid. "I am not bound to give more than one gift in the day, and I have paid what is due to my name already," said Cuchulain. Then the Druid said: "I will put a bad name on the province of Ulster, because of your refusal."

"Ulster was never dispraised yet for any refusal of mine," said Cuchulain, "or for anything I did unworthily. Though little of my life should be left to me, Ulster will not be reproached for me to-day." With that he threw his spear at him, and it went through his head, and through the heads of the nine men that were behind him, and Cuchulain went through the host as he did before.

Then Erc, son of Cairbre Niafer, took up his spear. "Who will fall by this?" he asked the children of Calatin. "A king will fall by it," they said. "I heard you say the same thing of the spear that Lugaid threw a while ago," said Erc. "That is true," said they, "and the king of the chariot-drivers of Ireland fell by it, Cuchulain's driver Laeg, son of Rianganbra."

With that, Erc threw the spear, and it went through the Grey of Macha. Cuchulain drew the spear out, and they said farewell to one another. And then the Grey went away from him, with half his harness hanging from his neck, and he went into Glas-linn, the gray pool in Slieve Fuad.

Then Cuchulain drove through the host, and he saw the third couple disputing together, and he went between them as he did before. And the Druid asked his spear of him, but he refused him. "I will put a bad name on you," said the Druid. "I have paid what is due to my name to-day," said he; "my honor does not bind me to give more than one request in a day." "I will put a bad name upon Ulster because of your refusal." "I have paid what is due for the honor of Ulster," said Cuchulain. "Then I will put a bad name on your kindred," said the Druid. "The news that I have been given a bad name shall never go back to that place I am never to go back to myself; for it is little of my life that is left to me," said Cuchulain. With that

he threw the spear at him, and it went through him, and through the heads of the men that were along with him.

"You do your kindness unkindly, Cuchulain," said the Druid, as he fell. Then Cuchulain drove for the last time through the host, and Lugaid took the spear, and he said: "Who will fall by this spear, children of Calatin?" "A king will fall by it," said they. "I heard you saying that a king would fall by the spear Ere threw a while ago." "That is true," they said, "and the Grey of Macha fell by it, that was the king of the horses of Ireland."

Then Lugaid threw the spear, and it went through and through Cuchulain's body, and he knew he had got his deadly wound; and his bowels came out on the cushions of the chariot, and his only horse went away from him, the Black Sainglain, with half the harness hanging from his neck, and left his master, the king of the heroes of Ireland, to die upon the plain of Muirthemné.

Then Cuchulain said: "There is great desire on me to go to that lake beyond, and to get a drink from it."

"We will give you leave to do that," they said, "if you will come back to us after."

"I will bid you come for me if I am not able to come back myself," said Cuchulain.

Then he gathered up his bowels into his body, and he went down to the lake. He drank a drink, and he washed himself, and he turned back again to his death, and he called to his enemies to come and meet him.

There was a pillar-stone west of the lake, and his eye lit on it, and he went to the pillar-stone, and he tied himself to it with his breast-belt, the way he would not meet his death lying down, but would meet it standing up. Then his enemies came round about him, but they were in dread of going close to him, for they were not sure but he might be still alive.

"It is a great shame for you," said Ere, son of Cairbre, "not to strike the head off that man, in revenge for his striking the head off my father."

Then the Grey of Macha came back to defend Cuchulain as long as there was life in him, and the hero-light was shining above him. And the Grey of Macha made three attacks against them, and he killed fifty men with his teeth, and

thirty with each of his hoofs. So there is a saying: "It is not sharper work than this was done by the Grey of Macha, the time of Cuchulain's death."

Then a bird came and settled on his shoulder. "It is not on that pillar birds were used to settle," said Ere.

Then Lugaid came and lifted up Cuchulain's hair from his shoulders, and struck his head off, and the men of Ireland gave three great heavy shouts, and the sword fell from Cuchulain's hand, and as it fell, it struck off Lugaid's right hand, so that it fell to the ground. Then they cut off Cuchulain's hand, in satisfaction for it, and then the light faded away from about Cuchulain's head, and left it as pale as the snow of a single night. Then all the men of Ireland said that as it was Maeve had gathered the army, it would be right for her to bring away the head to Cruachan. "I will not bring it with me; it is for Lugaid that struck it off to bring it with him," said Maeve. And then Lugaid and his men went away, and they brought away Cuchulain's head and his right hand with them, and they went south, towards the Lifé river.

At that time the army of Ulster was gathering to attack its enemies, and Conall was out before them, and he met the Grey of Macha, and his share of blood dripping from him. And then he knew that Cuchulain was dead, and himself and the Grey of Macha went looking for Cuchulain's body. And when they saw his body at the pillar-stone, the Grey of Macha went and laid his head in Cuchulain's breast: "That body is a heavy care to the Grey of Macha," said Conall.

Then Conall went after the army, thinking in his own mind what way he could get satisfaction for Cuchulain's death. For it was a promise between himself and Cuchulain that whichever of them would be killed the first, the other would get satisfaction for his death.

"And if I am the first that is killed," said Cuchulain at that time, "how long will it be before you get satisfaction for me?"

"Before the evening of the same day," said Conall, "I will have got satisfaction for you. And if it is I that will die before you," he said, "how long will it be before you get satisfaction for me?"

"Your share of blood will not be cold on the ground,"

said Cuchulain, "when I will have got satisfaction for you."

So Conall followed after Lugaid to the river Lifé.

Lugaid was going down to bathe in the water, but he said to his chariot-driver: "Look out there over the plain, for fear would any one come at us unknown."

The chariot-driver looked around him. "There is a man coming on us," he said, "and it is in a great hurry he is coming; and you would think he has all the ravens in Ireland flying over his head, and there are flakes of snow speckling the ground before him."

"It is not in friendship the man comes that is coming like that," said Lugaid. "It is Conall Cearnach it is, with Dub-dearg, and the birds that you see after him, they are the sods the horse has scattered in the air from his hoofs, and the flakes of snow that are speckling the ground before him, they are the froth that he scatters from his mouth and from the bit of his bridle. Look again," said Lugaid, "and see what way is he coming." "It is to the ford he is coming, the same way the army passed over," said the chariot-driver. "Let him pass by us," said Lugaid, "for I have no mind to fight with him."

But when Conall came to the middle of the ford, he saw Lugaid and his chariot-driver, and he went over to them. "Welcome is the sight of a debtor's face," said Conall. "The man you owe a debt to is asking payment of you now, and I myself am that man," he said, "for the sake of my comrade, Cuchulain, that you killed. And I am standing here now, to get that debt paid."

They agreed then to fight it out on the plain of Magh Argetuas, and in the fight Conall wounded Lugaid with his spear. From that they went to a place called Ferta Lugdae. "I would like that you would give me fair play," said Lugaid. "What fair play?" said Conall Cearnach.

"That you and I should fight with one hand," said he, "for I have the use of but one hand."

"I will do that," said Conall. Then Conall's hand was bound to his side with a cord, and then they fought for a long time, and one did not get the better of the other. And when Conall was not gaining on him, his horse, Dub-dearg, that was near by, came up to Lugaid, and took a bite out of his side.

“Misfortune on me,” said Lugaid, “it is not right or fair that is of you, Conall.”

“It was for myself I promised to do what is right and fair,” said Conall. “I made no promise for a beast, that is without training and without sense.”

“It is well I know you will not leave me till you take my head, as I took Cúchulain’s head from him,” said Lugaid. “Take it, then, along with your own head. Put my kingdom with your kingdom, and my courage with your courage; for I would like that you would be the best champion in Ireland.”

Then Conall made an end of him, and he went back, bringing Cúchulain’s head along with him to the pillar-stone where his body was.

And by that time Emer had got word of all that had happened, and that her husband had got his death by the men of Ireland, and by the powers of the children of Calatin. And it was Levarcham brought her the story, for Conall Cearnach had met her on his way, and had bade her go and bring the news to Emain Macha; and there she found Emer, and she sitting in her upper room, looking over the plain for some word from the battle.

And all the women came out to meet Levarcham, and when they heard her story, they made an outcry of grief and sharp cries, with loud weeping and burning tears; and there were long dismal sounds going through Emain, and the whole country round was filled with crying. And Emer and her women went to the place where Cúchulain’s body was, and they gathered round it there, and gave themselves to crying and keening.

And when Conall came back to the place, he laid the head with the body of Cúchulain, and he began to lament along with them, and it is what he said: “It is Cúchulain had prosperity on him, a root of valor from the time he was but a soft child; there never fell a better hero than the hero that fell by Lugaid of the Lands. And there are many are in want of you,” he said, “and until all the chief men of Ireland have fallen by me, it is not fitting there should ever be peace.

“It is grief to me, he to have gone into the battle without Conall being at his side; it was a pity for him to go there without my body beside his body. Och! it is he was my

foster-son, and now the ravens are drinking his blood; there will not be either laughter or mirth, since the Hound has gone astray from us."

"Let us bury Cuchulain now," said Emer. "It is not right to do that," said Conall, "until I have avenged him on the men of Ireland. And it is a great shouting I hear about the plain of Muirthemne, and it is full the country is of crying after Cuchulain; and it is good at keeping the country and watching the boundaries the man was that is here before me, a cross-hacked body in a pool of blood. And it is well it pleased Lugaid, son of Curoi, to be at the killing of Cuchulain, for it was Cuchulain killed the chiefs and the children of Deaguid round Famaín, son of Foraí, and round Curoi, son of Daire himself. And this shouting has taken away my wits and my memory from me," he said, "and it is hard for me, Cuchulain not to answer these cries, and I to be without him now; for there is not a champion in Ireland that was not in dread of the sword in his hand. And it is broken in halves my heart is for my brother, and I will bring my revenge through Ireland now, and I will not leave a tribe without wounding, or true blood without spilling. and the whole world will be told of my rout to the end of life and time, until the men of Munster and Connaught and Leinster will be crying for the rising they made against him. And without the spells of the children of Calatin, the whole of them would not have been able to do him to death."

After that complaint, rage and madness came on Conall, and he went forward in his chariot to follow after the rest of the men of Ireland, the same way as he had followed after Lugaid.

And Emer took the head of Cuchulain in her hands, and she washed it clean, and put a silk cloth about it, and she held it to her breast; and she began to cry heavily over it, and it is what she said:

"Ochone!" said she, "it is good the beauty of this head was, though it is low this day, and it is many of the kings and princes of the world would be keening it if they knew the way it is now, and the poets and the Druids of Ireland and of Alban; and many were the goods and the jewels and the rents and the tributes that you brought home to

me from the countries of the world, with the courage and the strength of your hands!"

And she made this complaint:

"Och, head! Ochone, O head! you gave death to great heroes, to many hundreds; my head will lie in the same grave, the one stone will be made for both of us.

"Och, hand! Ochone, hand that was once gentle. It is often it was put under my head; it is dear that hand was to me!

"Dear mouth! Ochone, kind mouth that was sweet-voiced telling stories; since the time love first came on your face, you never refused either weak or strong!

"Dear the man, dear the man, that would kill the whole of a great host; dear his cold bright hair, and dear his bright cheeks!

"Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any; thirty days it is to-night since my body lay beside your body.

"Och, two spears! Ochone, two spears! Och, shield! Och, deadly sword! Let them be given to Conall of the battles; there was never any wage given like that.

"I am glad, I am glad, Cuchulain of Muirthemne, I never brought red shame on your face, for any unfaithfulness against you.

"Happy are they, happy are they, who will never hear the cuckoo again for ever, now that the Hound has died from us.

"I am carried away like a branch on the stream; I will not bind up my hair to-day. From this day I have nothing to say that is better than Ochone!"

And then she said: "It is long that it was showed to me in a vision of the night, that Cuchulain would fall by the men of Ireland, and it appeared to me Dundalgan to be falling to the ground, and his shield to be split from lip to border, and his sword and his spears broken in the middle, and I saw Conall doing deeds of death before me, and myself and yourself in the one death. And oh! my love," she said, "we were often in one another's company, and it was happy for us; for if the world had been searched from the rising of the sun to sunset, the like would never have been found in one place, of the Black Sainglain and the Grey of Macha, and Laeg the chariot-driver, and myself

and Cuchulain. And it is breaking my heart is in my body, to be listening to the pity and the sorrowing of women and men, and the harsh crying of the young men of Ulster keening Cuchulain, and Ulster to be in its weakness, and without strength to revenge itself upon the men of Ireland."

And after she had made that complaint, she brought Cuchulain's body to Dundéalgan; and they all cried and keened about him until such time as Conall Cearnach came back from making his red rout through the army of the men of Ireland.

For he was not satisfied to make a slaughter of the men of Munster and Connaught, without reddening his hand in the blood of the men of Leinster as well.

And when he had done that, he came to Dundéalgan, and his men along with him, but they made no rejoicing when they went back that time. And he brought the heads of the men of Ireland along with him in a gad, and he laid them out on the green lawn, and the people of the house gave three great shouts when they saw the heads.

And Emer came out, and when she saw Conall Cearnach, she said: "My great esteem and my welcome before you, king of heroes, and may your many wounds not be your death; for you have avenged the treachery done on Ulster, and now what you have to do is to make our grave, and to lay us together in the grave, for I will not live after Cuchulain.

"And tell me, Conall," she said, "whose are those heads all around on the lawn, and which of the great men of Ireland did they belong to?"

And she was asking, and Conall was answering, and it is what she said:

"Tell me, Conall, whose are those heads, for surely you have reddened your arms with them. Tell me the names of the men whose heads are there upon the ground."

And Conall said: "Daughter of Forgall of the Horses, young Emer of the sweet words, it is in revenge for the Hound of Feats I brought these heads here from the south."

"Whose is the great black head, with the smooth cheek redder than a rose; it is at the far end, on the left side, the head that has not changed its color?"

"It is the head of the king of Meath, Erc, son of Cairbre of Swift Horses; I brought his head with me from far off, in revenge for my own foster-son."

"Whose is that head there before me, with soft hair, with smooth eyebrows, its eyes like ice, its teeth like blossoms; that head is more beautiful in shape than the others?"

"A son of Maeve; a destroyer of harbors, yellow-haired Maine, man of horses; I left his body without a head; all his people fell by my hand."

"O great Conall, who did not fail us, whose head is this you hold in your hand? Since the Hound of Feats is not living, what do you bring in satisfaction for his head?"

"The head of the son of Fergus of the Horses, a destroyer in every battle-field, my sister's son of the narrow tower; I have struck his head from his body."

"Whose is that head to the west, with fair hair, the head that is spoiled with grief? I used to know his voice; I was for a while his friend."

"That is he that struck down the Hound, Lugaid, son of Curoi of the Rhymes. His body was laid out straight and fair, I struck his head off afterwards."

"Whose are those two heads farther out, great Conall of good judgment? For the sake of your friendship, do not hide the names of the men put down by your arms."

"The heads of Laigaire and Clar Cuilt, two men that fell by my wounds. It was they wounded faithful Cuchulain; I made my weapons red in their blood."

"Whose are those heads farther to the east, great Conall of bright deeds? The hair of the two is of one color; their cheeks are redder than a calf's blood."

"Brave Cullain and hardy Cunlaid, two that were used to overcome in their anger. There to the east, Emer, are their heads; I left their bodies in a red pool."

"Whose are those three heads with evil looks I see before me to the north? Their faces blue, their hair black; even hard Conall's eye turns from them."

"Three of the enemies of the Hound, daughters of Calatin, wise in enchantments; they are the three witches killed by me, their weapons in their hands."

"O great Conall, father of kings, whose is that head that

would overcome in the battle? His bushy hair is gold-yellow; his head-dress is smooth and white like silver."

"It is the head of the son of Red-Haired Ross, son of Necht Min, that died by my strength. This, Emer, is his head; the high king of Leinster of Speckled Swords."

"O great Conall, change the story. How many of the men that harmed him fell by your hand that does not fail, in satisfaction for the head of Cuchulain?"

"It is what I say, ten and seven scores of hundreds is the number that fell, back to back, by the anger of my hard sword and of my people."

"O Conall, what way are they, the women of Ireland, after the Hound? Are they mourning the son of Sualtim? are they showing respect through their grief?"

"O Emer, what shall I do without my Cuchulain, my fine nurseling, going in and out from me, to-night?"

"O Conall, lift me to the grave. Raise my stone over the grave of the Hound; since it is through grief for him I go to death, lay my mouth to the mouth of Cuchulain."

"I am Emer of the Fair Form; there is no more vengeance for me to find; I have no love for any man. It is sorrowful my stay is after the Hound."

And after that Emer bade Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth and she said: "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman, wed or unwed, envied me till to-day: and now I will not stay living after you."

And her life went out from her, and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in the one grave by Conall. And he raised the one stone over them, and he wrote their names in Ogham, and he himself and all the men of Ulster keened them.

But the three times fifty queens that loved Cuchulain saw him appear in his Druid chariot, going through Emain Macha; and they could hear him singing the music of the Sidhe.

CAEL AND CREDHE.

From 'Gods and Fighting Men.'

They went on over every hilly place and every stony place till they came to Loch Cuire in the west; and they came to the door of the hill of the Sidhe and knocked at it with the shafts of their long gold-socketed spears. And there came young girls having yellow hair to the windows of the sunny houses; and Credhe herself, having three times fifty women with her, came out to speak with them. "It is to ask you in marriage we are come," said Finn. "Who is it is asking for me?" said she. "It is Cael, the hundred-killer, grandson of Nemhnain, son of the King of Leinster in the east." "I have heard talk of him, but I have never seen him," said Credhe. "And has he any poem for me?" she said. "I have that," said Cael, and he rose up then and sang his poem:

"A journey I have to make, and it is no easy journey, to the house of Credhe against the breast of the mountain, at the Paps of Dana; it is there I must be going through hardships for the length of seven days. It is pleasant her house is, with men and boys and women, with Druids and musicians, with cup-bearer and door-keeper, with horse-boy that does not leave his work, with distributer to share food; and Credhe of the Fair Hair having command over them all.

"It would be delightful to me in her dun, with coverings and with down, if she has but a mind to listen to me.

"A bowl she has with juice of berries in it to make her eyebrows black; crystal vats of fermenting grain; beautiful cups and vessels. Her house is of the color of lime; there are rushes for beds, and many silken coverings and blue cloaks; red gold is there, and bright drinking-horns. Her sunny house is beside Loch Cuire, made of silver and yellow gold; its ridge is thatched without any fault, with the crimson wings of birds. The doorposts are green, the lintel is of silver taken in battle. Credhe's chair on the left is the delight of delights, covered with gold of Elga; at the foot of the pleasant bed it is, the bed that was made of precious stones by Tuile in the east. Another bed there is on the right, of gold and silver, it is made without any

fault, curtains it has of the color of the foxglove, hanging on rods of copper.

"The people of her house, it is they have delight, their cloaks are not faded white, they are not worn smooth; their hair is fair and curling. Wounded men in their blood would sleep hearing the birds of the Sidhe singing in the eaves of the sunny house.

"If I have any thanks to give to Credhe, for whom the cuckoo calls, she will get better praise than this; if this love-service I have done is pleasing to her, let her not delay, let her say, 'Your coming is welcome to me.'

"A hundred feet there are in her house, from one corner to another; twenty feet fully measured is the width of her great door; her roof has its thatch of the wings of blue and yellow birds, the border of her well is of crystals and carbuncles.

"There is a vat there of royal bronze; the juice of pleasant malt is running from it; over the vat is an apple-tree with its heavy fruit; when Credhe's horn is filled from the vat, four apples fall into it together.

"She that owns all these things both at low water and at flood, Credhe from the Hill of the Three Peaks, she is beyond all the women of Ireland by the length of a spear-cast.

"Here is this song for her, it is no sudden bride-gift it is, no hurried asking; I bring it to Credhe of the beautiful shape, that my coming may be very bright to her."

Then Credhe took him for her husband, and the wedding-feast was made, and the whole of the Fianna stopped there through seven days, at drinking and pleasure, and having every good thing.

THE COMING OF FINN.

From 'Gods and Fighting Men.'

At the time Finn was born his father Cumhal, of the sons of Baisene, Head of the Fianna of Ireland, had been killed in battle by the sons of Morna that were fighting with him for the leadership. And his mother, that was beautiful long-haired Muirne, daughter of Tadg, son of Nuada of the Tuatha de Danaan and of Ethlinn, mother of Lugh of the Long Hand, did not dare to keep him with her; and two women, Bodhmall, the woman Druid, and Liath Luachra, came and brought him away to care him.

It was to the woods of Slieve Bladhma they brought him, and they nursed him secretly, because of his father's enemies, the sons of Morna, and they kept him there a long time.

And Muirne, his mother, took another husband that was king of Carriaghe; but at the end of six years she came to see Finn, going through every lonely place till she came to the wood, and there she found the little hunting cabin, and the boy asleep in it, and she lifted him up in her arms and kissed him, and she sang a little sleepy song to him; and then she said farewell to the women, and she went away again.

And the two women went on caring him till he came to sensible years; and one day when he went out he saw a wild duck on the lake with her clutch, and he made a cast at her that cut the wings off her that she could not fly, and he brought her back to the cabin, and that was his first hunt.

And they gave him good training in running and leaping and swimming. One of them would run round a tree, and she having a thorn switch, and Finn after her with another switch, and each one trying to hit at the other; and they would leave him in a field, and hares along with him, and would bid him not to let the hares quit the field, but to keep before them whichever way they would go; and to teach him swimming they would throw him into the water and let him make his way out.

But after a while he went away with a troop of poets, to hide from the sons of Morna, and they hid him in the

mountain of Crotta Cliach; but there was a robber in Leinster at that time, Fiacuil, son of Codhna, and he came where the poets were in Fidh Gaible and killed them all. But he spared the child and brought him to his own house, that was in a cold marsh. But the two women, Bodhmall and Liath, came looking for him after a while, and Fiacuil gave him up to them, and they brought him back to the same place he was before.

He grew up there, straight and strong and fair-haired and beautiful. And one day he was out in Slieve Bladhma, and the two women along with him, and they saw before them a herd of the wild deer of the mountain. "It is a pity," said the old woman, "we not to be able to get a deer of those deer." "I will get one for you," said Finn; and with that he followed after them, and caught two stags of them and brought them home to the hunting cabin. And after that he used to be hunting for them every day. But at last they said to him: "It is best for you to leave us now, for the sons of Morna are watching again to kill you."

So he went away then by himself, and never stopped till he came to Magh Lifé, and there he saw young lads swimming in a lake, and they called to him to swim against them. So he went into the lake, and he beat them at swimming. "Fair he is and well shaped," they said when they saw him swimming, and it was from that time he got the name of Finn, that is, Fair. But they got to be jealous of his strength, and he went away and left them.

He went on then till he came to Loch Lein, and he took service there with the King of Finntraigh; and there was no hunter like him, and the king said: "If Cúmhál had left a son, you would be that son."

He went from that king after, and he went into Carraighe, and there he took service with the king, that had taken his mother Muirne for his wife. And one day they were playing chess together, and he won seven games one after another. "Who are you at all?" said the king then. "I am a son of a countryman of the Luigne of Teamhair," said Finn. "That is not so," said the king, "but you are the son that Muirne my wife bore to Cúmhál. And do not stop here any longer," he said, "that you may not be killed under my protection."

From that he went into Connacht looking for his father's

brother, Crimall, son of Trenmor; and as he was going on his way he heard the crying of a lone woman. He went to her, and looked at her, and tears of blood were on her face. "Your face is red with blood, woman," he said. "I have reason for it," said she, "for my only son is after being killed by a great fighting man that came on us." And Finn followed after the big champion and fought with him and killed him. And the man he killed was the same man that had given Cumhal his first wound in the battle where he got his death, and had brought away his treasure-bag with him.

Now as to that treasure-bag, it is of a crane skin it was made, that was one time the skin of Aoife, the beautiful sweetheart of Ilbree, son of Manannan, that was put into the shape of a crane through jealousy. And it was in Manannan's house it used to be, and there were treasures kept in it, Manannan's shirt and his knife, and the belt and the smith's hook of Goibniu, and the shears of the King of Alban, and the helmet of the King of Lochlann, and a belt of the skin of a great fish, and the bones of Asal's pig that had been brought to Ireland by the sons of Tuireann. And the bag went from Manannan to Lugh, son of Ethlinn, and after that to Cumhal, that was husband to Muirne, Ethlinn's daughter.

And Finn took the treasure-bag and brought it with him till he found Crimall, that was now an old man, living in a lonely place, and some of the old men of the Fianna were with him, and used to go hunting for him. And Finn gave him the treasure-bag, and told him his whole story.

And then he said farewell to Crimall, and went on to learn poetry from Finegas, a poet that was living at the Boinn, for the poets thought it was always on the brink of water poetry was revealed to them. And he did not give him his own name, but he took the name of Deimne. Seven years, now, Finegas had stopped at the Boinn, watching the salmon, for it was in the prophecy that he would eat the salmon of knowledge that would come there, and that he would have all knowledge after. And when at the last the salmon of knowledge came, he brought it to where Finn was, and bade him to roast it, but he bade him not to eat any of it. And when Finn brought him the salmon after a while he said: "Did you eat any of it at

all, boy?" "I did not," said Finn; "but I burned my thumb putting down a blister that rose on the skin, and after doing that, I put my thumb in my mouth." "What is your name, boy?" said Finegas. "Deimne," said he. "It is not, but it is Finn your name is, and it is to you and not to myself the salmon was given in the prophecy." With that he gave Finn the whole of the salmon, and from that time Finn had the knowledge that came from the nuts of the nine hazels of wisdom that grow beside the well that is below the sea.

And besides the wisdom he got then, there was a second wisdom came to him another time, and this is the way it happened. There was a well of the moon belonging to Beag, son of Buan, of the Tuatha de Danaan, and whoever would drink out of it would get wisdom, and after a second drink he would get the gift of foretelling. And the three daughters of Beag, son of Buan, had charge of the well, and they would not part with a vessel of it for anything less than red gold. And one day Finn chanced to be hunting in the rushes near the well, and the three women ran out to hinder him from coming to it, and one of them that had a vessel of the water in her hand, threw it at him to stop him, and a share of the water went into his mouth. And from that out he had all the knowledge that the water of that well could give.

And he learned the three ways of poetry; and this is the poem he made to show he had got his learning well:—

"It is the month of May is the pleasant time; its face is beautiful; the blackbird sings his full song, the living wood is his holding, the cuckoos are singing and ever singing; there is a welcome before the brightness of the summer.

"Summer is lessening the rivers, the swift horses are looking for the pool; the heath spreads out its long hair, the weak white bog-down grows. A wildness comes on the heart of the deer; the sad restless sea is asleep.

"Bees with their little strength carry a load reaped from the flowers; the cattle go up muddy to the mountains; the ant has a good full feast.

"The harp of the woods is playing music; there is color on the hills, and a haze on the full lakes, and entire peace upon every sail.

"The cornerake is speaking, a loud-voiced poet; the high lonely waterfall is singing a welcome to the warm pool, the talking of the rushes has begun.

"The light swallows are darting; the loudness of music is around the hill; the fat soft mast is budding; there is grass on the trembling bogs.

"The bog is as dark as the feathers of the raven; the cuckoo makes a loud welcome; the speckled salmon is leaping; as strong is the leaping of the swift fighting man.

"The man is gaining; the girl is in her comely growing power; every wood is without fault from the top to the ground, and every wide good plain.

"It is pleasant is the color of the time; rough winter is gone; every plentiful wood is white; summer is a joyful peace.

"A flock of birds pitches in the meadow; there are sounds in the green fields, there is in them a clear rushing stream.

"There is a hot desire on you for the racing of horses; twisted holly makes a leash for the hound; a bright spear has been shot into the earth, and the flag-flower is golden under it.

"A weak lasting little bird is singing at the top of his voice; the lark is singing clear tidings; without fault, of beautiful colors.

"I have another story for you; the ox is lowing, the winter is creeping in, the summer is gone. High and cold the wind, low the sun, cries are about us; the sea is quarreling.

"The ferns are reddened and their shape is hidden; the cry of the wild goose is heard; the cold has caught the wings of the birds; it is the time of ice-frost, hard, unhappy."

And after that, Finn, being but a young lad yet, made himself ready and went up at Samhain time to the gathering of the High King at Teamhair. And it was the law at that gathering, no one to raise a quarrel or bring out any grudge against another through the whole of the time it lasted. And the king and his chief men, and Goll, son of Morna, that was now Head of the Fianna, and Caoilte, son of Ronan, and Conan, son of Morna, of the sharp

words, were sitting at a feast in the great house of the Middle Court; and the young lad came in and took his place among them, and none of them knew who he was.

The High King looked at him then, and the horn of meetings was brought to him, and he put it into the boy's hand, and asked him who he was.

"I am Finn, son of Cumhal," he said, "son of the man that used to be head over the Fianna, and King of Ireland; and I am come now to get your friendship, and to give you my service."

"You are son of a friend, boy," said the king, "and son of a man I trusted."

Then Finn rose up and made his agreement of service and of faithfulness to the king; and the king took him by the hand and put him sitting beside his own son, and they gave themselves to drinking and to pleasure for a while.

Every year, now, at Samhain time, for nine years, there had come a man of the Tuatha de Danaan out of Sidhe Finnachaidh in the north, and had burned up Teamhair. Aillen, son of Midhna, his name was, and it is the way he used to come, playing music of the Sidhe, and all the people that heard it would fall asleep. And when they were all in their sleep, he would let a flame of fire out of his mouth, and would blow the flame till all Teamhair was burned.

The king rose up at the feast after a while, and his smooth horn in his hand, and it is what he said: "If I could find among you, men of Ireland, any man that would keep Teamhair till the break of day to-morrow without being burned by Aillen, son of Midhna, I would give him whatever inheritance is right for him to have, whether it be much or little."

But the men of Ireland made no answer, for they knew well that at the sound of the sweet pitiful music made by that comely man of the Sidhe, even women in their pains and men that were wounded would fall asleep.

It is then Finn rose up and spoke to the King of Ireland. "Who will be your sureties that you will fulfill this?" he said. "The kings of the provinces of Ireland," said the king, "and Cithruadh with his Druids." So they gave their pledges, and Finn took in hand to keep Teamhair safe till the breaking of day on the morrow.

Now there was a fighting man among the followers of the King of Ireland, Fiacha, son of Conga, that Cúmhhal, Finn's father, used to have a great liking for, and he said to Finn: "Well, boy," he said, "what reward would you give me if I would bring you a deadly spear, that no false cast was ever made with?" "What reward are you asking of me?" said Finn. "Whatever your right hand wins at any time, the third of it to be mine," said Fiacha, "and a third of your trust and your friendship to be mine." "I will give you that," said Finn. Then Fiacha brought him the spear, unknown to the sons of Morna or to any other person, and he said: "When you will hear the music of the Sidhe, let you strip the covering off the head of the spear and put it to your forehead, and the power of the spear will not let sleep come upon you."

Then Finn rose up before all the men of Ireland, and he made a round of the whole of Teamhair. And it was not long till he heard the sorrowful music, and he stripped the covering from the head of the spear, and he held the power of it to his forehead. And Aillen went on playing his little harp, till he had put every one in their sleep as he was used; and then he let a flame of fire out from his mouth to burn Teamhair. And Finn held up his fringed crimson cloak against the flame, and it fell down through the air and went into the ground, bringing the four-folded cloak with it deep into the earth.

And when Aillen saw his spells were destroyed, he went back to Sidhe Fínnachaidh on the top of Slieve Fuad; but Finn followed after him there, and as Aillen was going in at the door he made a cast of the spear that went through his heart. And he struck his head off then, and brought it back to Teamhair and fixed it on a crooked pole and left it there till the rising of the sun over the heights and inverts of the country.

And Aillen's mother came to where his body was lying, and there was great grief on her, and she made this complaint:—

"Ochone! Aillen is fallen, chief of the Sidhe of Beim Boirche; the slow clouds of death are come on him. Och! he was pleasant, Och! he was kind. Aillen, son of Midhna of Slieve Fuad.

"Nine times he burned Teamhair. It is a great name he was always looking for, Ochone, Ochone, Aillen!"

And at the breaking of day, the king and all the men of Ireland came out upon the lawn at Teamhair where Finn was. "King," said Finn, "there is the head of the man that burned Teamhair, and the pipe and the harp that made his music. And it is what I think," he said, "that Teamhair and all that is in it is saved."

Then they all came together into the place of counsel and it is what they agreed, the headship of the Fianna of Ireland to be given to Finn. And the king said to Goll, son of Morna: "Well, Goll," he said, "is it your choice to quit Ireland or to put your hand in Finn's hand?" "By my word, I will give Finn my hand," said Goll.

And when the charms that used to bring good luck had done their work, the chief men of the Fianna rose up and struck their hands in Finn's hand, and Goll, son of Morna, was the first to give him his hand the way there would be less shame on the rest for doing it.

And Finn kept the headship of the Fianna until the end; and the place he lived in was Almhuin of Leinster, where the white dun was made by Nuada of the Tuatha de Danaan, that was as white as if all the lime in Ireland was put on it, and that got its name from the great herd of cattle that died fighting one time around the well, and that left their horns there, speckled horns and white.

And as to Finn himself, he was a king and a seer and a poet; a Druid and a knowledgeable man; and everything he said was sweet-sounding to his people. And a better fighting man than Finn never struck his hand into a king's hand, and whatever any one ever said of him, he was three times better. And of his justice it used to be said, that if his enemy and his own son had come before him to be judged, it is a fair judgment he would have given between them. And as to his generosity it used to be said, he never denied any man as long as he had a mouth to eat with, and legs to bring away what he gave him; and he left no woman without her bride-price, and no man without his pay; and he never promised at night what he would not fulfill on the morrow, and he never promised in the day what he would not fulfill at night, and he never forsook his right-hand friend. And if he was quiet in peace he was angry in

battle, and Oisín his son and Osgar his son's son, followed him in that. There was a young man of Ulster came and claimed kinship with them one time, saying they were of the one blood. "If that is so," said Oisín, "it is from the men of Ulster we took the madness and the angry heart we have in battle." "That is so indeed," said Finn.

MOUNTAIN THEOLOGY.

From 'Poets and Dreamers.'

Mary Glyn lives under Slieve-nan-Or, the Golden Mountain, where the last battle will be fought in the last great war of the world; so that the sides of Gortaveha, a lesser mountain, will stream with blood. But she and her friends are not afraid of this; for an old weaver from the north, who knew all things, told them long ago that there is a place near Turloughmore where war will never come, because St. Columcill used to live there. So they will make use of this knowledge, and seek a refuge there, if, indeed, there is room enough for them all. There is a river by her house that marks the boundary between Galway and Clare; and there are stepping-stones in the river, so that she can cross from Connaught to Munster when she has a mind. But she cannot do her marketing when she has a mind; for the nearest town, Gort, is ten miles away. The roof of her little cabin is thatched with rushes, and a garden of weeds grows on it, and the rain comes through. But she is soon to have a new thatch; for she thinks she won't live long, and she wouldn't like the rain to be coming down on her when she is dead and laid out. There is heather in blow on the hills about her home, and fox-glove reddens the clay banks, and loosestrife the marshy hollows; and rush-cotton waves its little white flags over the bogs. Mary Glyn's neighbors come to see her sometimes, when the sun is going down, and the hurry of the day is over. Old Mr. Saggarton is one of them; he had his learning from a hedge-schoolmaster in the old times; and he looks down on the narrow teaching of the National Schools; and he was once in jail for nine months, having

been taken in the very act of making *poteen*. And Mrs. Casey comes and looks at the stepping-stones now and again, for she is a Clare woman; and though she has lived fifty years in Connaught, she is not yet quite reconciled to it, and would never have made it her home if she could have seen it before she came. And some who do not live among the bogs and the heather, but among the green pastures and the gray stones of Aidne, come to Slieve Echtge and learn unwritten truths from the lips of Mary and her friends.

The duty of giving is taught as well as practiced by these poor hill-people. "For," says Mary Glyn, "the best road to heaven is to be charitable to the poor." And old Mrs. Casey agrees, and says: "There was a poor girl walking the road one night with no place to stop; and the Saviour met her on the road, and He said: 'Go up to the house you see a light in; there's a woman dead there, and they'll let you in.' So she went and she found the woman laid out, and the husband and other people; but she worked harder than they all, and she stopped in the house after; and after two quarters the man married her. And one day she was sitting outside the door, picking over a bag of wheat, and the Saviour came again, with the appearance of a poor man, and He asked her for a few grains of the wheat. And she said: 'Wouldn't potatoes be good enough for you?' and she called to the girl within to bring out a few potatoes. But He took nine grains of the wheat in His hand and went away; and there wasn't a grain of wheat left in the bag, but all gone. So she ran after Him then to ask Him to forgive her; and she overtook Him on the road, and she asked forgiveness. And He said: 'Don't you remember the time you had no house to go to, and I met you on the road, and sent you to a house where you'd live in plenty? and now you wouldn't give Me a few grains of wheat.' And she said: 'But why didn't You give me a heart that would like to divide it?' That is how she came round on Him. And He said: 'From this out, whenever you have plenty in your hands, divide it freely for My sake.'"

And this is a marvel that might occur again at any time; for Mary Glyn says further:—

... "There was a woman I knew was very charitable to the

poor; and she'd give them the full of her apron of bread, or of potatoes or anything she had. And she was only lately married; and one day, a poor woman came to the door with her children and she brought them to the fire, and warmed them, and gave them a drink of milk; and she sent out to the barn for a bag of potatoes for them. And the husband came in, and he said: 'Kitty, if you go on this way, you won't leave much for ourselves.' And she said: 'He that gave us what we have, can give us more.' And the next day when they went out to the barn, it was full of potatoes—more than were ever in it before. And when she was dying, and her children about her, the priest said to her: 'Mrs. Gallagher, it's in heaven you'll be at twelve o'clock to-morrow.'"

But when death comes, it is not enough to have been charitable; and it is not right to touch the body or lay it out for a couple of hours; for the soul should be given time to fight for itself, and to go up to judgment. And sometimes it is not willing to go; for Mrs. Casey says:—

"The Saviour, one time, told St. Patrick to go and prepare a man that was going to die. And St. Patrick said: 'I'd sooner not go; for I never yet saw the soul depart from the body.' But then he went, and he prepared the man. And when he was lying there dead, he saw the soul go from the body; and three times it went to the door, and three times it came back and kissed the body. And St. Patrick asked the Saviour why it did that; and He said: 'That soul was sorry to part from the body, because it had held it so clean and so honest.'"

When the hill-people talk of "the time of the war," it is the war that once took place in heaven that is understood. And when "*Those*" are spoken of, the fallen angels are understood, the cloud of witnesses, the whirling invisible host; and it is only to a stranger that an explanation need be given.

"They were in heaven once," Mary Glyn says, "and heaven is the first place there was war; and they were all to be done away with; and it was St. Peter asked the Saviour to help them, when he saw Him going to empty the heavens. So He turned His hand like this; and the earth and the sky and the sea were full of them, and they are in every place, and you know that better than I do, be-

cause you read books. Resting they do be in the daytime, and going about at night. And their music is the finest you ever heard, like all the fifers, and all the instruments, and all the tunes of the world. I heard it sometimes myself, and there is no music in the world like it; but not all can hear it. Round the hill it comes, and you going in at the door. And they are quiet neighbors if you treat them well. God bless them, and bring them all to heaven."

And then, having mentioned Monday (a spell against unseen listeners), and said, "God bless the hearers, and the place it is told in"—and her niece, Mary Irwin, having said, "God bless all we see, and those we don't see," they tell—first one speaking and then the other—that: "One night there were *banabhs* in the house; and there was a man coming to dig the potato garden in the morning—and so late at night, Mary Glyn was making stirabout, and a cake to have ready for the breakfast of the *banabhs* and the man; and Mary's brother Micky was asleep within on the bed. And there came the sound of the grandest music you ever heard from beyond the stream, and it stopped there. And Micky awoke in the bed, and was afraid, and said: 'Shut up the door and quench the light,' and so we did." "It's likely," Mary says, "they wanted to come into the house, and they wouldn't when they saw me up and the lights about." But one time when there were potatoes in the loft, Mary and her brothers were pelted with the potatoes when they sat down to supper. And Mary Irwin got a blow on the side of the face, from one of them, one night in the bed. "And they have the hope of heaven, and God grant it to them." And one day, there was a priest and his servant riding along the road, and there was a hurling of them going on in the field. And a man of them came out and stood in the road and said to the priest: "Tell me this, for you know it, have we a chance of heaven?" "You have not," said the priest. ("God forgive him," says Mary Irwin, "a priest to say that!") And the man that was of them said: "Put your fingers in your ears, till you have traveled two miles of the road; for when I go back and tell what you are after telling me to the rest, the crying and the bawling and the roaring will be so great that, if you hear it, you'll never hear a noise again in this world." So they put their fingers then in their ears; but after a

while the servant said to the priest: "Let me take out my fingers now." And the priest said: "Do not." And then the servant said again: "I think I might take one finger out." And the priest said: "Since you are so persevering, you may take it out." So he did, and the noise of the crying and the roaring and the bawling was so great, that he never had the use of that ear again.

Old Mr. Saggarton confirms the story of the fall of the angels and their presence about us, but goes deeper into theology. "The soul," he says, "was the breath of God, breathed into Adam, and it is the possession of God ever since. And I could never have believed there was so much power in the shadow of a soul, till I saw *them* one night hurling. They tempt us sometimes in dreams—may God forgive me for saying He would allow power to any to tempt to evil. And they would destroy the world but for the hope they have of being saved. Every Monday morning they think the day of judgment may be coming, and that they will see heaven.

"Half the world is with them. And when you see a blast of wind, and it comes sudden and carries the dust with it, you should say, 'God bless them,' and throw something after them. For how do you know but one of our own may be in it?

"There never was a funeral they were not at, walking after the other people. And you can see them if you know the way—that is, to take a green rush and to twist it into a ring, and to look through it. But if you do, you'll never have a stim of sight in the eye again."

A SORROWFUL LAMENT FOR IRELAND.

From 'Poets and Dreamers.'

The Irish poem I give this translation of was printed in the *Revue Celtique* some years ago, and lately in *An Fíor Clairseach na h-Eireann*, where a note tells us it was taken from a manuscript in the Göttingen Library, and was written by an Irish priest, Shemus Cartan, who had taken orders in France; but its date is not given. I like it for its own beauty, and because its writer does not, as so many Irish writers have done, attribute the many griefs of Ireland only to "the horsemen of the Gall," but also to the faults and short-

comings to which the people of a country broken up by conquests are perhaps more liable than the people of a country that has kept its own settled rule.

My thoughts, alas! are without strength;
My spirit is journeying towards death;
My eyes are as a frozen sea;
My tears my daily food;
There is nothing in my life but only misery;
My poor heart is torn,
And my thoughts are sharp wounds within me,
Mourning the miserable state of Ireland,
Without ease, without mirth for any person
That is born on the plains of Emer.
And here I give you the heavy story,
And the tale of all the remnant of her deeds.

She lost her pomp and her strength together
When her strong men were banished across the sea;
Her churches are as holds of pain,
Without altars, without Mass, without bowing of knees;
Stables for horses—this story is pitiful—
Or without a stone of their stones together.

Since the children of Israel were in Egypt
Under bondage, and scarcity along with that,
There was never written in a book or never seen
Hardship like the hardships in Ireland.
They parted from us the shepherds of the flock.
That is the flock that is astray and is wounded,
Left to be torn by wild dogs,
And no healing for it from the hand of any one.
Unless God will look down on our distress
Ireland will indeed be lost for ever!
Every old man, every strong man, every child,
Our young men and our well-dressed women,
Keening, complaining, and reproaching;
Going under the power of the Gall or going across the sea.
Our dear country without any ears of corn,
Without store, without cattle, but only the green grass;
Our fatherless children are wasted and weak,
Famine and sickness traveling over Ireland,
And every other scourge that was ever known,
And the rest of her pain has not yet been told.

Nevertheless, my sharp woe! I see with my eyes
That the High King has a bow ready in His hand,

And His quiver is full of arrows with sharp points,
And every arrow of them for our sore wounding,
From the sole of our feet to the top of our head,
To bruise our hearts and to tear our sinews;
There is no spot of our limbs but is scarred;
Misfortune has come upon us all together—
The poor and the rich, the weak and the strong;
The great lord by whom hundreds were maintained;
The powerful strong man, and the man that holds the
plow;
And the cross laid on the bare shoulders of every man.

I do not know of anything under the sky
That is friendly or favorable to the Gael,
But only the sea that our need brings us to,
Or the wind that blows to the harbor
The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland;
And there is reason that these are reconciled with us,
For we increase the sea with our tears,
And the wandering wind with our sighs.

We do not see heaven look kindly upon us;
We do not see our complaint being listened to;
Even the earth refuses us shelter
And the wood that gives protection to the birds;
Every cliff, every cave, every mountain-top,
Every hill, every lough, and every meadow.

Our feasts are without any voice of priests,
And none at them but women lamenting,
Tearing their hair, with troubled minds,
Keening pitifully after the Fenians.
The pipes of our organs are broken;
Our harps have lost their strings that were tuned
That might have made the great lamentations of Ireland;
Until the strong men come back across the sea,
There is no help for us but bitter crying,
Screams, and beating of hands, and calling out.

It is not strength of host, not loss of food,
Not the horsemen of the Gall coming from Britain,
Nor want of power, nor want of calling to war,
That has put defeat upon the armies of Ireland,
And has filled the cities with a sad multitude,
Alas! alas! but the greatness of our sins.

See, we are now put in the crucible
In which every worthless metal is tried,
In which gold is cleansed from every tarnish;
The Scripture is true in everything it says:
It says we must suffer before we can be cured;
It is through repentance we shall find forgiveness,
And the restoring of all that we have lost.

Let us put down the sum of our sins;
Oppression of the poor, thieving, robbery,
Great vows held in light esteem;
Giving our soul to the man that is the worst;
The strength of our pride was greater than our life,
The strength of our debts was more than we could pay.

It was with treachery Ireland was lost,
And the ill-will of men one to another.
There was no judge that would give a hearing
To the oppressed people whose life was under hardship.
Outcasts and widows crying aloud
Without right judgment to be had or punishment.

We were never agreed together,
But as one ox bound and one free from the yoke;
No right humility to be found.
All trying for the headship of Ireland
At the time when her enemies were doing their work.
No settlement to be made of any quarrel,
The share of the wheat-ear for the man that was strongest;
It is long that this has been the hurt of Ireland;
It is thus that the battle ended with the Gael.

Let us turn now and change our manners,
Let us make repentance of our sins together—
It is thus that the Israelites came out of Egypt;
Nineveh was given pardon for all its sins,
And even Peter for denying Christ.

O saints of Ireland, arise now together;
O Patrick, who has care of us, bless this flock:
We who are exiled, we who are forsaken,
This sod is gone out unless thou blow upon it;
Is thy sleep heavy or is thy hearing slow
That thou dost not give an answer to us?
Awake quickly; let it not be as a tale with thee
That there is no help for the fate of the Gael,

This, Patrick, is my own quarrel with thee
That every enemy of thy flock is saying
That thy ears are not ears that listen,
That thou art not troubled by the sight of thy people,
That if they did trouble thee thou wouldst not deny them.
Be with us nevertheless with thy strong power.
Make our enemies to quit Ireland for ever.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

(1803—1840.)

GERALD GRIFFIN was born in Limerick, Dec. 12, 1803. His mother was a woman of a refined and sensitive nature, which he largely inherited.

Of his first schoolmaster an anecdote is related. Mrs. Griffin went to school with her boys on the first day of their entrance. "Mr. McEliot," said she, "you will oblige me very much by paying particular attention to the boys' pronunciation and making them perfect in their reading." He looked at her with astonishment. "Madam," he abruptly exclaimed, "you had better take your children home; I can have nothing to do with them." She expressed some surprise. "Perhaps, Mrs. Griffin," said he, after a pause, "you are not aware that there are only *three* persons in Ireland who know how to read." "Three!" said she. "Yes, madam, there are only three—the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and your humble servant. Reading, madam, is a natural gift, not an acquirement. If you choose to expect impossibilities you had better take your children home." Mrs. Griffin found much difficulty in keeping her countenance; but, confessing her ignorance of this important fact, she gave the able but vain and eccentric pedagogue to understand that she would not look for a degree of perfection so rarely attainable, and the matter was made up.

When Griffin was seven years old his parents removed to Fairy lawn on the banks of the Shannon, about twenty-eight miles from Limerick. The scenery, the monuments, and the memories of the place especially appealed to the boy's mind, and his writings abound in evidence of their influence upon him. Poetry was his first inspiration and delight. He had a scrap-book into which he carefully copied many of Moore's "Melodies." He also had "a secret drawer in which he kept papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there." All this in the sweet days of boyhood—

"The shining days when life is new,
And all is bright as morning dew."

Youth came, and with it higher thoughts, higher aspirations, and loftier schemes. It was while drifting along in his boat on the Shannon that he planned his 'Tragedy of Aguire.'

Like Carleton and the Banims, his education was a haphazard and imperfect one. In his novel 'The Rivals' he has pictured some phases of his school career. His parents emigrated to the United States while he was yet young, and left him to the care of his brother and sister.

He had some thought of educating himself for the medical profession, but drifted into newspaper work instead. Through this he made the acquaintance of John Banim, and, having finished 'The Tragedy of Aguire,' he determined to seek his fortune in London. He arrived there in the autumn of 1823, before he had completed



GERALD GRIFFIN

his twentieth year, and after some weary searching found his friend.

Writing in the early part of 1824, he says : " What would I have done if I had not found Banim ? I should never be tired of talking and thinking of Banim. Mark me ! he is a man—the only one I have met since I left Ireland. We walked over Hyde Park together on St. Patrick's day, renewed our home recollections by gathering shamrocks and placing them in our hats, even under the eye of John Bull."

He very soon set about disposing of the tragedy on which he had built his hopes. The public taste of the time demanded the sensational drama in its fullest sense, and although approved and corrected by Banim, himself an able dramatist, poor Griffin's play was rejected. Discouraged but not dismayed, he set about the preparation of another, entitled 'Gisippus,' writing it in coffee houses and on little slips of paper, for at this period he was hard put to it to keep body and soul together. Although performed in Drury Lane with some success after the author's death, this tragedy during his lifetime met the same fate that befel the unfortunate 'Aguire.' It still survives, however, in spite of its classical form.

He now abandoned dramatic authorship, and began to contribute short poems to the magazines ; but the method of payment, we are told, was so unsatisfactory that he gave this up in disgust. He next turned to writing for the newspapers, and for a time was correspondent and reporter. At length his brilliant articles attracted such attention as to procure for him the offer of one pound (\$5.00) per page for his contributions to *The Fashion News*. Encouraged by this, he determined to venture on a work descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen, and the result was the production in 1827 of his first novel, 'Hollandtide,' which at once brought him into public notice. In February, 1827, he returned to Limerick ; his sister died the evening before his arrival. He felt the stroke severely, and the beautiful lines beginning " Oh ! not for ever lost " were written by him in her memory. After a short interval he produced his 'Tales of the Munster Festivals,' in the incredibly short space of four months. These consisted of 'Card-Drawing,' 'The Half-Sir,' and 'Suil Dhuv the Coiner,' and were highly praised by the critics. In the later part of 1827 he returned to London, and soon afterward wrote the most successful of his works, 'The Collegians,' which was dramatized by Dion Boucicault as 'The Colleen Bawn.' It appeared in the winter of 1828, and has been pronounced to be the best Irish novel by such men as Aubrey De Vere, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and Justin McCarthy.

He entered at the London University as a law student and for a short time attended a course of lectures ; but this he soon gave up and turned to the study of Irish history. One outcome of this was the appearance of his novel 'The Invasion.' This work was received with commendation by the reviewers ; to the students of ancient manners it was acceptable, but with the reading public its success was limited. For a year or two after the publication of 'The Invasion' we know little of Griffin, except that he spent his

time partly in London and partly with his brother in Ireland. He has given us an amusing account of his visit to Moore at Sloperston in 1832, as one of a deputation who sought unsuccessfully to prevail on the poet to offer himself for the representation of Limerick in Parliament. In 1830 he published his 'Christian Physiologist, or Tales of the Five Senses'; and in 1835 appeared in succession 'The Rivals,' 'The Duke of Monmouth,' and 'Tales of my Neighborhood.' A tour through the Highlands of Scotland, a country which he loved to visit, furnished material for a series of letters full of buoyant and sportive gayety blended with admiration for the wild scenery through which he passed.

"It should be counted to him," says Dr. George Sigerson in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "that he was the first to present several of our folk customs, tales, and ancient legends in English prose. In poetry his longer pieces fail in freshness, vigor, and local color; they are conventional compositions, carefully worded, with pleasing imagery and pensive reflections. In his lyrics, however, where his native genius is free, he is at his best, impassioned at times (though never passionate), tender, delicate, yet strong with a certain dramatic grasp of his subject. There is a curious prudence, somewhat Edgeworthian, in certain of his verses, which controls passion and may be due to the influence of a Quaker lady whose friend he was."

On his return a great change was visible upon him. For some years he had feared his works had not conduced to the benefit of mankind, and that all his dreams of fame, now that they were being realized, were but "vanity of vanities." From his earliest youth, also, the idea had haunted him that his life would be cut short—that he would never live to be an old man. All these thoughts and feelings combined led to the resolution which he now announced, of retiring to a monastery. He collected all his unpublished manuscripts, the tragedy of 'Aguire' among the rest, and committed them to the flames; he divided his property among his brothers, and on the 8th of September, 1838, he was enrolled in the monastery of the Christian Brothers in Dublin under the name of Brother Joseph. In the summer of 1839 he removed to the North Monastery, Cork, where he died, June 12, 1840, aged **thirty-seven** years. He was interred in the cemetery of the convent, and a stone with the inscription "Brother Gerald Griffin" marks the spot.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

In the days of our ancestors it was the custom, when a "strong farmer" had arrived at a certain degree of independence by his agricultural pursuits, to confer upon him a title in the Irish language, which is literally translated "the Knight of the Sheep." Though not commonly of noble origin, those persons often exercised a kind of patriarchal sway, scarce less extensive than that of many a feudal descendant of the Butlers or the Geraldines.

In one of the most fertile townlands in one of our inland counties lived a person of this class, bearing the name of Bryan Taafe. No less than three spacious tenements acknowledged his sway, by the culture of which he had acquired, in the course of a long life, a quantity of wealth more than sufficient for any purpose to which he might wish to apply it.

Mr. Taafe had three sons, on whose education he had lavished all the care and expense which could have been expected from the most affectionate father in his walk of life. He had a great opinion of learning, and had frequently in his mouth, for the instruction of his children, such snatches of old wisdom as "learning is better than houses or land," and

"A man without learning, and wearing fine clothes,
Is like a pig with a gold ring in his nose."

Accordingly, the best teachers that Kerry and Limerick could afford were employed to teach them the classics, mathematics, and such other branches of science and letters as were current in those parts. The two elder sons showed a remarkable quickness in all their studies; but the youngest, though his favorite, disappointed both him and his instructors. So heavy was he at his book that neither threats nor caresses could have any effect in making him arrive at anything like proficiency. However, as it did not proceed from absolute indolence or obstinacy, his father was content to bear with his backwardness in this respect, although it in some degree diminished the especial affection with which he once regarded him.

One day as Mr. Taafe was walking in his garden, taking the air before breakfast in the morning, he called Jerry Fogarty, his steward, and told him he wanted to speak with him.

"Jerry," says Mr. Taafe, after they had taken two or three turns on the walk together, "I don't know in the world what I'll do with Garret."

"Why so, masther?"

"Ah, I'm kilt from him. You know yourself what a great opinion I always had o' the learning. A man, in fact, isn't considederd worth spakin' to in these times that hasn't it. 'T is for the same raison I went to so much cost

and trouble to get schoolin' for them three boys; and to be sure, as for Shamus and Guillaum, I haven't any cause to complain, but the world wouldn't get good o' Garret. It was only the other mornin' I asked him who was it discovered America, and the answer he made me was that he believed it was Nebuchodonezzar."

"A' no?"

"'T is as thrue as you're standin' there. What's to be done with a man o' that kind? Sure, as I often represented to himself, it would be a disgrace to me if he was ever to go abroad in foreign parts, or any place o' the kind, and to make such an answer as that to any gentleman or lady, afther all I lost by him. 'T isn't so with Shamus and Guillaum. There isn't many goin' that could thrace histbory with them boys. I'd give a dale, out o' regard for the poor woman that's gone, if Garret could come any way near 'em."

"I'll tell you what it is, masther," said Jerry; "there's a dale that's not over bright at the book, an' that would be very 'cute for all in their own minds. Maybe Master Garret would be one o' them, an' we not to know it. I remember myself one Motry Hierlohee, that not one ha'p'orth o' good could be got out of him goin' to school, an' he turned out one of the greatest janiuses in the parish afther. There isn't his aiguals in Munsther now at a lamentation or the likes. Them raal janiuses does be always so full of their own thoughts, they can't bring themselves, as it were, to take notice of those of other people."

"Maybe you're right, Jerry," answered Mr. Taafe; "I'll take an opportunity of trying."

He said no more, but in a few days after he gave a great entertainment to all his acquaintances, rich and poor, that were within a morning's ride of his own house, taking particular care to have every one present that had any name at all for "the learning." Mr. Taafe was so rich and so popular amongst his neighbors, that his house was crowded on the day appointed with all the scholars in the country, and they had no reason to complain of the entertainment they received from Mr. Taafe. Every thing good and wholesome that his sheep-walk, his paddock, his orchard, his kitchen-garden, his pantry, and his cellar, could afford, was placed before them in abundance; and seldom did a

merrier company assemble together to enjoy the hospitality of an Irish farmer.

When the dinner was over, and the guests busily occupied in conversation, the Knight of the Sheep, who sat at the head of the table, stood up with a grave air, as if he were about to address something of importance to the company. His venerable appearance, as he remained standing, a courteous smile shedding its light over his aged countenance, and his snowy hair descending almost to his shoulders, occasioned a respectful silence amongst the guests, while he addressed them in the following words:

“In the first place, gentlemen, I have to return you all thanks for giving me the pleasure of your company here to-day, which I do with all my heart. And I feel the more honored and gratified because I take it for granted you have come here, not so much from any personal feeling towards myself, but because you know that I have always endeavored, so far as my poor means would enable me, to show my respect for men of parts and learning. Well, then, here you are all met, grammarians, geometricians, arithmeticians, geographers, astronomers, philosophers, Latinists, Grecians, and men of more sciences than perhaps I ever heard the names of. Now there’s no doubt learning is a fine thing, but what good is all the learning in the world, without what they call mother-wit to make use of it? An ounce o’ mother-wit would buy an’ sell a stone-weight of learning at any fair in Munsther. Now there are you all scholars, an’ here am I a poor country farmer that hardly ever got more teaching than to read and write, and maybe a course of Voster, and yet I’ll be bound I’ll lay down a problem that maybe some of ye wouldn’t find it easy to make out.”

At this preamble, the curiosity of the company was raised to the highest degree, and the Knight of the Sheep resumed, after a brief pause.

“At a farm of mine, about a dozen miles from this, I have four fields of precisely the same soil; one square, another oblong, another partly round, and another triangular. Now, what is the reason that, while I have an excellent crop of white eyes this year out of the square, the oblong, and the round field, not a single stalk would grow in the triangular one?”

This problem produced a dead silence amongst the guests, and all exerted their understandings to discover the solution, but without avail, although many of their conjectures showed the deepest ingenuity. Some traced out a mysterious connection between the triangular boundary and the lines of the celestial hemisphere; others said, probably from the shape of the field an equal portion of nutrition did not flow on all sides to the seed so as to favor its growth. Others attributed the failure to the effect of the angular hedges upon the atmosphere, which, collecting the wind, as it were, into corners, caused such an obstruction to the warmth necessary to vegetation, that the seed perished in the earth. But all their theories were beside the mark.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Taafe, "ye're all too clever—that's the only fault I have to find with yer answers. Shamus," he continued, addressing his eldest son, "can you tell the *raison*?"

"Why, then, father," said Shamus, "they didn't grow there, I suppose, because you didn't plant them there."

"You have it, Shamus," said the knight; "I declare you took the ball from all the philosophers. Well, gentlemen, can any o' ye tell me, now, if you wished to travel all over the world, from whom would you ask a passport?"

This question seemed as puzzling as the former. Some said the Great Mogul, others the Grand Seignior, others the Pope, others the Lord Lieutenant, and some the Emperor of Austria; but all were wrong.

"What do you say, Guillaum?" asked the knight, addressing his second son.

"From Civility, father," answered Guillaum; "for that's a gentleman that has acquaintances everywhere."

"You're right, Guillaum," replied the knight. "Well, I have one more question for the company. Can any one tell me in what country the women are the best housekeepers?"

Again the company exhausted all their efforts in conjecture, and the geographers showed their learning by naming all the countries in the world, one after another, but to no purpose. The knight now turned with a fond look towards his youngest son.

"Garret," said he, "can you tell where the women are good housekeepers?"

Garret rubbed his forehead for a while, and smiled, and shook his head, but could get nothing out of it.

"I declare to my heart, father," said he, "I can't tell from Adam. Where the women are good housekeepers?—Stay a minute. Maybe," said he, with a knowing wink, "maybe 't is in America?"

"Shamus, do you answer," said the knight in a disappointed tone.

"In the grave, father," answered Shamus; "for there they never gad abroad."

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that his eldest son had once more judged right; and the entertainments of the night proceeded without further interruption, until, wearied with feasting and music, such of the company as could not be accommodated with beds, took their departure, each in the direction of his own home.

On the following morning, in the presence of his household, Mr. Taafe made a present to his two eldest sons of one hundred pounds each, and was induced to bestow the same sum on Garret, although he by no means thought he deserved it after disgracing him as he had done before his guests. He signified to the young men at the same time that he gave them the money as a free gift, to lay out in any way they pleased, and that he never should ask them to repay it.

After breakfast, the old knight, as usual, went to take a few turns in the garden.

"Well, Jerry," said he, when the steward had joined him according to his orders; "well, Jerry, Garret is no genius."

A groan from Jerry seemed to announce his acquiescence in this decision. He did not, however, resign all hope.

"With a submission to your honor," said he, "I wouldn't call that a fair thrial of a man's parts. A man mightn't be able to answer a little *cran* o' that kind, an' to have more sense for all than those that would. Wait a while until you'll see what use he'll make o' the hundred pounds, an' that'll show his sinse betther than all the riddles in Europe."

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that Jerry's proposition was but reasonable: and, accordingly, at the end of a twelve-month, he called his three sons before him, and examined them one after another.

"Well, Shamus," said he, "what did you do with your hundred pounds?"

"I bought stock with it, father."

"Very good. And you, Guillaum?"

"I laid it out, father, in the intherest of a little farm westwards."

"Very well managed again. Well, Garret, let us hear what you did with the hundred pounds."

"I spent it, father," said Garret.

"Spent it! Is it the whole hundred pounds?"

"Sure, I thought you told us we might lay it out as we liked, sir?"

"Is that the raison you should be such a prodigal as to waste the whole of it in a year? Well, hear to me, now, the three o' ye, and listen to the raison why I put ye to these trials. I'm an ould man, my children; my hair is white on my head, an' it 's time for me to think of turning the few days that are left me to the best account. I wish to separate myself from the world before the world separates itself from me. For this cause I had resolved, these six months back, to give up all my property to ye three that are young an' hearty, an' to keep nothing for myself but a bed under my old roof, an' a sate at the table and by the fireplace, an' so to end my ould days in peace an' quiet. To you, Shamus, I mean to give the dairy-farm up in the mountains; the Coreasses and all the meadowing to you, Guillaum; and for you, Garret, I had the best of the whole,—that is, the house we're living in, and the farm belonging to it.

"But for what would I give it to you, after what you just tould me? Is it to make ducks and drakes of it, as you did o' the hundhred pounds? Here Garret," said he, going to a corner of the room and bringing out a small bag and a long hazel stick; "here 's the legacy I have to leave you—that an' the king's high road, an' my liberty to go wherever it best plases you. Hard enough I airned that hundhred pounds that you spent so aisily. And as for the farm I meant to give you, I give it to these two boys, an' my

blessing along with it since 't is they that know how to take care of it."

At this speech the two elder sons cast themselves at their father's feet with tears of gratitude.

"Yes," said he, "my dear boys, I'm rewarded for all the pains I ever took with ye, to make ye industrious, and thrifty, and everything that way. I'm satisfied, under Heaven, that all will go right with ye; but as for this boy, I have nothing to say to him. Betther for me I never saw his face."

Poor Garret turned aside his head, but he made no attempt to excuse himself, nor to obtain any favor from his rigid father. After wishing them all a timid farewell, which was but slightly returned, he took the bag and staff and went about his business.

His departure seemed to give little pain to his relatives. They lived merrily and prosperously, and even the old knight himself showed no anxiety to know what had become of Garret. In the meantime the two eldest sons got married, and Mr. Taafe, in the course of a few years, had the satisfaction to see his grandchildren seated on his knee.

We are often widely mistaken in our estimate of generosity. It may appear a very noble thing to bestow largely, but, before we give it the praise of generosity, we must be sure that the motive is as good as the deed. Mr. Taafe began, in the course of time, to show that his views in bestowing his property on his two sons were not wholly free from selfishness. They found it harder to please him, now that they were masters of all, than when they were wholly dependent on his will. His jealousies and murmurs were interminable. There was no providing against them beforehand, nor any allaying them when they did arise.

The consequence was, that the young men, who never really felt anything like the gratitude they had professed, began to consider the task of pleasing him altogether burdensome. In this feeling they were encouraged by their wives, who never ceased murmuring at the cost and trouble of entertaining him.

Accordingly, one night, while the aged knight was murmuring at some inattention which was shown him at table,

Shamus and Guillaum Taafe walked into the room, determined to put an end forever to his complaints.

"I'd like to know what would please you!" exclaimed Shamus. "I suppose you won't stop until you'll take house and all from us, an' turn us out, as you did Garret, to beg from doore to doore?"

"If I did itself, Shamus," said the knight, looking at him for some moments with surprise, "I'd get no more than I gave."

"What good was your giving it," cried Guillaum, "when you won't let us enjoy it with a moment's comfort?"

"Do you talk that way to me, too, Guillaum? If it was poor Garret I had, he wouldn't use me so."

"Great thanks be got from you for any good that was in him," cried one of the women.

"Let him take his stick and pack out to look for Garret," said the second woman, "since he is so fond of him."

The old knight turned and looked at the women.

"I don't wondher," said he, "at anything I'd hear *ye* say. You never yet heard of anything great or good, or for the public advantage, that a woman would have a hand in—only mischief always. If you ask who made such a road, or who built such a bridge, or wrote such a great hithory, or did any other good action o' the kind, I'll engage 't is seldom you'll hear that it is a woman done it; but if you ask who it is that set such and such a pair fightin', or who it is that caused such a *jewel*, or who it is that let out such a sacret, or ran down such a man's character, or occasioned such a war, or brought such a man to the gallows, or caused diversion in such a family, or anything o' that kind, then, I'll engage, you'll hear that a woman had some call to it. We needn't have recoorse to hithory to know yer doin's. 'T is undher our eyes. 'T was the likes of ye two that burned Throy, an' made the King of Leinsther rebel again' Brian Boru."

At this the two women pulled the caps off their heads, and set up such a screaming and shrieking as might be heard from thence to Cork.

"Oh, murther! murther!" says one of them, "was it for this I married you, to be compared to people o' that kind?"

"What raison has he to me," cried the other, "that he'd

compare me to them that would rebel again' Brian Boru? Would I rebel again' Brian Boru, Shamus, a regal?"

"Don't heed him, a-vourneen; he 's an ould man."

"Oh, vo, vo! if ever I thought the likes o' that would be said to me, that I 'd rebel again' Brian Boru!"

"There 's no use in talking, Guillaum," cried the second, who probably took the allusion to the fate of Troy as a slight on her own personal attractions; "there 's no use in talkin,' but I never 'll stay a day undher your roof with anybody that would say I 'd burn Throy. Does he forget that ever he had a mother himself? Ah, 't is a bad apple, that 's what it is, that despises the three it sprung from."

"Well, I 'll tell you what it is, now," said the eldest son, "since 't is come to that with you, that you won't let the women alone, I won't put up with any more from you. I believe, if I didn't show you the outside o' the doore, you'd show it to me before long. There, now, the world is free to you to look out for people that 'll please you better, since you say we can't do it."

"A', Shamus, agra," said the old knight, looking at his son with astonishment; "is that my thanks afther all?"

"Your thanks for what?" cried Guillaum; "is it for plaisin' your own fancy or for making our lives miserable ever since, an' to give crossness to the women?"

"Let him go look for Garret, now," cried one of the women, "an' see whether they 'll agree betther than they did before."

"Ah—Shamus—Guillaum—a chree," said the poor old man, trembling with terror at sight of the open door, "let ye have it as ye will; I am sorry for what I said, a'ra gal! Don't turn me out on the high road in my ould days! I 'll engage I never 'll open my mouth again' one o' ye again the longest day I live. A', Shamus a-vich, it isn't long I have to stay wid ye. Your own hair will be as white as mine yet, praise God, an' 't wouldn't be wishin' to you then for a dale that you showed any disrespect to mine."

His entreaties, however, were all to no purpose. They turned him out, and made fast the door behind him.

Imagine an old man of sixty and upwards turned out on the high road on a cold and rainy night, the north wind beating on his feeble breast, and without the prospect of

relief before him. For a time he could not believe that the occurrence was real, and it was only when he felt the rain already penetrating through his thin dress that he became convinced it was but too true.

"Well," said the old man, lifting up his hands as he crept out on the high road, "is this what all the teaching come to? Is this the cleverness an' the learning! Well, if it was to do again! No matther. They say there's two bad pays in the world—the man that pays beforehand an' the man that doesn't pay at all. In a like manner, there's two kinds of people that wrong their lawful heirs—those that give them their inheritance before death, and those that will it away from them afther. What 'll I do now at all, or where 'll I turn to—a poor old man o' my kind that isn't able to do a sthroke o' work if I was ever so fain? An' the night gettin' worse an' worse! Easy!—isn't that a light I see westwards? There's no one, surely, except an unnatural son or daughter, that would refuse to give an old man shelter on such a night as this. I'll see if all men's hearts are as hard as my two sons'."

He went to the house, which was situated at the distance of a quarter of a mile from that which he so lately looked on as his own. As he tottered along the dark and miry *borheen* which led to the cottage door, the barking of a dog inside aroused the attention of the inmates. Being already in bed, however, before he had arrived there, none of them were very willing to give admission to a stranger.

"Who's there?" cried the man of the house, as the old knight knocked timidly at the door. "Do you think we have nothing else to do at this very time o' night but to be gettin' up an' openin' the doore to every sthroller that goes the road?"

"Ah! if you knew who it was you had there," said the knight, "you wouldn't be so slow of openin' the doore."

"Who is it I have there, then?"

"The Knight of the Sheep."

"The Knight of the Sheep! Oh, you born villyan! 'T was your son Shamus that chated me out o' thirty good pounds by a horse he sould me at the fair o' Killedy—an animal that wasn't worth five! Go along this minute with you; or if you make me get up, 't is to give you something that you wouldn't bargain for."

The poor old man hurried away from the door, fearing that the farmer would be but too ready to put his threat into execution. The night was growing worse and worse. He knocked at another door; but the proprietor of this in like manner had suffered by the extreme cleverness of Guillaum Taafe, and refused to give him shelter. The whole night was spent in going from door to door, and finding in every place where he applied that the great ability of his two sons had been beforehand with him in getting a bad name for the whole family. At last, as the morning began to dawn, he found himself unable to proceed farther, and was obliged to lie down in a little paddock close to a very handsome farmhouse. Here the coldness of the morning air and the keenness of his grief at the recollection of his children's ingratitude had such an effect upon him that he swooned away, and lay for a long time insensible upon the grass. In this condition he was found by the people of the house, who soon after came out to look after the bounds and do their usual farming work. They had the humanity to take him into the house, and to put him into a warm bed, where they used all proper means for his recovery.

When he had come to himself, they asked him who he was, and how he had fallen into so unhappy a condition. For a time the old knight was afraid to answer, lest these charitable people, like so many others, might have been at one time sufferers by the roguery of his two eldest sons, and thus be tempted to repent of their kindness the instant they had heard on whom it had been bestowed. However, fearing lest they should accuse him of duplicity in case they might afterwards learn the truth, he at length confessed his name.

"The Knight of the Sheep!" exclaimed the woman of the house, with a look of the utmost surprise and joy.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she continued, calling out to her husband, who was in another room. "A', come here, asthore, until you see Misther Taafe, the father o' young Masther Garret, the darlin' that saved us all from ruin."

The man of the house came in as fast as he could run.

"Are you Garret Taafe's father?" said he, looking surprised at the old knight.

"I had a son of that name," said Mr. Taafe, "though all

I know of him now is, that I used him worse than I would if it was to happen again."

"Well, then," said the farmer, "my blessing on that day that ever you set foot within these doores. The rose in May was never half so welcome, an' I'm bettther pleased than I'll tell you, that I have you undher my roof."

"I'm obliged to you," said the knight; "but what's the *raison o' that?*"

"Your son Garret," replied the man, "of a day when every whole ha'p'orth we had in the world was going to be canted for the rent, put a hand in his pocket an' lent us thirty pounds till we'd be able to pay him again, an' we not knowin' who in the world he was, nor he us, I'm sure. It was only a long time afther that we found it out by others in various parts that he had served in like manner, and they told us who he was. We never seen him since; but I'm sure it would be the joyful day to us that we'd see him coming back to get his thirty pounds."

When the old knight heard this, he felt as if somebody was running him through with a sword.

"And this," said he, "was the way poor Garret spent the hundhred pounds! Oh, murther! murther! my poor boy, what had I to do at all, to go turn you adhrift as I done, for no *raison*! I took the wrong for the right, an' the right for the wrong. No matther! That's the way the whole world is blinded. That's the way death will show us the differ of many a thing. Oh, murther! Garret! Garret! What'll I do at all with the thoughts of it! An' them two villyans that I gave it all to, an' that turned me out afther in myould days, as I done by you! No matther."

He turned into the wall for fear the people would hear him groaning; but the remorse, added to all his other sufferings, had almost killed him.

In a little time the old knight began to recover something of his former strength under the care of his new acquaintances, who continued to show him the most devoted attention. One morning the farmer came into his room with a large purse full of gold in his hand, and said:

"I told you, sir, I owed your son thirty pounds; an' since he's not comin' to ax for it, you're heartily welcome

to the use of it until he does, an' I'm sure he wouldn't wish to see it better employed."

"No, no," replied Mr. Taafe, "I'll not take the money from you, but I'll borrow the whole purse for a week, an' at the end o' that time I'll return it safe to you."

The farmer lent him the purse, and the knight waited for a fine day, when he set off again in the morning, and took the road leading to the dwelling from which he had been expelled. It was noon, and the sun was shining bright, when he arrived upon the little lawn before the door. Sitting down in the sunshine by the kitchen-garden wall, he began counting the gold, and arranging it in a number of little heaps, so that it had a most imposing effect. While he was thus occupied, one of his young daughters-in-law—the same whose beauty had drawn upon her the unhappy allusion to the mischief-making spouse of Menelaus—happened to make her appearance at the front door, and, looking around, saw the old knight in the act of counting his gold in the sunshine. Overwhelmed with astonishment, she ran to her husband, and told him what she had seen.

"Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus; "you don't mean to persuade me to a thing o' that kind."

"Very well," replied the woman, "I'm sure if you don't believe me, 't is asy for ye all to go an' see for ye'r-selves."

So they all went, and peeping through the little window one after another, were dazzled by the sight of so much gold.

"You done very wrong, Shamus," said Guillaum, "ever to turn out the ould father as you done. See, now, what we all lost by it. That's part o' the money he laid by from year to year, an' we never'll see a penny of it."

At this they all felt the greatest remorse for the manner in which they had acted to the old man. However, they were not so much discouraged but that some of them ventured to approach and salute him. On seeing them draw nigh, he hastily concealed the gold and returned their greeting with an appearance of displeasure. It was by much persuasion, and after many assurances of their regret for what had passed, that he consented once more to come and take up his abode beneath their roof, desiring at

the same time that an ass and cart might be sent to the farmer's for a strong box which he had left there.

At the mention of a *strong box*, it may easily be imagined what were the sensations of his hearers. The ass and cart were procured without delay, and, before evening, those grateful children had the satisfaction to behold a heavy box, of very promising dimensions, deposited in a corner of the small chamber which was to be reserved for the future use of their aged parent.

In the meanwhile, nothing could exceed the attention which he now received from the young people. They seemed only unhappy when not occupied in contributing in some way to his comfort, and perceiving his remorse for the manner in which Garret had been treated, used all the means in their power to discover whither he had gone. But it is not always in this life that one false step can be retraced. The old knight was not destined to see his son again, and his grief at this disappointment had no slight effect in aggravating the infirmities of his old age.

At length, perceiving that he was near his end, he called his sons and daughters to his bedside, and addressed them in the following words:

"Whatever cause I had once to complain of ye, Shamus and Guillaum, that's all past and gone now, and it's right that I should leave you some little remembrance for all the trouble I gave you since my coming home. Do you see that chest over there?"

"Ah, father! what chest?" cried the sons. "Don't be talking of it for a chest."

"Well, my good boys," said the knight, "my will is in that chest, so I need tell ye no more."

"Don't speak of it, father," said Shamus, "for, as the Latin poet says:

" ' Non possidentem
Recte beatum.'

Only as you 're talkin' of it at all for a chest, where 's the key, father?"

"Ah, Shamus," said the knight, "you were always great at the Latin. The key is in my waistcoat pocket."

Soon after he expired. The two sons, impatient to inspect their treasure, could hardly wait until the old man

had ceased to breathe. While Shamus unlocked the box, Guillaum remained to keep the door fast.

"Well, Shamus," said his brother, "what do you find there?"

"A parcel of stones, Guillaum!"

"Nonsense, man! try what's undher 'em."

Shamus complied, and found at the bottom of the box a rope with a running noose at the end, and a scroll of paper, from which Shamus read the following sentence aloud, for the information of his brother:

"THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BRYAN TAAFE, COMMONLY CALLED THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

"*Imprimis.* To my two sons, Shamus and Guillaum, I bequeath the whole of the limestones contained in this box, in return for their disinterested love and care of me ever since the day when they saw me counting the gold near the kitchen-garden.

"*Item.* I bequeath the rope hercin contained for any father to hang himself, who is so foolish as to give away his property to his heirs before his death."

"Well, Shamus," said Guillaum, "the poor father laid out a deal on our education, but I declare all the taichin' he ever gave us was nothing to that."

AN OLD CUSTOM.

From 'The Collegians.'

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life occasioned an interruption in this part of the legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black ribbon, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to disclose the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door, and intercepted the progress of the travelers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball

pro and *con*. Kyrle Daly, here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor, to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading, that may be of use to you on circuit at one time or another."

Anne laughed, and looked to Mrs. Chute, who, with a smile of tolerating condescension, said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles: "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat, and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles upstairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson. "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan, "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, and some time when you 're alone together—when the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."

"Paralon," said Dr. Leake; "Paralon, or Migdonia, as the Psalter sings:—

" ' On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,
They brought their bold ships to anchor,
In the blue fair port with beauteous shore,
Of well-defended Inver Sceine.'

In the rest of Munster, where—"

"Yes—well, you 'll see 'em all, as the Doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter, to whose discourse a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading had given a tinge of pedantry; and who was, moreover, a firm believer in all the ancient Shanachus, from the yellow book of Moling to the black book of Molega. "And if you like to listen to him, he 'll explain to you every action that ever befell, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carrigaline."



A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE IN KILLARNEY

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well-paved brogues on the small flight of stairs in the lobby, produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions, in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied, in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber: "Ah, lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think did I never speak to *quollity* in my life before?"

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His appearance was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm coming to solicit the *interest* of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well-knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention, of which his lofty and confident, although most unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay-colored cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight-handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Doctor Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the Horse-guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well-known countersign of "Baither-shin!"

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "that flogs cock-fighting! I never thought I'd live to have a dog taich me manners, any way. '*Baithershin*,' says he, and sets the doore like a Christian."

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer; after which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell-word of the enchantress who had called him up. "'T isn't manners to speak first before quollity," was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one had inquired the motive of his conduct.

"Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?" said Mr. Barney Cregan.

"The ould wind always then, Mr. Cregan," said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a *feour* o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary, your honor's aunt, westward. So 't is kind for your honor to have a leanin' towards uz."

"A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why, then, a deal. It's a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure I'd know that face all over the world—your own livin' image, ma'am (turnin' to Mrs. Chute), an' a little dawney touch o' the master (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin, you'd think. My grandmother an' himself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!"¹

"He has made out three relations in the company

¹ *Vo!* equivalent to the French *Helas!* the Italian *Oimé!* and the Spanish *Ay de mi!* etc.

already," said Anne to Kyrle; "could any courtier make interest more skillfully?"

"Well, Myles, about the ponies."

"Poor cratur's, true for you, sir. There's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn 'em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the *jewel* with young M'Farlane from the north. They went skelping like mad over the hills down to Glena when they heerd the shot. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you *cowed* the north countryman that morning fairly. 'My honor is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh; 'it's what I never done to any man,' says he, 'and it'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honor is satisfied any way,' says the other, when he heerd the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, man," said Creagh, endeavoring to hide a smile of gratified vanity. "Your unfortunate ponies will starve while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute.

"Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There's Docthor Leake was on the spot, an' he knows if I invent. An' *you* did a good job too that time, Docthor," he continued, turning to the latter; "Old Keys, the piper, gives it up to you, of all the docthors going, for curing his eyesight. An' he has a great leaning to you, moreover, you're such a fine *Irishian*."¹

"Another," said Miss Chute, apart.

"Yourself an' ould Mr. Daly," he continued. "I hope the master is well in his health, sir?" (turning to Kyrle with another profound *congé*), "may the Lord fasten the life in you an' him. That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done *unknown*."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle. "A perfect Ulysses."

¹ *Irishian*, one skilled in Irish antiquities, language, etc.

"And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?"

"The Captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a *feeling* for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America; one of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or another, for behavin' well at Quaybec, the time of Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, inclosures, and field-gates, setting forth with equal emphasis the length of road they had traveled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and, finally, urged in mitigation of penalty, the circumstance of this being a first offense, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward, Dan Dawley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might "folly her liking," he said, "but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen-garden itself?"

"*Horses* do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance—"a parcel of little ponies not the height o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward—"they'd eat as much, an' more than a racer."

"Is it they, the cratur's? They'd hardly injure a plate of stirabout if it was put before 'em."

"Ayeh! hugh!"

"An' 't isn't what I'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again a relation o' your own in this manner."

"A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deign-

ing to cast a glance back over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

"Yes, then, o' yours."

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

"Will you deny it o' me if you can," continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, "that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larry Foley wor second cousins? Deny that o' me, if you can."

"For what would I deny it?"

"Well, why! An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife—(the angels spread her bed this night!) An' I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards if they hadn't the Murphys to back 'em, so they would; but what hurt? Sure you can folly your own pleasure."

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the Ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him.

THE DEATH OF THE HUNTSMAN.

From 'The Collegians.'

Feeling no inclination to join the revelers, Hardress ordered candles in the drawing-room, and prepared to spend a quiet evening by himself. He had scarcely, however, taken his seat on the straight-backed sofa, when his retirement was invaded by old Nancy, the kitchen-maid, who came to tell him that poor Dalton, the huntsman, was "a'most off," in the little green room, and that when he heard Mr. Hardress had arrived, he begged of all things to see him before he'd go. "He never was himself rightly, a'ra gal,"¹ said old Nancy wiping a tear from the corner of her eye, "since the masther sold the hounds and took to the cock-fighting."

Hardress started up and followed her. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed as he went along, "Poor Dalton! And is that breath, that wound so many merry blasts upon the

¹ *A'ra gal*, the dear.

mountain, so soon to be extinguished? I remember the time when I thought a monarch on his throne a less enviable being than our stout huntsman, seated on his keen-eyed steed, in his scarlet frock and cap, with his hounds, like painted courtiers, thronging and baying round his horse's hoofs, and his horn hanging silent at his waist. Poor fellow! Every beagle in the pack was his familiar acquaintance, and was as jealous of his chirp or his whistle, as my cousin Anne's admirers might be of a smile or secret whisper. How often has he carried me before him on his saddle-bow, and taught me the true fox-hunting cry! How often at evening has he held me between his knees, and excited my young ambition with tales of hunts hard run, and neck-or-nothing leaps; of double ditches, cleared by an almost miraculous dexterity; of drawing, yearning, challenging, hunting mute, hunting change, and hunting counter! And now the poor fellow must wind his last recheat, and carry his own old bones to earth at length! never again to awaken the echoes of the mountain lakes—never again beneath the shadow of those immemorial woods that clothe their lofty shores—

“ ‘Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu!’ ”

The fox may come from kennel, and the red-deer slumber on his layer, for their mighty enemy is now himself at bay.”

While these reflections passed through the mind of Hardress, old Nancy conducted him as far as the door of the huntsman's room, where he paused for a moment on hearing the voice of one singing inside. It was that of the worn-out huntsman himself, who was humming over a few verses of a favorite ballad. The lines which caught the ear of Hardress were the following:

“ Ah, huntsman dear, I'll be your friend,
 If you let me go till morning;
 Don't call your hounds for one half hour,
 Nor neither sound your horn;
 For indeed I'm tired from yesterday's hunt,
 I can neither run nor walk well,
 Till I go to Rock-hill amongst my friends,
 Where I was bred and born.
 Tally ho the fox!
 Tally ho the fox!

Tally ho the fox, a collauneen,¹
 Tally ho the fox !
 Over hills and rocks,
 And chase him on till morning."

"He cannot be so very ill," said Hardress, looking at the old woman, "when his spirits will permit him to sing so merrily."

"Oyeh, Heaven help you, agra!" replied Nancy: "I believe if he was at death's doore this moment, he 'd have that song on his tongue still."

"Hush! hush!" said Hardress, raising his hand, "he is beginning again."

The ballad was taken up, after a heavy fit of coughing, in the same strain.

"I locked him up an' I fed him well,
 An' I gave him victuals of all kinds ;
 But I declare to you, sir, when he got loose,
 He ate a fat goose in the morning.
 So now kneel down an' say your prayers,
 For you 'll surely die this morning.
 'Ah, sir,' says the fox, 'I never pray,
 For my father he bred me a quaker.'
 Tally ho the fox !
 Tally ho the——"

Hardress here opened the door and cut short the *refrain*.

The huntsman turned his face to the door as he heard the handle turn. It was that of a middle-aged man in the very last stage of pulmonary consumption. A red night-cap was pushed back from his wasted and sunken temples, and a flush like the bloom of a withered pippin played in the hollow of his fleshless cheek.

"Cead millia fealtha! My heart warms to see you, my own Masther Hardress," exclaimed the huntsman, reaching him a skeleton hand from beneath the brown quilt. "I can die in peace now, as I see you again in health. These ten days back they 're telling me you 're coming an' coming, until I began to think at least that you wouldn't come until I was gone."

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, Dalton. How did you get the attack?"

"Out of a could I think I got it first, sir. When the mas-ther sold the hounds—(Ah, Masther Hardress! to think of his parting them dogs, an' giving up that fine, manly

¹ Collauneen, cub.

exercise, for a paltry parcel o' cocks an' hens!) but when he sold them an' took to the cock-fighting, my heart felt as low an' as lonesome as if I lost all belonging to me! To please the masther, I turned my hand to the cocks, an' used to go every morning to the hounds' kennel, where the birds were kept, to give 'em food an' water; but I could *never warm* to the birds. Ah, what is a cock-fight, Masther Hardress, in comparison of a well-rote hunt among the mountains, with your horse flying under you like a fairy, and the cry o' the hounds like an organ out before you, an' the ground fleeting like a dream on all sides o' you, an'—ah! what's the use o' talking!" Here he lay back on his pillow with a look of sudden pain and sorrow that cut Hardress to the heart.

After a few moments, he again turned a ghastly eye on Hardress, and said in a faint voice: "I used to go down by the lake in the evening to hear the stags belling in the wood; an' in the morning I 'd be up with the first light to blow a call on the top o' the hill, as I used to do to comfort the dogs; an' then I 'd miss their cry, an' I 'd stop listenin' to the aychoes o' the horn among the mountains, till my heart would sink as low as my ould boots. An' bad boots they wor, too; sigus on, I got wet in 'em; an' themselves an' the could morning air, an' the want o' the horse exercise, I believe, an' everything, brought on this fit. Is the mistress at home, sir?" he added, after struggling through a severe fit of oppression.

"No, she is at a ball with Miss Chute."

"Good *luck* to them both, wherever they are. That's the way o' the world. Some in health, an' some in sickness; some dancing, and more dying."

Here he raised himself on his elbow, and after casting a haggard glance around, as if to be assured that what he had to say could not be overheard, he leaned forward towards Hardress, and whispered: "I know one in this house, Master Hardress, that loves you well."

The young gentleman looked a little surprised.

"Indeed I do," continued the dying huntsman, "one, too, that deserves a better fortune than to love any one without a return. One that was kind to me in my sickness, and that I 'd like to see happy before I 'd leave the world, if it was Heaven's will."

During this conversation, both speakers had been frequently rendered inaudible by occasional bursts of laughter and shouts of bacchanalian mirth from the dining-room. At this moment, and before the young gentleman could select any mode of inquiry into the particulars of the singular communication above mentioned, the door was opened, and the face of old Nancy appeared, bearing on its smoke-dried features a mingled expression of perplexity and sorrow.

"Dalton, a'ra gal!" she exclaimed, "don't blame me for what I'm going to say to you, for it is my tongue, an' not my wish nor my heart, that speaks it. The master and the gentlemen sent me in to you, an' bid me tell you, for the sake of old times, to give them one fox-huntin' screech before you go."

The old huntsman fixed his brilliant but sickly eyes on the messenger, while a flush that might have been the indication of anger or of grief, flickered like a decaying light upon his brow. At length he said: "An' did the masther send that message by you, Nancy?"

"He did, Dalton, indeed. Ayeh, the gentlemen must be excused."

"True for you, Nancy," said the huntsman after a long pause; then, raising his head, with a smile of seeming pleasure, he continued: "Why, then, I'm glad to see the masther hasn't forgot the dogs entirely. Go to him, Nancy, an' tell him that I'm glad to hear that he has so much o' the sport left in him still. And that it is kind father for him to have a feeling for his huntsman, an' I thank him. Tell him, Nancy, to send me in one good glass o' parliament punch, an' I'll give him such a cry as he never heard in a cock-pit, any way."

The punch was brought, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Hardress, drained to the bottom. The old huntsman then sat erect in the bed, and letting his head back, indulged in one prolong "hoicks!" that made the phials jingle on the table, and frightened the sparrows from their roosts beneath the thatch. It was echoed by the jolly company in the dining-parlor, chorused by a howling from all the dogs in the yard, and answered by a general clamor from the fowl-house. "Another! Another! Hoicks!" resounded through the house. But the poor consumptive

was not in a condition to gratify the revelers. When Har-dress looked down upon him next, the pillow appeared dark with blood and the cheek of the sufferer had lost even the unhealthy bloom, that had so long masked the miner Death in his work of snug destruction. A singular brilliancy fixed itself upon his eye-balls, his lips were dragged backward, blue and cold, and with an expression of dull and general pain—his teeth—but wherefore linger on such a picture?—it is better let the curtain fall.

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

From 'The Collegians.'

The place in which his boatman was confined had been a stable, but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small and roughly paved. The rack and manger were yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof, admitted certain glimpses of moonshine, which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus V. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, heaped against the wall; and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode backward and forward before the stable door, and hummed, with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the words—

“ We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears ! ”

A small spare window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a hay-yard, which, being raised considerably above the level of the stable-floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potato, reeking hot, which he had cooked in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly



COLLEEN BAWN ROCK, KILLARNEY

in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was gently put back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head was thrown with great distinctness of outline on the opposite wall; the other shutter was put back with the same caution, and in a few moments nearly the whole aperture was again obscured, as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance, as gloomy as ever.

The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face, which was revealed in the brown firelight, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghastliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire (for he had only wrapped the counterpane around his person), might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow; his jaw dropped—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Masther Hardress," he said at length, "is it you I see dat way?"

Hardress remained for some time motionless as a statue, as if endeavoring to summon up all his corporeal energies to support him in the investigation which he was about to make.

"Won't you speak to me, masther?" continued the boatman; "won't you speak a word itself? 'T was all my endeavor since I came hether to thry an' get 'em to let me speak to you. Say a word, masther, if it is only to tell me 't is yourself dat 's dere!"

"Where is Eily?" murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulcher. The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice it-

self. So sudden had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it before he could collect his breath for an answer.

"Masther Hardress, I tought, after I parted you dat time—"

"Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, sir, one moment—"

"Where is Eily?"

"Oh, vo! vo!"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seen to move, and yet Hell raged beneath it. A few moans of deep but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with a flood of tears and sobbings.

"Masther Hardress," he said, "if dere's anything dat I can do to make your mind aisy, say de word. I know dis is my own business, an' no one else's. An' if dey find me out itself, dey'll never be one straw de wiser of who advised me to it. If you tink I'd tell, you don't know me. Dey may hang me as high as dey like; dey may flake de life out o' me, if dey plase; but dey never'll get a word outside my lips of what it was dat made me do it. Didn't dey try me to-day, an' didn't I give 'em a sign o' what I'd do?"

"Peace, hypocrite!" said Hardress, disgusted at a show of feeling to which he gave no credit. "Be still, and hear me. For many years, it has been my study to heap kindnesses upon you. For which of those was it that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse, for all my future life—a little all it may be, certainly?"

It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

"I don't know how it is, Masther Hardress," he said.

"Dere are some people dat it is hard to plase. Do you remember saying anything to me at all of a time in de room at de masther's, at Killarney, Masther Hardress? Do you remember givin' me a glove at all? I had my token surely for what I done."

So saying, he drew the glove from his waistcoat, and handed it to his master; but the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

"I tought I had ears to hear at dat time, and brains to understand," said Danny, as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, "an' I 'm sure it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue-and-cry over de mountains after a lost lady, an' a chance of a hempen cravat, for my trouble. But I had my warrant—dat was your very word, Masther Hardress—*warrant*, wasn't it? '*Well, when you go,*' says you, '*here is your warrant,*' an' you ga' me de glove. Worn't dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress. "I did not say for death."

"I own you didn't," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I own you didn't; I felt for you, an' I wouldn't wait for you to say it. But did you mane it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright Heaven, I did not. If you crowd in among my accusers at the judgment-seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer that I do at present. I did *not* mean to practice on her life. As I shall meet with her before that judge, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it. Did I not warn you not to touch her?"

"You did," said Danny Mann, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he manes. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you 'll persuade me to it, I 'll own dat dere is noting as I see it. You may tell me I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat de moon is shining trough dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I 'll not gainsay you after dis. But listen to me, Masther Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning, an' as

sure as I 'm here an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress, with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From everything. Listen hether. Didn't you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat, if I was to make dat offer again, you 'd tink different? An' didn't you give me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after I putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it's all one. An' now to call me out o' my name, an' to tell me I done it for harm! Dear knows, it wasn't for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it, dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Masther Hardress, listen to me. Eily O'Connor is in Heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere, dey tell us, of all our doings, good an' bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books an' my name (I 'm sore afeerd) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in whichever o' dem books my name is wrote, your own is not far from it."

As he spoke these words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shown, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face and uplifted arm of the deformed, and gave him the appearance of the fiend denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise upon the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his distorted and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture continued but for a second, yet it remained engraved upon the mind of Hardress, and, like the yelling of the hounds, haunted him, awake and dreaming, to his death. The fire again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision, and like a vision faded.

A COUNTRY DISPENSARY.

From 'The Rivals.'

"Docthor, darling."

"Docthor, I 'm here since mornin'!"

"Docthor, let me go, an' the heavens bless you. I 'm as wake as a piece of wet paper."

"Glory to your soul, docthor, asthore, an' gi' me something for this thremblin' I have. I do be thremblin' always, like a straw upon the water."

"Docthor, I *hear* a great pain in my foot, sir. I declare I cried that bottle full to-day morning, with it."

"That was a fine physic you ga' me last night, long life to your honor. It walked me all over. It sarched me finely, long life to your honor."

"There isn't a bit I ate, docthor, this time back, but what I get a *conceit* again' it the minute after."

"Docthor, I can't make no hand o' my head at all, these days."

"Oh, docthor, what 'll I do at all with these ears o' mine? I 'm partly deaf always, an' whenever I do be, I hear great sounds and noises, waves dashin' again' the bank, and birds whistlin', an'—boo! an' candlesticks; an' when I 'm deaf entirely, it 's then I hear all the bells in Ireland ringin' in my ears."

"Docthor, I have a great *express* upon my heart."

"That girl, sir, that you saw yesterday evening was bad entirely after you goin'. Oh, she began schreechin' in a manner, that if the priest was at the doore, you 'd think he wouldn't overtake her; an' every bit of her so hot that you 'd imagine the clothes would light about her, an' her face the whole time as red as if you threw a bowl o' blood in it."

"Docthor, a'ra gal! Docthor, darlin', Docthor, asthore! Oh, magra hu! Ma grienchree hu,¹ docthor! an' let me go!"

Such were a few of the eloquent instances addressed by the throng of patients without the rails to Doctor Jarvis, one of the attending physicians to a dispensary in a district of Ireland. Accustomed to the din, he remained with

¹ Oh . . . hu, "My love, thou art my heart's pity, thou art."

an undisturbed countenance, looking alternately into the haggard, robust, blooming, pale, fair, young, and ancient faces that were thrust forward through the wooden rails, and soliciting his sympathy. Two or three young disciples were hammering away at their mortars in different corners, compounding, like so many Cyclops, the thunderbolts of this great dispenser of health or of its opposite. The scene around him was one which might have waked uneasy sympathies in the heart of a novice. On one side was a stout man roaring aloud in the agonies of tooth-drawing; on another, a victim to the same "queen of a' diseases," sat woefully, with hand to jaw, contemplating the torture of the sufferer, and inly ruminating his own approaching sorrow; here lay a stripling with a bandaged arm and cadaverous cheek, just recovering with a sigh from the fit of syncope which had been induced by the operation of phlebotomy; and there knelt, with sleeve upturned, a young Esculapius, wounding, with ruthless lancet, the blue vein in the pretty foot of a girl as fresh as a garland. In one corner was an infant squalling and plunging on its mother's lap, in another the leader of a faction discomfited and headbroken, lamenting over the recollection of his broil, and groaning for the priest.

But these sounds of woe and suffering saluted the ear of the medical adept with a mere mechanical effect, and he continued to prescribe with a countenance unmoved, amid the twang of iron pestles, the squalling of children, the vociferations of the old women, and the moans of the young, sent out from beneath their hoods, calling each in order to his side, and attending to their wants in turn.

At a door in the railing was placed an able-bodied man, whose duty it was to admit the patients one by one, to see that no more should pass at a time, and to prevent them from loitering on their return.

"Mary Mulcahy!" cried the physician, reading from a ticket which had just been handed in.

An old woman hobbled on crutches to the door. Jerry Duhig (the able-bodied man before mentioned) opened it to admit her. A rush was made by the mob of patients outside. The woman was flung into the Doctor's arms, and Jerry himself was staggered from his balance. But, like a second Horatius Cocles, he rose in his anger, and con-

fronted the invaders in the breach of which they had almost possessed themselves. The physician gave himself up for a lost man when he saw the counterscarp thus furiously stormed. But Jerry stood his ground. He thrust right and left with his clenched fists, until he sent the crowd screaming and jostling back again without the door, with more cause of complaint than they had brought from home. As the old woman returned, Jerry, vexed at the outrage of which she had been the innocent occasion, caught her by the back of the neck, and sent her out at the door, crutches and all, at a rate more rapid than she had traveled since she was a young woman. She stumbled and fell among the crowd, exclaiming, in a tone between surprise and terror, "Oh, heaven forgive you your sins, you conthrairy man! Here's usage! Here's thratement!"

The Doctor proceeded.

"What's the matter with your head, my good man?"

"A little defference I had, sir, with a neighbor, and, he—"

"Broke it?"

"No, sir, only he hit up to me about my brother that was transported for night-walken; and out o' that—"

"He broke your head?"

"No, sir, only I retorted on him, in regard of his own father that was hanged for cow stealin', an'—"

"He broke your head?"

"No, sir, only then you see, he made up to me and call't me a liar, an' with that I sthruck him, and with that he—"

"Broke your head?"

"Broke my head across."

"Aye, that's the point. One would think I was a justice of peace. What is it to me what you fought about? The broken head is all I want."

"Faix, then, I could spare it to your honor now, an' welcome."

"Here, take that prescription to the young gentleman in the blue coat that's rolling the pills in the corner. Well, my young girl, what's the matter with you? Jerry, mind the door!"

A sudden roar from without proved that Jerry took the hint.

The young patient just addressed was a timid and pretty

creature of sixteen, who hesitated for a considerable time, and glanced shyly on each side, as if afraid of being overheard. Pitying her embarrassment, and interested by her figure, the Doctor took her into an inner room.

"Well, my dear," he said, in a kind tone, "what's the matter? Come, don't be afraid of me, now. I'm your friend, you know." And he patted her on the shoulder.

The girl only sighed, and looked down.

"Well, my dear, what have you to tell me?"

"Something that's come over me, sir. I'm in dread."

"How is that?"

"A great pain I have on my heart, sir. There's a boy livin' over near the Seven Churches, an' I'm afeerd he isn't actin' well."

"How so?"

"I don't know, sir. But ever since I met him I feel quite altered some way. I'm always lonesome, an' with a pain mostly at my heart, an' what makes me think 't is he that done it to me is, because when I go to his mother's, an' I find him at home, from that minute the pain leaves me, an' I feel nothin' at all until I come away again."

"Oh, ho!" said the Doctor, "well, my dear, I'll order you something; but how is it you suppose that this lad isn't acting well, as you say?"

The girl lifted the corner of her check apron to her eyes, and began to cry a little.

"Come now, my dear, don't keep me here all day. I can't cure you, if you won't tell, you know."

"To dance with him, I did, of a night, sir," she replied in a timid voice, and with a trembling lip, "an' when he was sittin' next me he gave me an apple, an' they tell me now that—"

Here she lifted her apron to her eyes and cried afresh.

"Well, well," said the Doctor, soothingly, "what then? Don't be afraid of *me*."

"They told me he put something in the apple, sir, to—to—make a fool of a person."

And, so saying, she hung her head, and drew the hood of her cloak around her face.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Doctor, "is that all? Then you might be quite at peace. Is this boy comfortable?"

"'T is Harry Lenigan, sir, that keeps the Latin school

near the Seven Churches, an' holds his place from Mr. Damer, of Glendearg."

"And have you any fortune yourself, my dear?"

"Fifteen pounds, my uncle left me, sir."

"A very nice thing. Well, my dear, take one of these pills every second night; and I would advise you generally, since you find it relieves your pain so much, to get into company with Harry, to be near him as much as you can conveniently; and come to me again when those pills are out. If Harry should call at your house any time between this and Shrovetide, I would advise you not to be out of the way. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir, long life to your honor."

"But, above all things, be sure you take the pills."

The girl promised to be careful, dropped a courtesy, and, heaving a gentle sigh, departed.

A loud knocking at the door now startled the physician.

"You 're wantin' over, sir, in all haste," cried the harsh and stormy voice of Jerry Duhig; "here 's Aaron Shepherd come to call you to see Mrs. Wilderming that 's taken suddenly ill."

This startling announcement occasioned an instantaneous bustle. The Doctor's horse was ordered to the door, and he hurried out of the house, leaving the crowd of patients storming at Jerry, and Jerry roaring at them like Dante's Cerberus,

"——who, thundering, stuns
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain."

THE LOQUACIOUS BARBER.

From 'The Collegians.'

He had scarcely taken his seat before the toilet, when a soft tap at the door, and the sound of a small squeaking voice, announced the arrival of the hair-cutter. On looking round him, Hardress beheld a small, thin-faced, red-haired little man, with a tailor's shears dangling from his finger, bowing and smiling with a timid and conciliating air. In

an evil hour for his patience, Hardress consented that he should commence operations.

"The platez were very airly this year, sir," he modestly began, after he had wrapped a check apron about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements.

"Very early, indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"Very airly, sir—the white-eyes especially. Them white-eyes are fine platez. For the first four months I wouldn't ax a better piatie than a white-eye, with a bit o' bacon, if one had it; but after that the meal goes out of 'em, and they gets wet and bad. The cups arn't so good in the beginnin' o' the saison, but they hould better. Turn your head more to the light, sir, if you please. The cups, indeed, are a fine substantial, lasting piatie. There 's great nutriment in 'em for poor people, that would have nothin' else with them but themselves, or a grain o' salt. There 's no piatie that eats better, when you have nothin' but a bit o' the little one (as they say) to eat with a bit o' the big. No piatie that eats so sweet with point."

"With point?" Hardress repeated, a little amused by this fluent discussion of the poor hair-cutter upon the varieties of a dish which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment, and on which he expatiated with as much cognoscence and satisfaction as a fashionable gourmand might do on the culinary productions of Eustache Udé. "What is point?"

"Don't you know what that is, sir? I'll tell you in a minute. A joke that them that has nothin' to do, an' plenty to eat, make upon the poor people that has nothin' to eat, and plenty to do. That is, when there 's dry platez on the table, and enough of hungry people about it, and the family would have, maybe, only one bit o' bacon hanging up above their heads, they'd peel a piatie first, and then they'd *point* it up at the bacon, and they'd fancy that it would have the taste o' the mait when they'd be aitin' it after. That's what they call point, sir. A cheap sort o' diet it is (Lord help us!) that 's plenty enough among the poor people in this country. A great plan for making a small bit o' pork go a long way in a large family."

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

"Terrible, sir. I sent my own over to the forge before

I left home, to have an eye put in it; only for that, I'd be smarter a deal. Slender food it is, indeed. There 's a deal o' poor people here in Ireland, sir, that are run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are everythin'; the *kitchen*¹ little or nothin'. But there 's a sort o' piatez (I don't know did your honor ever taste 'em) that 's gettin' greatly in vogue now among 'em, an' is killin' half the country,—the white piatez, a piate that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, and will grow in very poor land; but has no more strength nor nourishment in it than if you had boiled a handful o' sawdust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of deal board between your teeth and thought to make a breakfast of it. The black bulls themselves are better; indeed, the black bulls are a deal a better piate than they're thought. When you'd peel 'em, they look as black as indigo, an' you'd have no mind to 'em at all; but I declare they're very sweet in the mouth, an' very strengthenin'. The English reds are a nate piate, too; and the apple piate (I don't know what made 'em be given up), an' the kidney (though delicate o' rearing); but give me the cups for all, that will hould the meal in 'em to the last, and won't require any inthricket tillage. Let a man have a middling-sized pit o' cups again the winter, a small *caish*² to pay his rent, an' a handful o' turf behind the doore, an' he can defy the world."

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming as of hair-cutting."

"Oyeh, if I had nothin' to depend upon but what heads comes across me this way, sir, I'd be in a poor way enough. But I have a little spot o' ground besides."

"And a good taste for the produce."

"T was kind father for me to have that same. Did you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"Never."

"T was my father first made it. I'll tell you the story, sir, if you'll turn your head this way a minute."

Hardress had no choice but to listen.

"My father went once upon a time about the country, in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by

¹ *Kitchen*, anything eaten with potatoes. ² *Caish*, a pig.

cutting hair, or setting razhurs and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way. Well an' good—he was one day walking alone in the mountains of Kerry, without a hai'p'ny in his pocket (for though he traveled a-foot, it cost him more than he earned), an' knowing there was but little love for a County Limerick man in the place where he was, on being half perished with the hunger, an' evening drawing nigh, he didn't know well what to do with himself till morning. Very good—he went along the wild road; an' if he did, he soon sees a farmhouse at a little distance o' one side—a snug-looking place, with the smoke curling up out of the chimney, an' all tokens of good living inside. Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think did my father do? He wouldn't beg (a thing one of our people never done yet, thank heaven!) an' he hadn't the money to buy a thing, so what does he do? He takes up a couple o' the big limestones that were lying on the road in his two hands, an' away with him to the house. 'Lord save all here!' says he, walkin' in the doore. 'And you kindly,' says they. 'I'm come to you,' says he, this way, looking at the two limestones, 'to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire, until I'll make my dinner?' 'Limestone broth!' says they to him again; 'what 's that, aroo?' 'Broth made o' limestone,' says he; 'what else?' 'We never heard of such a thing,' says they. 'Why, then, you may hear it now,' says he, 'an' see it also, if you'll gi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' soft water.' 'You can have it an' welcome,' says they. So they put down the pot an' the water, an' my father went over an' tuk a chair hard by the pleasant fire for himself, an' put down his two limestones to boil, an' kep stirrin' them round like stir-about. Very good—well, by-an'-by, when the wather began to boil—'T is thickening finely,' says my father; 'now if it had a grain o' salt at all, 't would be a great improvement to it.' 'Raich down the salt-box, Nell,' says the man o' the house to his wife. So she did. 'Oh, that 's the very thing, just,' says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an'-by, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it. 'It is very good now,' says he, 'although it wants something yet.' 'What is it?' says they. 'Oyeh,

wisha nothin', says he; 'maybe 't is only fancy o' me?' 'If it's anything we can give you,' says they, 'you're welcome to it.' 'T is very good as it is,' says he; 'but when I'm at home, I find it gives it a fine flavor just to boil a little knuckle o' bacon, or mutton trotters, or anything that way along with it.' 'Raich hether that bone o' sheep's head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell,' says the man o' the house. 'Oyeh, don't mind it,' says my father; 'let it be as it is.' 'Sure if it improves it, you may as well,' says they. '*Baithershin!*' says my father, putting it down. So after boiling it a good piece longer, 'T is fine limestone broth,' says he, 'as ever was tasted; an' if a man had a few platez,' says he, looking at a pot of 'em that was smokin' in the chimney-corner, 'he couldn't desire a better dinner.' They gave him the platez, and he made a good dinner of themselves an' the broth, not forgetting the bone, which he polished equal to chaney before he let it go. The people themselves tasted it, an' thought it as good as any mutton broth in the world."¹

GILE MACHREE.

Gile Machree,
 Sit down by me,
 We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
 This hearth's our own,
 Our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor,
 Your father's door
 Was closed against your constant lover;
 With care and pain
 I tried in vain
 My fortunes to recover.
 I said, "To other lands I'd roam,
 Where fate may smile on me, love;"
 I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
 And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"
 Sing, *Gile machree*, &c.

¹ This folk tale has been dramatized by Mr. W. B. Yeats under the title of 'The Pot of Broth.' See the special article by Mr. Stephen Gwynn entitled 'The Irish Drama.'

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 Come live with me, your own true lover—
 I know a spot,
 A silent cot,
 Your friends can ne'er discover,
 Where gently flows the waveless tide
 By one small garden only;
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
 And the linnet sings so lonely!
 Sing, *Gile machree*, &c.

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 A father's right was never given
 True hearts to curse
 With tyrant force
 That have been blest in heaven.
 But then I said, "In after years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her,
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends thus left behind her."
 Sing, *Gile machree*, &c.

Oh no, I said,
 My own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn, for ever
 That heart of thine
 Shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty—never.
 From home and thee, though wandering far,
 A dreary fate be mine, love;
 I'd rather live in endless war
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.
 Sing, *Gile machree*, &c.

Far, far away,
 By night and day,
 I toiled to win a golden treasure;
 And golden gains
 Repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.
 I sought again my native land,
 Thy father welcomed me, love;
 I poured my gold into his hand,
 And my guerdon found in thee, love.

Sing, *Gile machree*,
 Sit down by me,
 We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
 This hearth 's our own,
 Our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours for ever!

EILEEN AROON.¹

When, like the early rose,
Eileen aroon!
 Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen aroon!
 When, like a diadem,
 Buds blush around the stem,
 Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye?
Eileen aroon!
 Is it the timid sigh?
Eileen aroon!
 Is it the tender tone,
 Soft as the stringed heart's moan?
 Oh! it is Truth alone,
Eileen aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
 Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
 What makes his dawning glow
 Changeless through joy or woe?—
 Only the constant know,
Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen aroon!
 I knew a cottage there,
Eileen aroon!
 Far in that valley's shade

¹ *Eibhlin a ruin*, Eileen, my treasure.

I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileén aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileén aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileén aroon!

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileén aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileén aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileén aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Eileén aroon!

HY-BRASAIL: THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest.
From year unto year on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful specter showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
And he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before;

Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara again he looked timidly back;
Oh! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O, ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.
Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labor and peace.
The warning of reason was spoke in vain;
He never revisited Ara again!
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
And he died on the waters away, far away!

STEPHEN GWYNN.

(1865 —)

STEPHEN GWYNN was born in 1865 in the County Donegal. He is the eldest son of the Rev. John Gwynn, regius professor of divinity in the University of Dublin, by his marriage with Lucy, eldest daughter of William Smith O'Brien. He was educated at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, and at Oxford. In 1896 he took up the profession of literature in London, where his work is well known in the reviews and magazines. He is the Secretary of the Irish Literary Society. He has published : 'Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Portrait Painter,' 'Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim,' 'The Repentance of a Private Secretary,' 'The Old Knowledge,' and 'The Decay of Sensibility, and other Essays,' as well as a volume of poems, a collection of stories, of fishing experiences in Ireland, and 'Masters of English Literature' (1904).

AN HEROIC DECEPTION.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.

"D'ye mind ould Nancy Lafferty?" said Maria to me, as we were talking over the changes of ten years in that remote Donegal parish. "Nancy, the ould woman with the wee donkey and creels, that used to bring fish to the door to sell. Did ye see her in Ramelton then? It's a wonder ye knowed her, for she's quarely failed. Ould John Lafferty, that was her husband, was a fisherman some place down thonder by Dunfanaghy, and she used to take his fish round and sell them to all the quality as far as Letterkenny. But some time after yees all left the big house—I don't mind rightly when it was, but maybe seven or eight years ago—ould John died.

"The boys was all out in America, and she had just the one daughter with her—Mary Jane they called her. Well, when ould John died, they was greatly straitened, and Mary Jane she be to go into service. There was a lady at Dunfanaghy that was willing to take her for nursemaid, but the boys wrote for her to come out to them to America, for she'd get grand wages. Nancy was for not letting her go, but Mary Jane she said she'd never be asy in a place like thon, and her own home only that wee piece



STEPHEN GWYNN

off; so Nancy be to let her go. It's a quare journey thon for a girl to be taking her lones, but there's them that does it every day now; and Mary Jane knew she was going to the boys, and they was doing well.

"Nancy had the ass yet, and she used to gather dilsks¹ and mussels and cockles and the like of that, and you'd see her selling them every fairday. Well, one day she came up here, maybe a month after Mary Jane sailed, and she had a letter with her; for Nancy she could neither read nor write, but Mary Jane was a grand scholar; and Nancy was looking Johnny to answer the letter for her. She had always a great notion of Johnny since he was a wee boy, for them Ramelton fellows had no decency, and they would be stoning the donkey; but Johnny had always a good word for her, and many's the handful of dilsks she gave him. So Johnny read the letter out to her and me—the priest it was read it for her first, but she couldn't trouble him to be writing—and Mary Jane said she was there safe, and living with Pat till she'd get a place, and she'd surely get one soon. So nothing would do Nancy but Johnny must sit down and write a letter to Mary Jane, for she was terrible taken up with thon girl.

"Well, that way she'd come onest a month, for Mary Jane she wrote regular on the first of every month, and very soon she had a place, and every month she'd be sending money from herself and the boys. Mick was doing no good and drinking all he got, and Pat he was no scholar and couldn't write for himself, but he was quare and good to Mary Jane, and Nancy wanted for nothing. Well, you'd think she might have got some one near hand; but nobody but Johnny would do her, and every month she'd come all the way from Creeslough round by here—it would mostly be the day afore the fairday in Ramelton she'd come—and you'd laugh to hear the things she'd make Johnny write.

"Pat died about a year after Mary Jane went out, and she took on greatly about that; but her whole talk was of Mary Jane. One morning she came up the bit of lane, and when I saw her coming I was wondering what could be the matter with her, for she was laughing to herself like. 'Och Maria,' says she, 'Mary Jane's going to be married;

¹ *Dilsk, dulse*, a sweet-tasting kind of sea-weed.

and she's after sending me a picture of her and her man.' An' a fine young man he was, with a grand collar on him. He was a tram driver in New York, Mary Jane said; and they were to be married the next month. Well, such a letter as Johnny had to write that day! And Mary Jane's man was getting good wages, and they used to send four dollars regular every month, and Nancy was quarely pleased. One day she came up fair crying, for Mary Jane had a son, and it was: 'Och Maria, if I could get a sight of the wean. Do you think now would I be too old to go out thonder?' Well, it wasn't long after that that she came again; and she had a kind of look like a person that's not right in the head. So I sent for Johnny, and she gave him the letter. 'Read thon,' says she. There was the four dollars in it, in one of them orders, and it was as kind a letter as ever you heard, and all about the baby in it; but at the end she says, 'You mustn't be vexed if I can't be always sending you the money regular now, for George thinks bad this good while of parting so much money, and when I came to him for it this month, he gave me all sorts; but Mary Cassidy lent it me for the onest, and I'll maybe make it up every month unbeknownst to him.'

"'Isn't it a shame of him?' says I, thinking to pleasure her, for ould Nancy was sitting there by the fire, and never a word out of her.

"Well, Master Stephen, she turned on me as sharp as if I'd struck her.

"'It's no shame,' says she, 'but it's shame on you that says the like. Sure, what call has a man that has a wife and child to keep, to be sending money to a useless ould crathur that he never seen?'

"'Sure, why wouldn't he let his wife help her mother?' says I,—'isn't that nature?—for Pat's dead, and Mick's all one to you as if he were dead. It's Mary Jane that'll have the sore heart,' says I; 'and shouldn't a husband content his wife in reason?'

"'An' do you think,' says she, 'that I'm for makin' trouble betwixt Mary Jane and her husband? Now, Johnny,' says she turning round to him, 'this is the last time I'll be troubling you.'

"Well, Master Stephen, nothing would do her but Johnny must write to Mary Jane and tell her—what do

you think now?—that ould Nancy was dead. Johnny and me we joined on her, and Johnny he said he wouldn't put his hand to the like of that.

“ ‘Sure it would be a lie,’ says he, ‘and a black lie.’

“ ‘By the will of God it might be true soon enough,’ says she—an’ there was an awful look on the face of her— ‘an’ if I can’t be dead, sure I’d better be all as one as if I were dead than hurting Mary Jane. And, if you won’t do it for me, and me after coming a day’s journey from Creeslough, there’s them that’ll do it for money, if there’s none’ll do it for kindness.’

“ I was for stopping Johnny, but he told me afterwards that he was afeard some bad person might write and get the money sent to them, and neither Mary Jane nor Nancy be the better for their sorrow. For, Master Stephen, there’s no telling the wickedness that’s in the world. So Johnny he wrote the letter, and then, says I to her, ‘How are you going to live now, anyway, without the money? You surely aren’t going into the poor-house?’

“ ‘If I must,’ says she, ‘I must just thole; but isn’t there the gleanings that God puts by the sea thonder for the ould cripples to gather for them that has better things to do?’ And from that day to this she never crossed the door.

“ Johnny he got a terrible letter from Mary Jane, for the poor thing was quarely vexed, and Johnny was crying over it the length of a day. An’ he took the letter with him, and he traveled the whole way to Creeslough to show it to Nancy. At the first she wouldn’t listen to him, but at the last he made her; and she greeted quarely too, and then says she:

“ ‘Sure that had to come to her soon or late, and now it’s over and there’ll be no ill will with her husband. Ay, and you’ll see,’ says she, ‘now the ould woman’s gone, she’ll be thinking long no more.’ For in all her letters Mary Jane would be saying how it was a grand town she was in, but she would rather have yellow-meal brochans¹ in Creeslough nor ham and wine in New York. Ay, Mary Jane was quare and fond of her mother too. But, mind you, Master Stephen, that’s two years ago and more, and Nancy’s living yet. She sold the ass, for she be to, and

¹ *Brochans*, gruel.

she'll hardly speak to a body now; and whiles Johnny goes up to her in the fair, but the most he ever says to her is just buying a couple of pennorth of dilsks. There's no one dares name Mary Jane to her; and she sits there, all dazed like, and the wee boys steal the dilsks off her stall, and half the time she never minds them. But an odd time she'll rise and scream and curse at them, that it would frighten you; and they say the doctor was talking about putting her in the asylum. But Johnny says the heart's dead in her this two years, and it's her grave would fit her better nor a madhouse."

I saw Johnny that afternoon. "Why didn't you write to some one else, and get word of Mary Jane, and give it her?" I asked him.

"To tell you the truth, Master Stephen, I was afraid," he said. "By that I judged of Mary Jane's man you couldn't tell how he'd turn out on her; and I was afraid to hear I had that lie on me for nothing, if Mary Jane wasn't happy for all Nancy did. And whatever I knew that I had to tell; for there's no man, knowing what I knew, could have gone to that old woman with a lie on his lips."

NOTE.—This story belongs really to Mr. Manning, a well-known Dublin journalist, who prefers telling stories to writing them. I heard it at second-hand from a friend, and after some months wrote my version. But in the meantime Mr. Edmund Downey had also heard the tale and told it in print. If any one likes to compare 'Silver Sand,' in Mr. Downey's book 'Pinches of Salt,' with my story, he will find a pretty illustration of the game they call Russian Scandal.—S. G.

THE YOUNG FISHER.

There is no variety of sportsman who gets so much joy for so little slaughter as the juvenile angler. I have seen a small boy, at the end of six weeks' pertinacious fishing, exultant over his total of a hundred trout. But of these at least two-thirds went back to the stream, for he had been properly educated, and scorned to take undersized fish. Nothing under two ounces would satisfy his standard. But whether he kept them or not, the capture of each individual pinkeen was a triumph, and he would come in deploring, with a fine mastery of technicalities, that the

salmon fry were rising very short. Doubtless in a few years he will be deploring, with equal earnestness, the same perverse behavior in the adult salmon, and doubtless, in the light of pure reason, he is no more ridiculous now than he will be then.

Yet, although it will not then be quite so exhilarating to command the terms of art, to call flies by their proper names, and know the virtues of an orange-grouse or a blue-bottle, still the spirit of the thing will be the same, for love of detailed discussion is one of the angler's chief characteristics. In the juvenile sportsman it figures with that touch of extravagance which makes the essence of caricature. Scales are already his delight, and, if the cook permits, he will weigh meticulously every single fish in a basket of two dozen, and will strain his arithmetic to construct averages—sometimes with surprising results; but, after all, how little unlike his instructors!

Naturally, the pursuit is fertile in material for those questions which form the staple of boys' conversation with their elders. There is no limit to the series of interrogations and hypothetical cases. "Which do you think would pull hardest, a white trout of four ounces, or a brown trout of six?" If only on this account—but indeed by no means only on this account—it must be allowed that the young fisher tends to be a nuisance. But if he were not a nuisance in that way, he undoubtedly would be in some other; and in the meanwhile he is acquiring the great virtue of patience, and some little dexterity of hand, constantly needed to disentangle his own casting lines—which every young fisher should be not only encouraged but constrained to do. Moreover, he hardens his constitution by defying wind and weather, and learns a fine disdain for mere meals, contemning even tea and cake while fish are rising, and frequently when they are not.

Those who cannot sympathize with such delights are not merely the uninitiated; they are the invincibly ignorant. But nearly every angler can look back on these hours of easily earned excitement; and one may be sorry for those who do not begin young, and consequently never know them. They may become just as expert; the best fisherman I know never fished till after he was married, but he

has missed something that all his big days can never make up for.

I remember well the first fish I ever caught, partly because of the emotion, partly for the chastisement that followed. We were exploring along the rocks near the mouth of Lough Swilly, when in a cleft between them we espied certain small dark creatures—young pollack, or, as the local name is, *sheein*. Whether we had a rod, or whether a line was tied to the end of a walking-stick, I forget; but I was set to fish in the clear water, and presently a *sheein* took the bait—a small piece of mussel—and I hauled it into mid-air. But it dangled out of reach, for in my excitement I could not think how to hold my rod so that the line would fall beside me; and in stretching after it I toppled over, and, having been lugged out ignominiously, was soundly cuffed for my clumsiness.

I caught other *sheeins* there, and in later holidays captured dozens at Portstewart, fishing from the house in which, I believe, the defender of Ladysmith was born. About the same time began my days of fly-fishing, also under the tutelage of uncles; they continued unaided, and by the time I was sixteen or so I must have been tolerably expert, as I remember twice getting over four dozen fair-sized fish in the river which I will call the Owenmore. My first salmon dates, I think, from about that age, and I know there was trouble when I got him, for I had no license, and this was the second fish killed on trout flies from our house within the week. One of my schoolmasters, a very old friend and an expert salmon angler, assisted at the performance, and between us we walked the fish up on to a shallow, shoving it with our feet. It was a great moment, perhaps the greater since it came to a boy; but I have often heard boatmen and gillies tell me how gold has been heaped on them by elderly men whose first salmon they have gaffed.

It will be seen that I began fairly early, but my chances were poor compared with those of a boy of my acquaintance whose father lives beside the best pool on that same river, and is perhaps the best fisherman who ever fished it. One day in spring the father was out on this pool, fishing it from a boat, and the rod lay in the stern with the line shortened. The youngster with him picked it up and be-

gan to cast; then came a small, deep rise, and the fly was taken—apparently by a trout. But in a moment there was a big rush and the reel screamed. The boatmen implored the father to take the rod, but he insisted that as the boy had hooked the fish he should kill him—if he could. And so the infant angler, about ten years old, was landed on the bank, and with the butt of the big rod stuck well in his stomach, proceeded to fight the fish and finally to beat him. The salmon weighed seventeen pounds.

A boy so entered on the sport naturally sticks to it, and this year, when I went to fish the pool in question, I found this young gentleman just returned for his summer holidays. He had not yet had his chance there; but at Easter he had killed five salmon in a week, one on the free water; and probably, with a trout rod at least, he is as good as most of us. There is no sport in which complete proficiency can be attained earlier. I once went to fish at Ballina, and to my disgust found the river yellow with mud; big flies were of no avail, and I was driven to try the spoon, of which I had no experience. After half-an-hour's unprofitable loss of time and temper, I asked Jim Hearne's gossoon, who was poling the cot, if he understood the business. He modestly said he thought so; and in a minute this youngster, whose head would hardly reach my belt, was casting the spoon in a way that I could not manage under six weeks' practice.

But the young fishermen with whose experiences I am most recently familiar have not aspired to salmon, nor did I see them catch their first fish, which were mackerel and pollack, at Looe. I saw plenty, however, of their early efforts and the awful rivalries engendered, and I shall never to my dying hour forget the last of that fishing.

We were departing next day, and a final carnival of fishing was promised. It was ascertained by this time that the most profitable sport was not trolling for mackerel and pollack, but fishing about sundown from an anchored boat for the tiny bream, which are there called chad—with the off chance of a small conger to make a fearful joy.

Three little boys were rowed out by an old man in his punt, and I followed in a skiff, sculling two little girls (one hardly more than a baby) and their nursery governess. The evening was dead calm, but it had blown strong,

and off the river mouth we ran into a swell that made me wish devoutly that we were in a less crank vessel. However, we moored safely to one of the pilchard boats that lay at anchor, and began fishing. That is to say, I began to chop a pilchard into small but disgusting pieces for bait.

I had realized by this that chad were much more easily caught with trout hooks and small baits than with the larger tackle used by the local fishers; and I put two hooks on each of those lines, for there was competition between the boats. Almost immediately fish began to take, sometimes one, sometimes two at a time; sometimes also the fishers would feel bites and haul in the line, only to find the bait gone. The smallest girl was barely able to pull in her own line, and none of the three fishers was able to keep the line, when hauled, from tangling; and I promise you their boatman was kept busy, slashing venomously at the bait, disentangling lines, unhooking the fish, which had back fins sharp as a perch's, and generally keeping an eye that no one went overboard. It was brisk sport, and the boat began to fill with the short, deep little fish, olive-brown, olive-green, olive-silver; but, where she lay riding by the painter, the swell took her, and she pitched more than a little, and in a few moments the governess leaned over the side. I was for putting her ashore at once, but the little girls protested, more particularly the youngest, her special nursling, and the devoted woman stayed on. Yet it was not all self-sacrifice; the sporting spirit was strong in her, and she continued simultaneously to catch fish and be seasick, till at last night fell dark, the fish stopped biting, and we pulled in gingerly over the smooth, heavy swell where the river met the tide, and past the pier-head to the landing-place. I do not remember how many fish we had aboard—dozens anyhow—but the little girls had defeated their brothers, and were proud in proportion; and the heroic governess revived her drooping body in the exultation of this triumph.

It was a year later that education progressed another step, and the enthusiasts were taught to fish with the fly. Two youngsters accompanied a rather nervous parent to the little hotel at Lough Columb in Donegal; but there was no need for nervousness, as the whole establishment was even more eager to look after them than after the guests

of a less troublesome age. We got out on Lough na Mrack next day, under the charge of its best boatman, sometime a member of the constabulary. By his petitions, and against my better judgment, I was induced to rig the second cast, like my own, with three flies. I stipulated, however, that he should keep it in order.

The day was good, and it was not long before they saw that trout could be caught with a fly; but it was long enough before they caught one. One would not believe how many things can be done wrong with a trout line, even casting down the wind. First the flies would tangle round the rod; then when they were got into the water they remained stationary and sank; when this was altered, they were dragged through and whipped up again, to sing round the ears of every one in the boat, where we sat with coat collar turned up and hats pulled down. And when, in spite of all, trout rose at the fly, the learners could not be induced to strike; when at last they did strike, it was with a vehemence fatal to tackle. The day must have been pretty well on when at last one trout rose to a trailing fly near the boat, and persisted in taking it. Then one began to see how complicated in reality is the process of keeping an even strain on a small fish—difficult as eating with a knife and fork, or any other elaborate accomplishment. But at last the fish came in, and the boatman was for insisting that I should land it. He said (in all seriousness) he would not like to take so great a responsibility. But at last the fish was landed, and others were got the same day—chiefly, however, by trolling behind the boat, which presents fewer difficulties.

It is certainly a good thing for the young to learn to fly-fish; nothing affords so excellent a discipline for the temper of their elders. The ex-policeman set me an example not to be forgotten, for though his face spoke of a hot temper (which is no longer a matter of conjecture to me), he unraveled and disentangled with a tireless patience: and it was pure joy to him when a small boy, having hooked a trout, reeled in desperately almost to the very gut, then, raising the point of his rod, jerked the fish out, while it swung back and forward, evading his hand—generally to drop off into the water, unless the landing-net succeeded in intercepting it, as you might say, on the wing.

Nevertheless, in three or four days a considerable number of fish were caught, and sent off to admiring relatives. Next year Lough Drummond gave lessons mainly in perseverance, but there were compensations in the cottage where we stayed—its clay floor, its soda bread, its dogs, hens, ducks, calves, and live stock generally. But this last summer the return to Lough na Mrack was an event, and the ex-policeman was an old friend, and one who made us welcome. The rest of the party arrived a day before the school-boys, and the little girls had each caught her fish, trolling the fly, before their brothers came on the scene late in the afternoon. Great were the greetings; and it was the boatman who petitioned that they should get out after dinner and fish till dark night, for, as he said to me, “the countenance of them would decoy you.” So they fished and caught their fish, the evening closing with wild excitement when the single boy who had been out of luck reeled up excitedly as we trolled home; and when a fish came in on the bob-fly, the tail of the cast was still deep in water, and he landed two at once.

And of all the people in the boat I believe the boatman was the most pleased—although we had kept him out till ten o’clock that evening. Irish people are surprisingly fond of children, and we had a pretty illustration of their fondness a few days later when a party of us rowed up Lough Columb to picnic and attempt the minnow on the Bolb, a deep stream which flows in at the head. After some not very serious fishing, we made our way in between the winding banks of a channel which flows in serpentine curves for a mile or so level with the lake. Rowing up this, we trailed the minnow, in hope of some mouster of a black trout—but our chief capture was one little pinkeen, which had contrived somehow to seize a bait half as long as himself. At last we pulled in to a bank, and turned out our lunch, while the industrious boatman crossed the river, lifted a few turfs from a neighboring stack, and set to lighting a fire. By the time we had finished eating and drinking he had prepared for us a surprise dessert, small trout broiled in the embers, which those of us who dared ate with our fingers—a messy proceeding; but the flavor of peat and an open-air appetite make brown trout delicious. Meanwhile, our journey up, and our rambles among the

meadows which border on the Bolb, had interested the neighborhood; and as we entered the lake and began to fish down, our boatman called our attention to a large pink object lying on top of a rock. It was, he said, a bunch of roses which a woman from one of the cottages had left there for us.

Looked at across the lake, it seemed like scarlet paper, and we all were convinced that our friend was joking us. But as we fished the drift across and neared the shore, it became evident that he spoke the simple truth. There was an enormous nosegay of old-fashioned roses laid on a rock by the water's edge, and fixed there with a stone. He had seen the woman of a cottage on the hill above run down surreptitiously, leave them there, and disappear. So pretty a civility could not go unrecognized, so one of us, with a couple of the children, waded ashore with half a dozen trout in the net, made our way up through a field or two, and came on a little cottage of the usual type, but, for a wonder, simply smothered in roses; and there was the pleasant, kindly little woman, who explained by saying that she had seen the children at the hotel, and lost her heart to them—though she had a tribe of her own. They all seem to think, as old Peggy, the guardian of St. Columb's birthplace, said to me, that "childer is a very heart-some thing about a place." And whatever boatman I ever fished with in Ireland, you might leave him in charge of small boys with perfect confidence that he would neither drown them (perhaps the most natural thing to do) nor lose his temper with them, nor, to use another of Peggy's words, "give them bad parables" in any way.

A LAY OF OSSIAN AND PATRICK.

I tell you an ancient story
Learnt on an Irish strand,
Of lonely Ossian returning
Belated from fairyland

To a land grown meek and holy,
To a land of mass and bell,
Under the hope of heaven,
Under the dread of hell:

It tells how the bard and warrior,
Last of a giant race,
Wrestled a year with Patrick,
Answering face to face,

Mating the praise of meekness,
With vaunt of the warrior school,
And the glory of God the Father
With the glory of Finn MacCool;

Until at last the hero,
Through fasting and through prayer,
Came to the faith of Christians,
And turned from the things that were.

When the holy bread was broken,
And the water wet on his brow,
And the last of the fierce Fianna
Had spoken the Christian vow,

In a sudden glory Patrick
Seeing the fierce grown mild,
Laughed with joy on his convert,
Like father on first-born child.

"Well was for you, O Ossian,
You came to the light," he said;
"And now I will show you the torment
From which to our God you fled."

Then with a pass of his crozier
He put a spell on the air,
And there fell a mist on the eyeballs
Of Ossian standing there.

Shapes loomed up through the darkness,
And "Now," says the saint, "look well;
See your friends the Fianna,
And all their trouble in hell."

Ossian stared through the darkness,
Saw, as the mist grew clear,
Legions of swarth-hued warriors
Raging with sword and spear:

Footmen, huge and misshapen,
Stiffened with snarling ire;
Chariots with hell-black stallions
Champing a spume of fire,

And all of the grim-faced battle,
With clash and yell and neigh,
Dashed on a knot of warriors
Set in a rank at bay.

Ossian looked, and he knew them,
Knew each man of them well,
Knew his friends, the Fianna,
There in the pit of hell.

There was his very father,
Leader of all their bands,
Finn, the terrible wrestler,
Griping with giant hands;

Oscar with edged blade smiting,
Caoilté with charging lance,
And Diarmuid poisoning his javelin,
Nimble as in the dance;

Conan, the crop-eared stabber,
Aiming a slant-way stroke,
And the fiery Lugach leaping
Where the brunt of battle broke.

But in front of all by a furlong,
There in the hell-light pale,
Was the champion, Gull MacMorna,
Winding a monstrous flail.

And still the flail as he swung it
Sang through the maddened air,
Singing the deeds of heroes,
A song of the days that were.

It swung with the shrilling of pipers,
It smote with a thud of drums,
It leapt and it whirled in battle,
Crying, "Gull MacMorna comes."

It leapt and it smote, and the devils
Shrieked under every blow;
With the very wind of its whistling
Warriors were stricken low.

It swept a path through the army
Wide as a winter flood,
And down that lane the Fianna
Charged in a wash of blood.

Patrick gazed upon Ossian:
But Ossian watched to descry
The surf and the tide of battle
Turn as in days gone by.

And lo! at the sudden onslaught
The fighters of Eirie made,
And under the flail of MacMorna,
The host of the foemen swayed,

Broke; and Ossian, breathless,
Heard the exultant yell
Of his comrades hurling the devils
Back to the wall of hell.

And the sword-blades reaped like sickles,
And the javelins hissed like hail,
And louder and ever louder
Rose the song of the flail,

As whirling in air the striker
Sang clear, or thudded dull,—
When, woe! the tug¹ on a sudden
Snapped in the grasp of Gull.

Hand-staff and striker parted;
The song of the flail was dumb,—
On the heart of Ossian, listening,
Fell that silence numb.

And oh! for a time uncounted
He watched with straining eyes
The tide of the devils' battle
Quickened and turn and rise.

¹ *Tug*, or trace, leathern thong holding the two parts of a flail together.

He watched the Fianna's onset
Waver and hang in doubt,
He watched his leaderless comrades
Swept in a struggling rout.

But Gull, with a shield before him,
Crouched on the battle ground,
And there in the track of slaughter
Tore at what he found,

Until in the crash and tumult,
And dashed with a bloody rain,
He had knotted his flail together
With sinews out of the slain.

Then, as the gasping Fianna
Felt their endeavor fail,
Chanting their ancient valor
Rose the voice of the flail.

And again in the stagnant ebbing
Of their blood began to flow
The flood of a surging courage,
The hope of a crowning blow;

And the heart of their comrades watching,
Stirred with joy to behold
Feats of his bygone manhood,
Strokes that he knew of old.

Again he beheld the stubborn
Setting of targe to targe,
Again he beheld the rally
Swell to a shattering charge.

And surely now the Fianna
Must slaughter and whelm the foe
In a fierce and final triumph,
Lords of the realm below,

As they leapt in a loosened phalanx,
Climbing on heaps of slain:
—And again Gull's wizard weapon
Flew on a stroke in twain.

For a time and times uncounted
 Ossian endured the sight
 Of the endless swaying tumult,
 The ebb and flow of the fight.

His face grew lean with sorrow,
 And hunger stared from his eyes,
 And the laboring breath from his bosom
 Broke in heavy sighs.

Patrick watched, and he wondered,
 And at last in pity spoke:
 "Vexed is your look, O Ossian,
 As your very heart were broke.

"Courage, O new-made Christian:
 Great is my joy in you:
 I would like it ill on a day of grace
 My son should have aught to rue.

"Therefore for these your comrades
 I give you a wish to-day
 That shall lift them out of their torment
 Into some better way.

"Speak! be bold in your asking,
 Christ is strong to redeem."
 —Ossian turned to him sudden,
 Like one awaked from a dream.

His eye was fierce as an eagle's,
 And his voice had a trumpet's ring,
 As when at the Fenian banquets
 He lifted his harp to sing.

"I ask no help of the Father,
 I ask no help of the Son,
 Nor of the Holy Spirit,
 Ever Three in One.

"This for my only asking,
 And then let might prevail,—
Patrick, give Gull MacMorna
An iron tug to his flail."

Patrick is dead, and Ossian;
Gull to his place is gone;
But the words and the deeds of heroes
Linger in twilight on,—

In a twilight of fireside tellings
Lit by the poet's lay,
Lighting the gloom of hardship,
The night of a needy day.

And still the Gael, as he listens
In a land of mass and bell,
Under the hope of heaven,
Under the dread of hell,

Thinks long, like age-spent Ossian,
For the things that are no more,
For the clash of meeting weapons,
And the mad delight of war.

A SONG OF DEFEAT.

Not for the lucky warriors,
—The winner at Waterloo,
Or him of a newer name,
Whom loud-voiced triumphs acclaim
Victor against the few—
Not for these, O Eire,
I build in my heart to-day
The lay of your sons and you.

I call to your mind to-day,
Out of the mists of the past,
Many a hull and many a mast
Black in the bight of the bay
Over against Ben Edair;
And the lip of the ebbing tideway all
Red with the life of Gael and Gall,
And the Danes in a headlong slaughter sent:
—And the women of Eire keening
For Brian, slain at his tent.

Mother, O gray sad mother,
Love, with the troubled eyes,

For whom I marshal to-day
 The sad and splendid array,
 Calling the lost to arise,
 —As some queen's courtier unbidden
 Might fetch her gems to the sun,
 Praising the glory and glow
 Of all that was hers to show—
 Eire, love Brian well,
 For Brian fought, and he fell:
 But Brian fought, and he won:
 God! that was long ago!
 Nearer and dearer to you,
 Eire, Eire *mo bhron*,
 (List to the name of your own,
 O sweet name, My Sorrow!)
 Are the suns that flamed and faded
 In a night that had no morrow.

I call to your mind Red Hugh,
 And the Castle's broken ward;
 I call to your mind O'Neill,
 And the fight at the Yellow Ford:
 —And the ships afloat on the main,
 Bearing O'Donnell to Spain,
 For the flame of his quick and leaping soul
 To be quenched in a venomed bowl:
 —And the shores by the Swilly's shadows,
 And the Earls pushed out through the foam,
 And O'Neill in his grave-clothes lying
 With the wish of his heart in Ireland,
 And his body cold in Rome.
 I call to your mind Benburb
 And the stubborn Ulster steel,
 And the triumph of Owen Roe:
 Clonmel, and the glorious stand
 Of the younger Hugh O'Neill;
 —And Owen dead at Derry,
 And Cromwell loosed on the land.

I call to your mind brave Sarsfield,
 And the battle in Limerick street,
 The mine and the shattered wall,
 And the battered breach held good,
 And William full in retreat:
 —And, at the end of all,
 Wild Geese rising on clamorous wing

To follow the flight of an alien king.
And the hard-won treaty broke
And the elder faith oppressed,
And the blood—but not for Ireland—
Red upon Sarsfield's breast.
Ended, the roll of the great
And the famous leaders of armies,
The shining lamps of the Gael,
Who wrestled awhile with fate
And broke the battle on foemen,
Ere the end left widowed Eire
Lone with her desolate wail.

Lone, yet, unforsaken:
Out of no far dim past
Call I the names of the last
Who strove and suffered for Eire.
Saddest and nearest of all,
See how they flock to the call,
The troop of the famous felons;
Who won no joy of the sword,
Who tasted of no reward
But the faint flushed dawn of a wan sick hope,
And over whose lives there dangled
Ever the shame of the rope.
I call to your mind Lord Edward;
Tone with his mangled throat;
Emmet high on the gallows;
O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher—
Aye, and of newer note
Names that Eire will not forget,
Though some have faded in far off lands,
And some have passed by the hangman's hands,
And some—are breathing yet.

Not for these, O Eire,
Not for these, or thee,
Pipers, trumpeters, blaring loud,
The throbbing drums and the colors flying,
And the long-drawn muffled roar of the crowd,
The voice of the human sea:
Theirs it is to inherit
Fame of a finer grace,
In the self-renewing spirit
And the untameable heart,
Ever defeated, yet undefeated,

Of thy remembering race:
For their names are treasured apart,
And their memories green and sweet,
On every hillside and every mart
In every cabin, in every street,
Of a land, where to fail is more than to triumph,
And victory less than defeat.

IRELAND.

Ireland, oh Ireland! center of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests in the sand;

Lives there and loves; yet with the years returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free—

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

MRS. S. C. HALL.

(1800—1881.)

ANNA MARIA FIELDING was born in Dublin, Jan. 6, 1800. At a very early age she was taken to Bannow, in County Wexford, where her maternal grandfather and grandmother resided. Here she drank in the vivid impressions of Irish scenery and life which she was destined so well to reproduce afterward. She lived in a locality rich in the picturesque, and amid a people whose strong individuality offered abundant materials for the student of character. At the age of fifteen she left Ireland and settled in London. In September, 1824, she was married to Mr. Samuel Carter Hall.

Mrs. Hall's first sketches appeared in 'The Amulet,' edited by her husband. They were published in a volume in 1829, entitled 'Sketches of Irish Character.' It met with immediate and deserved success, for the stories were distinguished by fidelity to life, pathos without exaggeration, bright but never ill-natured humor, and absolute freedom from political or religious bigotry. Her next work was for the young—'The Chronicles of a Schoolroom,' in which, while things are treated with the necessary simplicity, there is no goody-goody tone or wishy-washy sentiment. 'The Buccaneer,' published in 1829, was Mrs. Hall's first attempt at a regular novel. The scene is laid in England, and the time chosen is the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. 'The Outlaw,' which followed in 1832, also belonged to the department of the historical novel, the revolution of 1688 being the period described, and James II. the chief character.

'Tales of Woman's Trials' is a delightful volume, full of touching stories, told with delicacy, poetic feeling, and truth. Two of the tales are especially beautiful—'Marian Raymond' and the 'Trials of Lady Montague.' In both the moral is the sad one that loving and noble natures are powerless to check the follies or elevate the characters of worthless and weak beings to whom their fate has strongly attached them. 'Uncle Horace' came next, and then followed, perhaps, Mrs. Hall's most powerful work. This was 'Lights and Shadows of Irish Life' (published in 1838). The tales here told are, as the title implies, descriptive of both the brighter and the darker sides of Irish life—of the passionate affections of home, the gay hearts, and also the dark passions of Irish men and women. A story in this series was produced on the stage under the title of 'The Groves of Blarney,' and proved highly successful.

'Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortune,' was published in 1840 and at once became popular. It has passed through several editions and has been translated into German and Dutch. In 1840, her husband founded the *Art Union*, a title afterward changed to the *Art Journal*, and to this Mrs. Hall contributed 'Midsummer Eve,' a fairy tale (republished in 1847), in which there is a skillful mingling of the picturesque legendary lore and the comicalities of real life in Ireland. In the same journal also appeared 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines,' a series of "pleasant illustrated sketches of the homes and haunts

of genius and virtue in our own land." This work was published in volume form in 1850. Mrs. Hall's pen had meantime been busy on other works. In 1840 appeared a new series of Irish portraits under the title 'Tales of the Irish Peasantry.' In 1841-43 was produced from the combined pens of herself and her husband an interesting work, 'Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.' In 1845 appeared a novel, 'The White Boy,' in 1857 'A Woman's Story,' 'Can Wrong be Right?' in 1862 'The Fight of Faith, a Story of Ireland,' in 1868-69 'The Book of the Thames' and 'The Book of South Wales.'

Notwithstanding their literary labors, they took an active part in the chief philanthropic movements of their time. Mrs. Hall was the originator of the fund in honor of Miss Florence Nightingale, and the result of the labors of herself and her husband was a sum amounting to £45,000 (\$225,000).

They also assisted in founding the Hospital for Consumptives and other useful institutions. The cause of temperance found most earnest and untiring advocates in Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and they wrote many tales and sketches in which the evils of intemperance were graphically portrayed. One of the latest acts of Mr. and Mrs. Hall was to help in celebrating the centenary of Moore, of whom they were in their early days intimate friends. They also paid further honor to his memory in erecting by subscription a window in Bromham Church, where he is buried. Mrs. Hall died Jan. 30, 1881.

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT."

From 'The Village Garland.'

Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all of the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in "seeing about" everything, and, consequently, in "doing" nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humored fellow, of about five-and-thirty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the saggan, twisted half way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words), if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in!

But let us take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling-house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighborhood, and ought to be "well to do in the world." The dwelling looks very comfortable, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door-posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the widow frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a "lock of straw"—very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the haggart gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibits proof that it had been formerly fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pigsty is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys and contented, half-fatted geese live at large and on the public; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain *à plaisir*.

"Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately."

"Och, all manner o' joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon again, for it's everywhere, like bad luck; and my throat's sore wid hurishing thim pigs out o' the garden—sorra a thing can I do all day for watching thim."

"Why do you not mend the door of the sty?"

"True for ye, ma'am, dear, so I would if I had the nails, and I've been threat'ning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*."

"I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip."

"Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have always the height of ill luck somehow, for the turkeys have had the most of it; but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe to-morrow."

"But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward at the big house."

"It was all as one as sould, only it 's a bad world, madam, dear, and, I 've no luck. Says the steward to me, says he, 'I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sum, and I 'll sign it for ye, and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.' Well, to be sure, I came home full o' my good luck, and I tould the wife; and on the strength of it she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, 'Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop full o' goods, and on account that she 's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she 'll let me have the first sight o' the things, and I can take my pick—and ye 'll have plinty of time to *see about* the agreement to-morrow.'

"Well, I don't know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I meant to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I bethought of the old gander, and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid yer two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in sich a manner that sorra a pen I could hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward. 'Good-evening to you, Mr. Garraty,' says he. 'Good-evening kindly, sir,' says I, 'and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all your good family's well.' 'All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty,' says he. 'I've got the 'greement here, sir,' says I, pulling it out as I thought; but behould ye—I only cotched the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box (saying your presence); so I turned what little bits o' things I had in it out, and there was a great hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom—which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before.

"Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he 's an Englishman), and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich like

jokes—and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement for what?' says he, laying down his great outlandish pipe. 'Whew! may be ye don't know,' says I. 'Not I,' says he. 'The wheat field,' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'didn't I tell you then that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week;—and that was by the same token' (pulling a red memorandum-book out of his pocket), 'let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mister Garraty,' he goes on, 'that when ye didn't care to look after yer own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion.' Well, that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding; and one word brought on another, and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist—and I had the ill luck to knock him down—and the coward, what does he do, but takes the law o' me—and I was cast—and lost the sale of the wheat—and was ordered to pay ever so much money! Well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot, and all in a jiffy came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family), and it's a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*."

"But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river."

"True for ye, ma'am, dear—and I've been *seeing about it* for a long time—but somehow *I have no luck*. Jist as ye came up, I was thinking to myself that the gale day is past, and all one as before, yara a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it's a shame to say that of a gentleman; for just as he was *seeing about* some ould custodiam, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executioners* in the house, and it's very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so; for I am sartin he'll be racking me for the money—and indeed the ould huntsman tould me as much—but I must *see about it*: not indeed that it's much good—for I've no luck."

“ Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head ; do *not lose* a moment : you will be utterly ruined if you do ; why not apply to your father-in-law—he is able to assist you ; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment.”

“ True for ye—that’s good advice, my lady ; and by the blessing of God I’ll *see about it*.”

“ Then go directly, Philip.”

“ Directly—I can’t, ma’am, dear—on account of the pigs ; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages ; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun ; it’s little pleasure they see, the cratur’s.”

“ But your wife did not hear the huntsman’s story ? ”

“ Och, ay did she—but unless she could give me a sheaf o’ bank notes, where would be the good of her staying ?—but I’ll *see about it*.”

“ Immediately then, Philip : think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect* this matter : your wife too ; your family, reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate—”

“ Asy, my lady,—don’t be after breaking my heart intirely ; thank God I have seven as fine flahulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years ould ; and sure I’d lay down my life tin times over for every one o’ them : and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow—the hurling ; I can’t to-morrow ; but the day after, if I’m a living man, I’ll *see about it*.”

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

(1829—1868.)

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE, "Private Miles O'Reilly," was born in Oldcastle, Meath, in 1829; was graduated from Trinity College, and then went to the English metropolis in search of literary work. Having become associated with the Young Ireland movement, he found that the United States would be a more congenial, and in the circumstances perhaps a safer, abode. He here obtained abundant employment and was a welcome contributor to most of the leading journals. He wrote for a time for *The Boston Post*, then became editor of a short-lived periodical entitled *The Carpet Bag*, and in New York contributed to *The Herald*, *The Times*, and *The Tribune*.

When the civil war broke out he joined the army as lieutenant in the famous 69th Regiment, under Colonel Corcoran, was promoted to be Adjutant-General on the staff of General David Hunter, and afterward on that of Major-General Halleck. He drew up the order by which the former commander enrolled the first regiment of negro soldiers, and was in consequence included in a proclamation of outlawry by the Southern authorities, which directed the immediate execution of his general and himself in case of capture. He retired from the army, owing to ill-health, and received due acknowledgment of his services by being raised by successive steps to the rank of Brigadier-General. Halpine also took an active part in politics as one of the leaders of the Democratic party, and he honorably distinguished himself by his efforts to purge that body of corruption. His death was sudden and sad. A sufferer from sleeplessness, he had for some time been in the habit of taking soporifics, and he died on the night of Aug. 3, 1868, from an overdose of chloroform.

Halpine's poems appeared for the most part in the ephemeral pages of journalism, and were written for the hour. Something of the dash and daring of the soldier is about them rather than the smell of the midnight oil, and his was a gift that needed chastening. The verses by which he became best known were those written under the *nom de plume* of "Private Miles O'Reilly."

NOT A STAR FROM THE FLAG SHALL FADE.

Och! a rare ould flag was the flag we bore,
 'T was a bully ould flag, an' nice;
It had sthripes in plenty, an' shtars galore—
 'T was the broth of a purty device.
Faix, we carried it South, an' we carried it far,
 An' around it our bivouacs made;
An' we swore by the shamrock that never a shtar
 From its azure field should fade.

Ay, this was the oath, I tell you thrue,
That was sworn in the souls of our Boys in Blue.

The fight it grows thick, an' our boys they fall,
An' the shells like a banshee scream;
An' the flag—it is torn by many a ball,
But to yield it we never dhream.
Though pierced by bullets, yet still it bears
All the shtars in its tattered field,
An' again the brigade, like to one man swears,
“Not a shtar from the flag we yield!”
‘T was the deep, hot oath, I tell you thrue,
That lay close to the hearts of our Boys in Blue.

Shure, the fight it was won afther many a year,
But two-thirds of the boys who bore
That flag from their wives and sweethearts dear
Returned to their homes no more.
They died by the bullet—disease had power,
An' to death they were rudely tossed;
But the thought came warm in their dying hour,
“Not a shtar from the flag is lost!”
Then they said their pathers and aves through,
An', like Irishmen, died—did our Boys in Blue.

But now they tell us some shtars are gone,
Torn out by the rebel gale;
That the shtars we fought for, the states we won,
Are still out of the Union's pale.
May their sowsls in the dioul's hot kitchen glow
Who sing such a lyin' shtrain;
By the dead in their graves, it shall not be so—
They shall have what they died to gain!
All the shtars in our flag shall still shine through
The grass growing soft o'er our Dead in Blue!

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN,
IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'Ryan was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.

He had an ould militia gun,
 And sartin sure his aim was;
 He gave the keepers many a run,
 And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
 O'Ryan's little houldin',
 And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
 He thought he 'd enther bould in.
 "O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
 To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
 So let me have a rasher quick,
 And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
 While betther is to spare, sir,
 But here 's a jug of mountain dew,
 And there 's a rattlin' hare, sir."
 St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
 And says he, "Good luck attind you,
 And, when you're in your winding-sheet,
 It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
 "Them tidin's is transportin',
 But may I ax your saintship if
 There 's any kind of sportin'?"
 St. Pathrick said, "A Lion 's there,
 Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
 "Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
 St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
 For fear I 'd tire your patience,
 You 'll see O'Ryan any night
 Amid the constellations.
 And Venus follows in his track
 Till Mars grows jealous raally,
 But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
 Of handling the shillaly.

COUNT HAMILTON.

(1646—1720.)

THE author of the 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont,' Anthony, Count Hamilton, may almost be called "a man without a country": he was born at Roscrea in 1646. His parents were Catholics and Royalists, and went to live in France on the death of Charles I. in 1649. There he resided for many years with his parents, and there he was educated, French becoming practically his mother tongue. At the Restoration in 1660 he was taken over to England, and soon grew in favor with the court and wits of the day. For a number of years he divided his time between France and England, and when the Revolution occurred he was appointed Governor of Limerick by James II. On the break-up of James' party he returned once more to France, where he passed the rest of his life, and died at St. Germain in 1720, aged seventy-four.

He translated Pope's 'Essay on Man' into French, and wrote graceful poems. His 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont' is, to this day, eagerly sought after, and is "a spirited production, exhibiting a free, and in the general outline a faithful, delineation of the voluptuous court of Charles II." "The 'History of Grammont,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "may be considered as a unique; there is nothing like it in any language. For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, 'Gil Blas' is unrivaled: but as a merely agreeable book, the 'Memoirs of Grammont,' perhaps, deserves that character more than any which was ever written."

His 'Fairy Tales' are marked by great elegance of style in the original French in which they were written. They were intended as a "piece of ridicule on the passion for the marvelous which made the 'Arabian Nights' so eagerly read at their first appearance" in French. All his works are marked by fertility of imagination, grace, and subtle irony.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

From 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont.'

"When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite; and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor

and equerry, being perhaps the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done to the former.

“My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarreled. He had received four hundred louis d’or for the expenses of the campaign; I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. ‘Thou old scoundrel,’ said I, ‘is the money thine, or was it given thee for me?’ You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.’ I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy: however, it was with the greatest reluctance and the most poignant anguish that he found himself obliged to yield; one would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he on the contrary appeared so overwhelmed with grief that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away those four hundred louis. He went on so heavily that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me now and then, ‘Ah! sir,’ said he, ‘my lady did not think it would be so.’ His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half a crown.

“Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey and my future intentions.

“There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his

own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hog's-head; his name Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair in order to go down-stairs 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think it! Devil take me if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, M. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a block-head to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.'

"The moment he mentioned cards and dice I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought that I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country boobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious high-crowned

hat. Any one at a moderate distance would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning while supper is getting ready: but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves: we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey. Never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots: God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up, and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. M. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having traveled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon: and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony

that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

“I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. ‘He a merchant!’ cried Brinon. ‘Do not believe that, sir. May the devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.’ ‘Hold your tongue, old fool,’ said I: ‘he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.’ With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return or in any manner to disturb us.

“The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no designs upon his money; and that if he pleased I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections, but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game: fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him; he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he like a true gamester took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to

such a degree that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

“ I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune without being able to find any remedy: in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it.

He was booted up to the middle and cracking a cursed whip which he held in his hand. ‘ Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,’ cried he, opening the curtains; ‘ the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.’ ‘ Brinon,’ said I in a dejected tone, ‘ draw the curtains.’ ‘ What!’ cried he, ‘ draw the curtains? Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has perhaps a family; and it is his children’s bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what life you lead?’

“ ‘ M. Brinon,’ said I, ‘ pray draw the curtains.’ But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the Devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. ‘ And how much have you won?’ said he. ‘ Five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is perhaps but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d’ors,’ continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, ‘ there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.’ ‘ Friend Brinon,’ said I, fetching a deep sigh, ‘ draw the curtains; I

am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' and after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he: 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes; I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap. Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children: my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty—as well for some little repairs in the abbey as to pay for praying for me! Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for since my arrival I have had at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors."

M. HAMILTON.

MISS HAMILTON is a native of County Derry, where the greater portion of her life has been spent. 'Across an Ulster Bog' was published in Mr. Heinemann's Pioneer Series in 1896. It has been followed by 'A Self-Denying Ordinance,' 'M'Leod of the Camerons,' 'The Freedom of Henry Meredyth,' 'The Distress of Frank Scott,' and 'Poor Elizabeth.'

"A SWARM OF BEES IN JUNE IS WORTH
A SILVER SPOON."

From 'A Self-Denying Ordinance.'

"Well," said Joanna, "I *said* those bees would swarm, if I went to church."

It was Sunday, and Joanna's temper was never at its best on Sundays.

The Conways had dinner in the middle of the day, and she had committed the dire offense of coming in late, and on being requested to shut the door had done so with the suggestion of a bang, and subsided into her chair with cross abruptness.

The dining-room at Cliff House was dark and rather gloomy, and the occupants certainly did not look particularly enlivening.

Mrs. Conway sat at the head of the table with a severe solemnity of countenance which in its perfection was generally reserved for Sundays; Mr. Conway was as usual eating his dinner as quickly as possible, preparatory to an abrupt and unceremonious departure; Elizabeth was, also as usual, melancholy and nervous, and little Polly, a plain, long-legged child of nine, had traces of tears on her cheeks.

"I think you might put aside thoughts of your bees, at least for Sunday," said Mrs. Conway severely. "Will you have some mutton?"

"So I would," said Joanna, "only unfortunately the bees don't keep Sunday."

"Joanna!" said Mrs. Conway, in a voice which made Joanna jump, "I will not have you speak in such a way in my presence."

Whereon silence ensued during the rest of dinner.

"Ask your sister if she will have any more pudding, Joanna," said Mrs. Conway; "because, if not, I will go and get my books together for Sunday-school."

On which Joanna said: "Will you have any more pudding, Elizabeth?" and Elizabeth said: "No, thank you, Joanna," a little ceremony which sometimes even now struck Joanna or her father as irresistibly comic, painful though it was to them all.

Joanna went to the hall-door and looked out: it was a glorious day, and they had all got quite hot walking up from church; she had not the smallest intention of spending the afternoon indoors learning her Gospel and Collect as she was supposed to do, and leaving her bees to their fate.

"Aunt Joanna," said a little voice at her side, "I do wish grandmamma would let me stay with you. I have to go down to the school and learn my Gospel while she teaches the big girls, but I can't learn while they are talking."

"Put your fingers in your ears," suggested Joanna.

"I can't learn it. It is such a difficult Gospel," said Polly hopelessly. "There is a little devil singing in my head that makes me forget every sentence as soon as I have learned the next one."

"Polly!" said Joanna, "you must be a good girl—you mustn't talk like that."

"It is the little devil in me that makes me naughty," said Polly complacently, "but I will be quite good if I stay with you."

Joanna said nothing; she looked at the child for a moment, and then she walked across the hall to the drawing-room, where Elizabeth was lying on a sofa, with a surreptitious novel tucked under her pillow, awaiting her mother's departure.

"Elizabeth," she said, "that child will be ill if you don't interfere. She learned a hymn before breakfast, and she has been in Sunday-school and church ever since."

"Well, what can I do?" said Elizabeth crossly. "If you had been awake half the night with an excruciating pain in your side, you wouldn't bounce into a room like that."

"What could you do? Tell mother you won't let her go to school this afternoon, of course," said Joanna.

"You know very well I can't do anything of the kind," said Elizabeth, in an injured tone, "and if you had any consideration you would know that the very thought of it upsets me. Polly is as strong as a horse, and if you think it necessary to interfere, why don't you do it yourself?"

"If I had a child, I should," said Joanna.

"I wish you would get me another pillow, instead of talking in that improper way," said Elizabeth fretfully. "I shall have to send for the doctor if this pain goes on; it is most extraordinary the way it seems to catch my breath."

Joanna walked out of the room and went to get her hat very thoughtfully. There was nothing to be done for Polly. She watched her trotting down the avenue after Mrs. Conway, a depressed little figure with a pile of books in her arms; and then she set out in the opposite direction herself.

She expected that her swarm had done what another had done once before, gone off to a garden near, or made straight for the bogs and heather. The garden belonged to Sir Nicholas Osborne, and was indeed the source of his sixteen pounds a year, for the bare little house and bit of plantation had never been let, but Sir Nicholas Osborne had ceased to be of much interest to Joanna. He had evidently no intention of cultivating his neighbors and as he was never visible she had ceased to think about him.

Whether he was at home, or whether he was not, did not exercise her mind at all just then; she knew there were some apple-trees in his garden which possessed a fascination for the bee-mind, and he could not possibly object to the removal of her own swarm.

So Joanna ran across the meadow and climbed the ditch which separated the Conways' from Sir Nicholas' little demesne, and which English people would have called a bank, with her head full of her bees and all they were to do for her.

Her dreams had reached a point when she had become a very important personage, with her carvings largely admired and a fortune coming in from an improvement in

bee-hives of which she was at present very full, when she almost cannoned against a man coming round the corner of the garden wall, and started violently with a sudden recollection of Sir Nicholas.

But it was only the old gardener Kelly, whom Joanna knew very well.

"I was just coming over to see if you had missed a swarm, Miss Joanna," he said, "there 's a fine one on the big apple-tree at the present moment."

"Oh, Kelly, I *am* glad!" said Joanna. "I was awfully afraid they would have gone off to the bog and be lost. Could we get them now? I will run back for Richard O'Brien and a scap."

"I am thinking the best thing we could do would be to cut the branch," said Kelly; "it 's not to be called a good bearing tree, and—"

"Well, will you go and ask Sir Nicholas if I can?" said Joanna eagerly.

Sir Nicholas Osborne was having a late lunch when old Kelly sent in his request, and said "Certainly," without paying much attention to it.

He was a tall, fair young man, rather good-looking, and tolerably well aware of it. He had dark blue eyes, which were inclined to err on the side of expressing too much, a big nose, and an excellent mustache. He was not inclined to undervalue himself in any way, and made no effort to conceal this fact.

But for the last six months the world had been going very, very far wrong with Sir Nicholas; so far wrong, in fact, that never as long as he lived could it go quite right again and he was very unhappy. He resented the fact, but in his endless days alone at Ballylone he had no means of forgetting it.

Lunch was a new custom of his, adopted solely with a view to pass the day, but as he had done nothing since breakfast at eleven he naturally was not very hungry.

He lay back in his chair, yawned, and began to fill his pipe. He had smoked all morning, and he did not feel any great desire to smoke again. He thought better of it, and poured himself out another glass of wine.

A bee came hastily in through the open window in a high state of excitement and indignation, and it occurred to Sir

Nicholas that he might as well go and see how they were getting on in the garden.

He got up, and passing a looking-glass on the way to the door, he spent five minutes or so in an interested effort to make both ends of his mustache exactly alike; then he gave himself an admiring glance, and strolled out of doors, catching up a straw hat as he passed through the hall.

In the garden all was excitement; it seemed full of people and bees, with a white-sheeted erection under an apple-tree for a center. In the foreground were Joanna and old Kelly in hot dispute. He was a little, bent old man, with shaking legs, a red face, and an unconquerable belief in his own opinion.

"They be to be going up, Miss Joanna," he said firmly, "there are not near as many left on the branch."

"I am quite sure they are not going up," said Joanna.

"They 'd have been up a good while sooner if you had let them beat the kettles to scar' them," said old Kelly resignedly, "but they are going as easy as you please now."

"I am tired of telling you that bees have no ears," said Joanna impatiently, "and I don't believe there's a solitary one in that hive."

"Take my word for it, Miss Joanna, there's more than the half of them there," said Kelly. "Many's the time I have seen a swarm of bees into a scap, and I will maybe know a little about it. But since I was a wee fellow I have never seen it done without beating the kettles."

"Would you look if the branch was getting clear, Miss Joanna?" said the coachman's wife, who was looking on with a baby in her arms. They were all inclined to agree with Kelly, and look with disapproval on Joanna's ideas.

"Can I be of any use?" said Sir Nicholas, who had strolled up, attracted by the small crowd, for he was naturally a very sociable individual.

But Joanna's thoughts were completely centered in her bees.

"No, thank you," she said abstractedly. "Kelly, I am perfectly certain those bees are going off."

"My belief is that you're mistaken, Miss Joanna; they are going up as nicely as you could wish."

"They are going off," said Joanna. "Richard, you will have to follow them."

Old Kelly contented himself with a superior smile.

"He knows a deal about bees, Miss Joanna," said another bystander.

"Don't *you* know that all the noise in the world wouldn't make any difference to bees?" said Joanna in exasperation, turning to Sir Nicholas. She was not thinking about him at all, and addressed him merely in hope of an ally.

"Certainly," agreed Sir Nicholas, who knew absolutely nothing about it. Nevertheless his opinion made a decided impression on the bystanders.

"There!" cried Joanna, "they're off!"

And she was perfectly right. Slowly the compact little brown cloud emerged and began to rise into the air, scattering the group in all directions.

"They will be lost!" said Joanna distractedly. "Richard, you must follow them, and see where they settle."

"I be to cross the river then?" said Richard O'Brien, a tall, red-headed youth.

"Of course," said Joanna. "You can wade after all this dry weather; and for goodness' sake don't forget what hedge you find them in, as you did last summer. Stop, I will go round by the bridge, and meet you. Now go—go!"

"It is a mile or more by the bridge, isn't it, Miss Conway?" said Sir Nicholas.

"I don't mind about that," said Joanna, in a perturbed tone, "but I don't see how I am to get the hive round on Sunday. Oh, what shall I do!"

"Let me drive you round!" said Sir Nicholas, catching the excitement. "Carroll, get the dog-cart, quick."

"Oh," said Joanna, "thanks! it wouldn't matter so much, only I can't trust to Richard a bit, and I must say I should *like them* settled before night. It is a very good swarm, isn't it?"

"Perhaps, Miss Joanna," said old Kelly, "you will mind me next time. If you had left it to me this wouldn't have happened."

Whereupon Joanna and Sir Nicholas burst out laughing.

But Joanna was very impatient before the horse was ready. She fidgeted, and ungratefully said she could have

walked sooner, while Carroll, who was annoyed at such hasty commands, and not interested in the bees, certainly in no way hurried himself.

But when they were once off it was a most exciting chase; Sir Nicholas got almost as interested as Joanna, and by the time they had found Richard, and then the bees, which he had contrived to lose, and had settled him under a hedge to watch them, it was nearly six o'clock.

Then suddenly Joanna became very silent. The enormity of her afternoon's proceedings began to dawn upon her for the first time; she had been driving about the roads on Sunday with a young man, and she had never driven on Sunday before in her life; she had forgotten this young man's rudeness about dinner, had treated him in a very friendly, not to say unceremonious fashion, and had indeed thought no more of him than if he had been old Kelly or Richard O'Brien.

She got into the dog-cart again, because she could think of no particular reason for refusing, but she said nothing for some time.

She stole an occasional glance at her companion; he was very different from any of the few young men she had come across at Ballylone; he wore a very light suit with knickerbockers, and a straw hat rather on one side of his head. Joanna decided that he looked conceited, and still further stiffened her manner.

As for Sir Nicholas, he merely considered her shy, and presently spoke to her condescendingly.

But Joanna, in her new stiffness and dignity, scarcely answered him.

"We have had a most successful afternoon, haven't we?" said he.

"Yes," said Joanna.

"I haven't had as much excitement since I came to Ballylone."

This did not exactly require an answer, so she said nothing.

"Do you live here all the year round?" he began again.

"Yes," said Joanna, whereupon he gave up the effort, stroked his mustache, and was silent.

But when he offered to drive her home, she magically regained her tongue; the idea of driving boldly up to Cliff

House with Sir Nicholas, in a dog-cart, and on Sunday, made her shudder.

She got down at his gate with a haste which was scarcely dignified, and her good-bye was very curt and stiff.

But she danced into the house with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, very much delighted with her adventure, and not a little alarmed at the possibility of its becoming public property.

"Where in the world have you been?" said Elizabeth, who was still lying on the sofa. "You never brought me that cushion."

"Cushion?" said Joanna vaguely. It seemed about a year since she had seen Elizabeth, and she had apparently been lying on the sofa reading the same book ever since.

"And how in the world did you tear your dress?"

"I have been looking after my swarm," said Joanna, "and swarming bees are very exciting."

MRS. HARTLEY.

MRS. HARTLEY, better known perhaps as the author of 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor' and other sketches of Dublin life, which appeared either anonymously or over her maiden name of May Laffan, is a member of the Laffan family of Cashel, County Tipperary. For some years now she has not written, chiefly since her marriage with Professor W. N. Hartley of the College of Science of Dublin. An occasional short story appears at long intervals, but the great promise shadowed in her early books has not been fulfilled. Her first novel was 'Hogan, M.P.,' 1876, of which a new edition appeared in 1881. It was followed by 'The Honorable Miss Ferrard' in 1877; 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor,' 1879; 'Christy Carew,' 1880; 'Bannie Clark,' 1880; 'A Singer's Story,' 1885; 'Ismay's Children,' 1887. She also edited a translation of Hector Malot's 'Sans Famille' in 1880.

AN ELECTIONEERING SCENE.

From 'Hogan, M.P.'

SICINIUS. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 CITIZEN. He has our voices, sir.

BRUTUS. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

—*Coriolanus.*

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues of the commonwealth. I do despise them!

For they do prank them in authority

Against all noble sufferance.—*Idem.*

O'Rooney Hogan and Dicky started by the mail from the Kingsbridge terminus for Peatstown, a thriving market town and borough in one of the southern counties. The route lay through a dreary, uninteresting line of country, —flat and monotonous when once the Dublin mountains were left behind. And though the day was dry, a cold fog bounded the view from the windows.

Our two travelers talked and smoked for a fair portion of the time; but at last Hogan drew a sheaf of papers out of his traveling-bag, and Dick was obliged to content himself with a newspaper. Late in the afternoon they came to a junction. The mail train, having kicked off a couple of carriages, proceeded snorting and shrieking on its way to meet the American steamer at Queenstown, and the barrister and his companion got out to walk up and

down for ten minutes; then, after a short delay, the Peats-town train was announced, and scrambling in they found themselves advancing at a much slower pace along a cross line, bounded on each side by the bog.

The winter day was fast closing in now. A tawny hue in the sky over the tops of a pine wood to the right showed where the sun was vanishing; a blue vapor rose from the dark pools where the peats had been cut; and here and there a tree, stunted and naked, held out bare skeleton-like limbs. Dicky opened the window a moment, and looked out, seeking some familiar landmark by which to guess the distance. But the cold mist and the still, lonely country outside were not inviting, so he shut it again, and stretched himself on the seat, well wrapped up, to try and doze. Hogan was not inclined to talk; he leaned his elbow on the cushioned arm of his seat, and mused for more than an hour in silence. In truth, now that he was away from Dublin, and that the lively, sanguine Saltasche was no longer at his elbow to goad him onward with his banter and encouragement, he felt a sort of reaction. Even the Bishop's half-hearted counsel and timid dissuasion, nerving him by its very bonelessness to more braced determination, now would have acted as a stimulant. He felt chilled and dull, and longed to reach their station, to get out and stamp life and warmth into his feet. Not a light could he see from the window. The sunset tints were gone, and blackness fell imperceptibly and swiftly over everything.

At last they slackened speed at a station not much larger than a cattle-shed; and Dicky, who had fallen asleep in his rugs, woke up, and almost jumped out with sheer impatience. Before the train had stopped he was out on the platform in the midst of a group of frieze-coated men, and was shaking hands and exchanging noisy, hearty greetings with them. A rush was made in a moment up to the carriage, out of which Hogan and a porter were, by this time, pulling the rugs and bags.

"Mr. Shea, Mr. Hogan; Mr. Barney Shane, Mr. Hogan. This is Mr. Killeen: Mr. O'Rooney Hogan."

These and some more introductions were gone through by Mr. Dicky in such a hasty way that Hogan could not connect the names with the right individuals of the group of big men, all of whom grasped his hand and wrung it

till the bones almost cracked. Mr. Killeen was the editor of the *Peatstown Torch*, and a very important personage; joining to his literary avocation the functions of weigh-master and butter-taster on fair days. The little crowd picked their way with difficulty out of the station, which was only lighted by a couple of flickering oil-lamps. Behind stood in readiness an outside car with a fine blood-horse in the shafts. Dicky and his cousin Shea mounted on the driving side, Hogan and Killeen on the other; the rest of the party brought their own conveyances. Then the man, having turned the horse carefully, sprang out of its way, and off they started at a tearing rate.

"Yer soul, Dicky," cried Shea, heartily, "but I'm glad to see you; the girls will all go mad with delight; we never thought of you till the holidays. You did well to send the telegram."

"You have a splendid horse, Mr. Shea," said Hogan, who was admiring the paces of the animal.

"He is. I sold him this morning to Lord Kilboggan's steward for ninety guineas; bred him myself. So I must be careful of him," returned Shea, who was looking out cautiously ahead. "We've five miles to go—four and a half to the town, and a half a mile beyond it to Mulla Castle."

"Mulla Castle!" Hogan smiled at the promising title. "Is the railway four and a half miles away from the town?"

"It is, indeed; and a cruel loss it is to us, dragging to it up hill and down dale as we have to. When these railways were made they paid small heed to the convenience of the people along the lines."

"Augh!" said Killeen, "Home Rule will settle everything for us; won't it, Mr. Hogan?"

Hogan and Dicky both laughed heartily. Meantime the car dashed on fast, splashing through water and over stones without ever slackening. No sign of light showed as yet, and not a sound, save the distant bark of a cur dog, or the ghostly rustle of the bare branches overhead, broke the stillness around them.

"Look out before you, sir," cried Killeen; "there's the river!"

The horse slacked an instant in a "soft" spot—a per-

fect bed of mud and water at the foot of a rise in the road; and listening, Hogan could hear the swift running murmur of the stream behind the tall sedges that hid it from his sight. On a level almost with the top of the bank, and far below that of the road, he could now trace a row of wretched cabins. A faint gleam of light in one or two showed that the inmates had not all as yet gone to bed. But most of them were black and silent.

"Are they empty, then?" asked Hogan. "What wretched damp holes they must be!"

"Damp!" cried Killeen. "Wait, sir, till to-morrow. They are mere ruins. And instead of repairing them he's paying the people to come out of them till he pulls them down."

"Best thing to do with them indeed," said Hogan.

"No, sir," said Killeen; "it is not. The poorest dog-hole is better for a man than the workhouse."

"The workhouse: why that? Are there no other cottages?"

"There are not; and Kilboggan won't build them. He has to pay rates on them, and he'd rather see every one in the poorhouse than that."

"There are now twelve hundred in that workhouse yonder," said Killeen, nodding in the direction where the building lay, though the darkness did not permit it to be seen. "And there are scores of able-bodied men, and their wives and families. We'll show you the cottages he has pulled down. The people that have cabins here are letting lodgings. Yes, begad, sir, in those places we passed they get sixpence a week to let a man lie on the floor with a lock of straw or hay under his head,—men that could pay rent for a house, too, but can't get one in the place."

By this time they had reached the town itself. A good long main street, with comfortable-looking shops on both sides, flagged pathways, and a tolerably well-kept thoroughfare. The hotel, a large yellow house with green jealousies and a high flight of steps, on which were lounging a number of people, stood at the top of the street. The hall doors were open, and the light and brightness were inviting. The Kilboggan arms were painted over the door. At the first sound of the wheels a general rush was made. All down the street the people sprang to their doors, and

a crowd of spectators thronged, curious and open-eyed, out of the by-streets and lanes. Every one was on the alert. But Shea whipped up his horse, and the sight-seers were disappointed. As they passed the hotel, he stooped forward and called to a man,—

“Hurry them on, Jack. Father Corkran’s above, and he waits for no one.” He pointed backwards with his whip, indicating the other cars, which he had distanced by a long stretch.

Hogan pricked up his ears at the name; and Dicky, who heard and noted it too, turned to Shea with a laugh.

“Father Jim’s to be in it, of course? I bet you we’ll fight. Will Father Desmond be down?”

“Ay,” replied Ned Shea, “and three or four more as well; just wait till you see. Be easy, now, Dicky, with your tongue,” he added, “and don’t set ‘Jim’ against—” and he jerked his head backward, indicating the candidate behind them.

They now reached a low swing-gate, painted white. A couple of men sprang, apparently, out of the ditch, to open and hold it. They passed through, and on to what was like another road, only narrower than that which they had left, and running through a field. After a minute or two they turned a corner, and a huge square white house, well lighted up, stood at the top of a wide field before them. A little white railing ran on each side of the grass as they approached, and marked off the sweep before the door. As soon as the sound of the car was heard in the house, the hall door was thrown wide open, letting out a stream of light and noise, and mingled odors of all sorts, the basis of which was turf smoke; and a crowd rushed out to welcome the visitors. A half-dozen or more daughters, some grown up and others as yet in the chrysalis stage, seized on Dicky. Then they all bustled in; and in the hall, where was burning a huge fire of peats, Hogan was introduced to his hostess, a comely matron, with an amiable, good-humored face,—a Kerry woman, as evidenced by her accent, and with the fine dark eyes and hair so often seen in that favored district. Hogan and Dicky now followed a barefooted girl up to their rooms, which blazing turf fires made agreeable and homelike after the chilly journey. Hogan made a speedy toilet, and had sat down to warm

his feet, when Dicky appeared at the door of communication, operating on his head with a pair of hairbrushes all the while.

"Are you hungry, Mr. Hogan?" asked he.

"Well, yes."

"A good job: wait till you see the dinner you've to go through. Camacho's wedding feast was a fly to it. Hurry, and let's go down to the drawing-room."

"Drawing-room!" echoed Hogan, staring at him.

"Yes, drawing-room; and as good a piano as ever you heard, too. Bless you, man! do you know what Shea is worth?"

"Indeed I don't," said the barrister, who was asking himself whether he ought not to have brought down a dress suit.

"His parish priest told me, one time I was here, that he had every copper of eighty thousand—value for it, you know."

"God bless me!" said Hogan.

Then they went down to the drawing-room. A huge square room occupied the best part of the second floor. It was comfortably furnished, with plenty of stout rose-wood and velvet chairs and sofas. A couple of round tables covered with red cloths, and on which were candles not yet lighted, had a business-like air. The piano was well piled with music; and vases of paper and wax flowers, and those wool-work performances which indicate the presence of convent-bred young ladies just as surely as anything can be indicated in this world.

Mrs. Shea, gorgeous in a green silk gown, invited Hogan to a seat beside her, after presenting to him in their various order about a dozen ladies, old and young, daughters, aunts, and cousins of the house—all jolly; and the young ones good-looking and clear-skinned damsels fresh from the convents, and on their promotion. A couple of priests were present: a Father Desmond from the mountains, who seemed with Dicky to absorb the attention of the ladies; and a heavy, but good-humored looking curate belonging to Peatstown. The great man, the parish priest himself, had not yet come in. In a minute Shea, now dressed in his Sunday frock-coat, which showed his wiry, active figure to advantage, stormed into the room. He was

a good-looking man, sunburnt and healthy, with merry blue eyes, and hair clustering in little curls over a white forehead, that contrasted strangely with the tanned cheeks below it. With him came all the stragglers: Barney Shane, a cousin, a gigantic, wild-looking fellow in a shooting costume of gray tweed; Killeen the editor, oily and meek of manner; three or four wealthy farmers, big and rough and healthy-looking; and in the midst of the throng the redoubtable Father Jim Corkran himself.

Mrs. Shea rose and presented Hogan to his reverence. Her manner in doing so struck the keen-eyed barrister as being somewhat peculiar; there was a faint shade of trepidation in the tones of her voice, and she seemed to look with a sort of nervous deprecation at the domineering face of the priest, as if fearful of finding there some displeasure or disapproval. Father Corkran bowed, muttering some half unintelligible words of greeting as he did so. Hogan was standing on the hearthrug, having deliberately chosen that position for the expected encounter; and while smiling blandly in return to his reverence's remarks, was mentally taking observations, and making up his mind to face the situation boldly. Mrs. Shea's manner had given him unconsciously a valuable hint. The key of the position, her husband, must be secured at once, and pledged irredeemably to his side. So while talking all round with the off-hand, good-humored way so peculiarly his own, he ran his eye over the person of his adversary,—for such, he felt convinced, was the *rôle* to be played by the parish priest.

A lubberly, coarse figure, bullet-headed, and with the prominent round forehead that tells of obstinacy and impetuosity, wiry black hair and brows which contrasted strangely with round light blue eyes, hard and ruthless, and with a fixed staring look most unpleasant to encounter, while the lips were scornful, and pursed out with pride and self-sufficiency. And with all this he was utterly devoid of dignity, either of manner or bearing. Those who feared him—and they were many—were servile and cringing before the bully; but those who, like Shea and the richer class of farmers, were independent of his good graces, spoke of him, irrespective of course of his saintly office, with a freedom which showed that the reverend

Father Jim was valued at his proper rate by them. Dicky, being an outsider and independent, used to have wordy tilts with his reverence, in which the youth seldom came off second best; his cousin Shea, who had some private grudges against his parish priest, used to put Dicky up to many a sharp saying and innuendo that he dared not employ himself; and a bout between the two was a favorite after-dinner diversion at Mulla Castle.

Dicky, who had been hidden on an ottoman among a crowd of admiring girls, spied his old enemy on the sofa, and jumping up, advanced with a show of the greatest cordiality and affection to greet his reverence.

"Father Corkran—my dear sir!—and I not to have seen you till this minute!"

Father Corkran stretched out a grudging paw. "Well, little divelskin, so you're here again, are you?"

"Little!" repeated the youth. "By Jove, if I was as broad as I'm long I'd just fit your clothes—no more."

Before his reverence could think of a suitable retort, the dinner was announced, and Mrs. Shea demanded his attentions; the pair headed the way,—the rest streamed after. Hogan took in Miss Shea, and Dicky seized a couple of willing damsels, who squeezed and giggled downstairs abreast. A good number of the women of the party remained upstairs, as the dinner-table only accommodated twenty; and far more men than women sat down. A curt grace was pronounced by Father Corkran; and then, as Shea graphically described it, they "saw their dinner." Hogan looked round him in undisguised wonder and amusement. At the head of the table, before Mrs. Shea, was a boiled turkey as big as a sheep; at the foot an entire sirloin, perhaps forty pounds in weight, of beef. A boiled leg of mutton and turnips claimed Hogan's attention. Two dishes of fowls, a roast saddle of mutton, a boiled round of beef, a monstrous ham and a roast turkey, a meat pie and a chicken pie, occupied places before the gentlemen of the party. Vegetables were handed round by red-cheeked smiling servant-girls; and beer-jugs, sherry decanters, and magnums of good champagne were in constant request to wash down the solids.

"What a superb turkey, Mrs. Shea!" said Hogan: "is that one of your own rearing, may I ask?"

"It is, Mr. Hogan," replied the lady, who was carving with a skill and dexterity that evinced long practice.

"It must have taken a railway train to *draw* that fellow."

This somewhat technical joke was welcomed by the hostess with a hearty laugh; but on the rest of the audience it fell flat. Father Corkran, who sat opposite, grunted a note of approval, but never raised his head from his plate or relaxed his operations, the intensity and fervor of which brought beads of perspiration out on his bald head. It was not the time for *jeux d'esprit*, as the barrister acknowledged when he looked round the table and noted the curious comportment of the guests, all solemnly engaged in the grand event of the day. "If they take in solids in this way," he thought, "what will they stop at when it comes to the whisky and hot water?" So he wisely determined to lay a substantial foundation by way of precaution. After about twenty minutes, Father Jim Corkran, who having been first on the road was the first to declare a halt, laying down his knife and fork, threw himself back in the chair and employed an interlude, or rather an armistice, of about five minutes in staring at Hogan. He then resumed his avocations, but with somewhat less assiduity: and in a minute or two conversation became general. In deference to the ladies' presence the company eschewed politics, and local affairs were discussed until the end of the second course. Then came a formidable array of glasses, hot-water kettles, and whisky decanters. Each man brewed for himself; and in a moment or two the foundation-stone of every real Irish political discussion was laid; every disputant was provided with a tumbler of whisky punch. O'Rooney Hogan filled his own glass with a mixture as weak as he dared to brew it, and instinctively girt up his loins for battle.

The moment was come. Ned Shea leaned forward in his chair, and looked all round the room. A silence unbroken, save for the clinking of busy ladles, reigned immediately amongst the guests.

"Your reverences and ladies and gentlemen—this is my friend from Dublin, Mr. O'Rooney Hogan, and I'm right glad to see him amongst us. I hope you will all join me in drinking his health, and success to his cause."

"Hear, hear!" went round the table heartily; and all—the ladies, who were each provided with a wine-glass of steaming punch, included—drank to the toast. Hogan got up and bowed; and then, a little nervously, he made a short speech, expressing his thanks for his host's kindness, and concluded with a flowery compliment to his fair hearers.

After this, which was only the introduction, the ladies trooped off upstairs, and the real business began. Barney Shane, the stalwart tenant-farmer and cousin to the host, proposed, in a stentorian voice, the toast, "Success to the Cause?" This was barely drunk when the parish priest, who was now in fine fighting trim, planted one sturdy elbow on the table, and spoke in a loud grating voice,—

"I'd like to know, Barney Shane, and Ned Shea too, and Mr. O'Rooney Hogan,—I say, I'd like to know what's the cause Mr. Hogan, no offense to him, has adopted!"—and he banged his great hand on the table, and flung himself back in his seat awaiting his reply.

The glove was thrown. Shea and his guests turned to Hogan with expectant eyes, solemn and inquiring; and feeling that the hour of trial was come, our hero jumped to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am now called upon publicly to state with what political views I have presented myself to the voters of Peatstown. When I proposed to myself the honor of representing you in Parliament, I was fully aware of the magnitude and importance of the great questions now agitating this Empire; and were I to hesitate in declaring my principles concerning them for one moment, I should feel myself deserving of your heartiest condemnation. I will therefore proceed to read to you my Parliamentary programme embodied in this." He held a strip of blue paper in his hand. "I may remark that this address will appear in all the Dublin papers to-morrow; and Mr. Muldoon, my agent, will settle with Mr. Killeen for the printing and distribution of the same throughout the country to-morrow."

Mr. Killeen's countenance now took a pleasant expression: he had been sorely vexed as to whether the printing of the election papers was to be confided to him or not.

"Come on to the address," interpolated the impatient Father Jim.

"Certainly, Father Cockran," was the bland reply; and unrolling the strip of blue paper, Hogan cleared his throat, and in a fine full voice began as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN—The duty devolves upon you now, owing to the death of your late lamented representative, Mr. Theodore Wyldoates" (a scornful laugh from Barney Shane made itself heard at this point), "of electing a representative in his place. Never before did the task carry with it a greater responsibility.

"You are now called upon to determine whether the nationality of our country is slowly but surely to be crushed, or whether, the dark cloud of oppression having been lifted off, the glorious sunshine of freedom and emancipation is to be substituted, never more to be eclipsed. At this critical moment I offer you my services, and seek the honor of being your representative. In me you will find the most staunch of all the supporters of the principles of Home Rule. I will devote my energies and talents, such as I possess, to obtain for Ireland the most complete powers of self-government.

"I heartily concur" (here he raised his voice perceptibly) "in the views upon the Education question entertained by the prelates and clergy of my Church. In me they will have a sincere and energetic supporter.

"On behalf of the Tenant Farmers, I hold and maintain that complete fixity of tenure at a fair rent is not only the inalienable natural right of the tiller of the soil, but is for the mutual benefit of owner and occupier.

"I hold it to be the duty of every Catholic to sustain our Holy Father the Pope against a most unjust spoliation; and if you return me as your representative, my voice shall not be silent in his behalf.

"It is unnecessary for me to state that a full and complete amnesty should be granted to all political prisoners.

"I ask you, in conclusion, to intrust me with the duty, as your representative, of endeavoring to carry into effect these principles—sanctioned as they will be, I hope, by your votes. If intrusted with your confidence, I pledge

myself to accept neither office nor favor, and to devote my best energies to the welfare and prosperity of our country.

“Gentlemen electors,

“I have the honor to be

“Your faithful servant,

JOHN O’ROONEY HOGAN.”

The applause was a little flat, although unanimous; and Hogan felt it. He repented having read the address,—a speech is always so much better appreciated. He handed the blue paper across to Killeen; and clearing his throat afresh, began to speak, determined to regain the ground which he felt he had lost.

“Gentlemen, you have now my programme; and to-morrow, by Mr. Killeen’s kind agency, it will be in the hands of every one in the town and district. I have placed the portions of the programme in the order in which it seems to me they ought to come. First of all, Home Rule, the grand object for which every true Irishman is striving; then Education, pure and untainted by heresy and infidelity. Until we have the grand aim secured, never ” (and here he raised his voice) “never will the ground-down peasants, the plundered farmers, the Sainted Martyr, or the poor caged prisoners, have their rights,—never, till Ireland be once more a nation!”

A roar of enthusiasm greeted this peroration; the table was thumped by the excited listeners until the glasses rang again.

THREE DUBLIN STREET ARABS.

From ‘Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor.’

Ladies first. Flitters, aged eleven, sucking the tail of a red herring, as a member of the weaker and gentler sex first demands our attention. She is older and doubly stronger than either Tatters or the Counselor, who are seated beside her on the wall of the river, sharing with her the occupation of watching the operations of a mud-barge at work some dozen yards out in the water. Of the genus street Arab Flitters is a fair type. Barefooted, of course, though, were it not for the pink lining that shows now and

again between her toes, one might doubt that fact—bare-headed, too, with a tangled, tufted, matted shock of hair that has never known other comb save that ten-toothed one provided by nature, and which, indeed, Flitters uses with a frequency of terrible suggestiveness.

The face consists mainly of eyes and mouth; this last-named feature is enormously wide, so wide that there seemed some foundation for a remark of the Counselor's, made in the days of their early acquaintance before time and friendship had softened down to his unaccustomed eyes the asperities of Flitters' appearance, and which remark was to the effect that only for her ears her mouth would have gone round her head. The Counselor was not so named without cause, for his tongue stopped at nothing. This mouth was furnished with a set of white, even teeth, which glistened when Flitters vouchsafed a smile, and gleamed like tusks when she was enraged, which she was often, for Flitters had a short temper and a very independent disposition. The eyes, close set, under overhanging, thick brows, were of a dark brown, with a lurid light in their depths. She was tall for her age, lank of limb, and active as a cat: with her tawny skin and dark eyes one might have taken her for a foreigner, were it not for the intense nationalism of the short nose and retreating chin, and the mellifluousness of the Townsend Street brogue that issued from between the white teeth.

For attire she had a *princesse* robe, a cast-off perhaps of some dweller in the fashionable squares. This garment was very short in front, and disproportionately long behind, and had a bagginess as to waist and chest that suggested an arbitrary curtailment of the skirt. Viewed from a distance, it seemed to have a great many pocket-holes, but on closer inspection these resolved themselves into holes without the pockets; underneath this was another old dress, much more ancient and ragged. However, as it was summer weather, Flitters felt no inconvenience from the airiness of her attire. Indeed, to look at her now with her back against a crate of cabbages which was waiting its turn to take its place on board the Glasgow steamer, one would think she had not a care in the world. She was sitting upon one foot, the other was extended over the quay wall, and the sun shone full in her eyes, and gilded the blond

curls of Tatters, who, half lying, half sitting close beside her, was musingly listening to the conversation of the Counselor. Tatters was about six years old, small and infantine of look, but with a world of guile in his far-apart blue eyes. He could smoke and chew, drink and steal, and was altogether a finished young reprobate. He wore a funny, old jerry hat, without any brim, and with the crown pinched out, doubtless with a view to its harmonizing with the rest of his attire, the most prominent portion of which was undoubtedly the shirt. The front part of this seemed not to reach much below his breastbone; but whether to make amends for this shortcoming, or to cover deficiencies in the corduroy trousers, the hinder part hung down mid-thighs at the back. One leg of the corduroys was completely split up, and flapped loosely in front, like a lug-sail in a calm. His jacket, which was a marvel of raggedness, was buttoned up tight; and seated, hugging both his knees with his hands, he looked a wonderfully small piece of goods. He had an interesting, sweet little face; his little black nose was prettily formed; a red cherry of a mouth showed in the surrounding dirt, and gave vent to the oaths and curses of which his speech was mainly composed, in an agreeable little treble pipe.

The Counselor, or Hoppy, for he had two names, the second derived from a personal deformity which affected his gait, was nine years old, but might have been ninety, for the *Welt-kunst* his wrinkled, pock-marked countenance portrayed. He had small, bright, black eyes, and a sharp, inquisitive nose. A keen, ready intelligence seemed to exude from every feature. He was the ruling spirit of the trio. Tatters' manner to him was undisguisedly deferential, and Flitters only maintained her individuality at the expense of a bullying ostentation of superior age and strength. They were all three orphans. Flitters' father had run off to America a year before;—her mother was dead. Tatters was a foundling, whose nurse had turned him loose on the streets when she found no more money forthcoming for his maintenance, and the Counselor's antecedents were wrapped in complete obscurity. He sometimes alluded mistily to a grandmother living in Bull Lane; but he was one of those people who seem all-sufficient in themselves, and for whom one feels instinctively, and at the first

glance, that no one could or ought to be responsible. He had on a man's coat, one tail of which had been removed—by force, plainly, for a good piece of the back had gone with it, giving him an odd look of a sparrow which a cat has clawed a pawful of feathers out of. He had on a great felt hat of the kind known as billycock, which overshadowed well his small, knowing face. He wore shoes of very doubtful fit or comfort, but still shoes, and thus distinguishing him from his companions, who, to borrow a phrase from their own picturesque dialect, were both “on the road.”

It may be asked whence they received their names. Hoppy knew of none but his nickname; his grandmother's name was Cassidy, which he did not scruple to appropriate if occasion required it. Flitters remembered to have been called Eliza once, and her father's name was Byrne; but nicknames in the Arab class are more common than names, which, indeed, are practically useful only to people who have a fixed habitation—a luxury these creatures know nothing of. . . .

Flitters could not read. The Counselor possessed all the education as well as most of the brains of the party. Nevertheless, Flitters was its chief support. She sang in the streets. The Counselor played the Jew's-harp or castanets, and sometimes sang duets with her, while Tatters stood by, looking hungry and watching for halfpence. They had other resources as well: coal-stealing along the wharfs, or sometimes sifting cinders on the waste grounds about the outskirts of the city, to sell afterwards; messages to run for workmen—a very uncertain and precarious resource, as no one ever employed them twice. Altogether, their lives were at least replete with that element so much coveted by people whose every want and comfort is supplied—to wit, excitement.

MATTHEW JAMES HIGGINS.

(1810—1868.)

MATTHEW JAMES HIGGINS, "Jacob Omnium" of *The London Times*, was born at Benown Castle, County Meath, Dec. 4, 1810, and, early deprived of his father, he grew up under the care of his mother. He went to school near Bath, from thence to Eton, finishing his education at New College, Oxford. For several years he traveled in Europe, and in 1833 he visited British Guiana for the purpose of superintending the affairs of an estate which he had inherited there. During his voyage and his residence in the country he kept a most interesting journal.

His first contribution to literature appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1845, and was entitled 'Jacob Omnium, the Merchant Prince.' This essay excited so much admiration and attention that his next and succeeding papers on social subjects were announced as by the author of 'Jacob Omnium' and he ultimately adopted the name, frequently using the initials J. O. He became a friend of Thackeray, and received renown from the pen of the great novelist in his 'Bowstreet Ballads,' which appeared in *Punch*, entitled 'Jacob Omnium's Hoss.' In 1846 he again visited the West Indies, and on his return found Ireland in the depths of starvation and misery, caused by the potato failure. Mr. Higgins immediately volunteered to assist in the relief of his unfortunate countrymen by co-operating with the committee already established in London. His offer was accepted, and he landed on the coast of Mayo from H.M.S. *Terrible*, sent with supplies for the famine-stricken people.

The fearful state in which Mr. Higgins found the country was described by him in *The Times* of April 22, 1847. He personally made herculean exertions on behalf of the starving population. At the general election in the same year he contested the borough of Westbury, but was defeated. As a supporter of the altered principles of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Higgins became a valued contributor to the *Morning Chronicle* in 1848, while his letters to *The Times* upon various subjects, and under several assumed names, were legion. *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Edinburgh* and other Reviews, and subsequently *The Pall Mall Gazette*, were all indebted to his light, graceful, and versatile style. Mr. Higgins' marriage with the daughter of Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne led to his taking an interest in the celebrated Tichborne case and an active part in its investigation. He complained for some years of failing health, and after an illness of apparently only six days died at his house near Abingdon, on Aug. 14, 1868. An estimate of his character is thus given by his biographer, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell: "Oppression or unfair dealing, whenever it came under his notice, was almost sure to bring 'J. O.' to the rescue. It would be absurd to pretend that, in all his encounters with what he deemed to be wrong, he was wholly in the right; but it is not too much to say that no selfish

object ever stimulated or stayed his pen." Mr. Higgins was of extraordinary stature, his height being six feet eight inches. He was as remarkable for good nature as for his height, and thus acquired among his friends the name of "The Gentle Giant." Of his visit with Thackeray to see a show-giant, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell says: "At the door Thackeray pointed to his companion, and whispered to the door-keeper, 'We are in the profession,' and so obtained free admission. But, as Thackeray used to end the story, 'We were not mean, but paid our shillings as we came out.'"

His writings, published in separate form, are Letters to Lord John Russell on 'The Sugar Debates,' 1847-48; 'Cheap Sugar Means Cheap Slaves,' 1848; 'Light Horse,' 1855; 'A Letter on Administrative Reform,' 1855; 'Letters on Military Education,' 1855-56; 'Letters on the Purchase System,' 1857; 'Three Letters to the Editor of *Cornhill* on Public School Education,' 1861; 'The Story of the Mhow Courtmartial,' 1864; 'Papers on Public School Education in England,' 1865; 'Social Sketches: and Correspondence between J. Walters, Esq., M.P., and J. O.,' the last being printed for private circulation only.

A SCENE IN THE IRISH FAMINE.

[This description is very bitter, but probably very true. It appeared in a letter addressed to *The Times*, April 22, 1847.]

The committee of the British Association for the Relief of Distress in Ireland, reading frightful accounts of pestilence and famine in the county of Mayo, and receiving urgent and perplexing appeals for relief from various resident clergymen and landlords, decided on dispatching one of their number to the spot, to examine into the state of affairs and relieve the people promptly. As I had been loudest in my condemnation of the conduct of both English and Irish landlords, and had boasted—I now feel somewhat injudiciously—of what I would do were I in their place, I was selected for this not very agreeable service. In consequence I have been for the last few weeks resident in Letterbrick, the capital of the barony of Arderry. The barony contains 185,000 acres of land, over which is scattered a population of 30,000 souls. The little town of Letterbrick is placed in the bight of a deep bay, one of the many noble harbors with which the west of Ireland abounds. The union workhouse is thirty-one miles distant; besides that, there is neither hospital nor dispensary of which the poor can avail themselves at the present moment. Of three resident Protestant clergymen one is in-

sane; the other two are not on speaking terms, and will not "act" together in any way. The three Roman Catholic priests are good simple men—poor, ignorant, and possessing little influence over their flocks. Two-thirds of this vast extent of land is divided between two proprietors—Mr. Black of Kildare, and The Mulligan, who resides in his baronial castle of Ballymulligan.

The Mulligan, having been an Irishman of pleasure, is now a bankrupt; he amuses himself in his dominions as well as he can, but has lately been cast in damages for the seduction of a daughter of a coast-guard, and is in consequence at present playing at hide-and-seek with the officers of the law: he is a married man; he is the only resident magistrate in Arderry, and as his present discreditable social position renders him only accessible on Sundays, he is utterly useless, in that capacity. His tenants are not in arrears. They have been driven, ejected, and sold up with incredible severity. To give you an idea of what the people here endure and the landlords perpetrate, I will state that last week, accompanied by two creditable English witnesses, I met several emaciated cows, driven by two men, and followed by their still more emaciated owners, proceeding toward Letterbrick. I stopped them and inquired whither they were going. The two men said they were taking them to the Letterbrick pound for rent owing to them. The peasants declared that the rent was not due till the 1st of May. Their landlord admitted this readily, but added that Letterbrick fair was on the 12th of April, and he feared, unless he pounded his tenants' cattle before that, that they would sell them at the fair and be off to America. So he did pound them for a debt that was not yet due; and the poor ignorant starved wretches allowed him to do it. Of The Mulligan's exertions and charities to meet the present crisis, it is needless to speak. He is chairman of a relief committee, which he never attends; he has given no money or food, whilst he has extracted all he can from the soil. He pays no taxes, builds no cottages or farm buildings, supports no schools or hospitals.

The only duties which he attempts to perform are those which he considers he owes to himself. He and his family own about 10,000 acres of land. His uncle I saw when he came to propose to the purser on board the steamer *Hor-*

rible in charge of a cargo of seed, to let him have some on the security of his "paper at six months;" and when we were landing some meal in the rain from that vessel, his brother galloped into the town in a rickety tandem, pulled up to stare at us, and after having played an amatory national air on a horn which he had slung round him, galloped off again. Mr. Black, his coproprietor, is a landlord of a very different species. He resides in Kildare, where he has a large property, and by his own account takes an active part in the duties of the county. Here he is represented by his agent Mr. White, a most intelligent and gentlemanlike young man, who spends a few months occasionally in Arderry and is a magistrate. A variety of small and sub-landlords, whose lives are spent in watching the growing crops and cattle of their tenants, and pouncing upon them the moment they are ripe or fit for sale, occupy the rest of the barony, and complete the misery of the people. There is one single man who believes that he has duties to perform, and does his best to fulfill them; but as his property is small, the good he can do is but as a drop in this ocean of human iniquity, and being a Dublin lawyer, he is necessarily an absentee. At this moment there is no food in the country, save what is imported by Government and the British Association; neither have the people any money, save what they earn on the public works, which are to be stopped in May.

The land is unsown,—there will be no harvest. The Horrible, when she was here selling seed under prime cost, sold but £100 worth, and that almost entirely to the benevolent individual I have alluded to. At Killala, where the gentry clamored loudly for seed, the Lightning was sent with three hundred and fifty sacks, of which she sold *one*; and at Killibegs the Horrible had no better market. There is at this moment, sir, fever in half the houses in Arderry—I call them houses by courtesy, for they are but hollow, damp and filthy dunghoops. The people sell their last rag for food, and are then forced to remain in their hovels until the weakest sink from hunger; their festered corpses, which they have no means of removing, then breed a fever which carries off the rest. Efficient medicines or medical aid they have none, and if they had, what but good food could be prescribed with success to a starving man? Dur-

ing the short time I have been here I have seen my fellow-creatures die in the streets. I have found the naked bodies of women on the roadside, and piles of coffins containing corpses left outside the cabins and in the market-place. I have met mothers carrying about dead infants in their arms until they were putrid, refusing to bury them, in the hope that the offensive sight might wring charity from the callous townspeople sufficient to protract for a while the lives of the other children at home. During the last two days I have buried at my own expense twenty bodies, which, had I not done so, would be still infecting the living.

The people here, naturally docile, become uncontrollable at the sight of provisions—not a bag of biscuit can be landed or leave the town without an armed escort, not a vessel can anchor in the bay without imminent risk of being plundered. Yesterday three vessels, bound to the north, were becalmed off the coast; they were instantly boarded and cleared by the famished and desperate peasantry. I purchased a little seed myself, which I retailed in small quantities to the people, chiefly to gain some insight into their position. I found them utterly hopeless, almost indifferent about sowing, because they are aware that any crops they may sow will be seized on for rent by the landlords. They preferred buying turnip and parsnip seed, although they appeared quite ignorant how to cultivate them, because the perishable nature of these roots renders them less convenient for seizure than barley or oats. On my arrival here I found the soup-kitchen, on which the lives of hundreds depend, stopped, not for want of funds, but because the vicar and the curate, having £130 intrusted to them jointly by our association, had quarreled, and preferred seeing the parishioners starve to making soup for them in concert.

Lest I may be suspected of caricature or exaggeration, I will, in conclusion, set down what my eyes have seen during the last half-hour. I have seen in the courthouse an inquest holding on the body of a boy of thirteen, who, being left alone in a cabin, with a little rice and fish in his charge, was murdered by his cousin, a boy of twelve, for the sake of that wretched pittance of food. A verdict of “willful murder” has since been returned. The culprit is the most famished and sickly little creature I ever saw, and

his relatives whom I heard examined were all equally emaciated and fever-stricken. Driven from the court by the stench of the body, I passed in the street two coffins with bodies in them, in going to my lodgings from the courthouse, a distance of a hundred yards. I am prepared to hear that the truth of what I have here stated has been impugned; to be informed that I am ignorant of the habits of the people, and that I have been humbugged by Irishmen having a natural turn for humor. I am prepared to be ridiculed for my obesity, and to be told that a London banker is out of his element in the romantic regions of the west. I should not wonder if The Mulligan called me out. I feel certain "he will court an inquiry."

MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

(1830 —)

MRS. CASHEL HOEY was born in Dublin in 1830. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles B. Johnston and Charlotte Shaw his wife. She was married, first, in 1846 to Mr. Adam Murray Stewart, of Cromleigh, County Dublin, and second, in 1858, to Mr. John Cashel Hoey.

Mrs. Hoey, who is an active member of the Irish Literary Society, is a constant contributor to high-class periodical literature, being perhaps at her best in critical work. She has written, besides, the following books : ' A House of Cards,' ' Falsely True,' ' Out of Court,' ' The Blossoming of an Aloe,' ' A Golden Sorrow,' ' Griffith's Double,' ' All or Nothing,' ' The Questioning of Cain,' ' The Lover's Creed,' ' A Stern Chase,' ' The Queen's Token,' ' Buried in the Deep,' and others. She has also translated a number of works from the French, including ' Pictorial Life in Japan ' and ' The Government of M. Thiers.'

A GREAT RISK.

From ' A Golden Sorrow.'

It was a strange meeting. They spoke hurriedly, cautiously, lest they should disturb the sleeper. Miriam could not close the doors, lest he should call for anything, for he was alone. They looked long in each other's face, and they both sighed. Miriam led her brother to the farthest extremity of the room, and seated herself beside him, encircled by his arms. How handsome he was looking, she thought, but so much older; and how strangely gray his hair was, almost as gray as Mr. St. Quentin's. Eager question, and answer as eager, soon placed Walter Clint in possession of the circumstances under which his sister had summoned him, and confirmed him in his general impression of Miriam's married life. Then she acknowledged what her purpose had been, until Mr. St. Quentin's illness had prevented its accomplishment, and received from Walter a hasty assurance that she should come to him and Florence when she pleased. Miriam had so much to say to him, the immediate circumstances were so pressing, that she lost all sense of his long absence, and made no allusion to his adventures. Beyond the surprise of the first moment, and the sense of the alteration in the faces, present to the

minds of both, there was no strangeness after a little while. Miriam told him that Mr. St. Quentin had as yet made no will, and that a lawyer was to arrive in a little more than an hour's time to make one, and that she had reason to believe she should be left with only a bare pittance.

"How do you know?" asked Walter. "What horrible treachery and injustice!"

"I will tell you. I have seen some memoranda of his—they are there, in that desk—on the floor—at this moment, by which it is evident he means—Hush! what's that? Did he call?"

She arose, went to the open folding-door, and stood listening. Mr. St. Quentin did not call, did not speak. After a minute of deep silence, she was moving back toward Walter again, when they both heard a distinct and peculiar sound. It was not articulate—it was like the noise, half-clicking, half-grating, which a clock makes an instant before it strikes. She stopped, and again stood perfectly still, then said: "It certainly comes from his room. I shall just look at him, and be back in a moment."

She went quickly, but quite noiselessly, Walter's eyes following her through the intervening bedroom, but, as she passed into her husband's room, she partially closed the folding-doors, and Walter lost sight of her.

There was no repetition of the sound. Miriam looked about. All was precisely as she had left it. The sick man was lying huddled up, and with his head bent downward, turned toward the wall. The rain splashed upon the windows, and the wind rumbled in the chimney. Miriam passed round the head of the bed with a light step, kneeled down on its other side, between the bed and the wall, to look closely at her husband, and found herself gazing into the fixed, senseless eyes, wide open, and upon the fallen ashy features of a dead face.

Not a scream, not a sound betrayed Miriam's awful discovery to the listener in the sitting-room. One heavy thump of her heart, one rush of blood into her head, and she remained kneeling, perfectly motionless on the floor between the bed and the wall, holding her temples tightly between her hands, and looking, with fixedness little less than their own, into those wide-open eyes. In such moments there is no time; then at least the spirit escapes from

its bonds. It might have been five minutes, it might have been as many hours, for all that Miriam knew, that she knelt there, spellbound, her limbs heavy and cold, her head whirling, but not lost, nor confused. It had come, then. Was this the worst that could have happened? This awful occurrence did not violently break the chain of her immediately previous thought; on the contrary, it continued and strengthened it. Was all lost, in this case, that had been in danger? Not a sentiment of grief, hardly a passing touch of pity, came to Miriam, as she knelt during those few fearful minutes by the side of the dead man. It was indeed "the hour and the power of darkness."

She arose with a slight shiver, and went to the mantel-piece. At that moment the time-piece chimed—eleven silvery strokes. And the lawyer was to arrive at noon. One hour only, if every other chance should cohere, for what she had to do. She locked the door which opened from Mr. St. Quentin's bedroom upon the corridor, and having completely shut the folding-doors, which communicated with her own room, she went back to her brother; but before she approached him she looked out of the sitting-room door. No one was near; the corridor was quite empty; and she observed that there were no rooms precisely opposite theirs, only a staircase, and some large presses in the wall. As she came up to Walter, who was reading a newspaper, he said, "Is all right?" laid the paper aside, looked up at her, and sprang up.

"Good heavens! Miriam, what is the matter?" A mirror on the wall showed her her ghastly face.

"Hush!" she said, and laid a strong hand upon him, forcing him back into his seat. "Don't speak above your breath. Be calm and collected, for my sake. *He is dead!*"

Walter shrank from her, and was silent in horror.

"Yes, he is dead. He has died without a struggle."

"Impossible! And we two here, so near him! Let me see!"

"No, Walter, I tell you it is true. Do you think I can be mistaken? I have been beside him, looking into his face ever since! You must not see him; you must not go near him; it is no question of *that* now; and you must be perfectly calm, and able to help me quickly. We have not an instant to spare." The color had utterly deserted her face,

but her eyes were sparkling with intense eagerness and entreaty, and the fingers of her right hand held his shoulder like a vise.

"Help you! What do you mean? Had not we better call some one, and send for the doctor at once?"

"No, I tell you; no, no, no! What good can the doctor do a dead man? Besides, he's coming presently. Oh Walter, my brother, listen to me! I am young still, and all my future hangs upon this hour, and is in your hands! Oh Walter, you don't know, you cannot know what my life has been, and how tremendous this blow is to me! You know what I married him for, Walter—to get away from home and to be rich! He bribed me with such promises! and he tricked me basely! He persuaded me—for I was vain, and proud of my power over him—that he would dower me all the more splendidly, that he did not bind himself to anything; and I believed him, though papa told me I was wrong. Wrong! I was a fool! And he has suspected and insulted me all these horrid years—yes, for though I have had plenty of money and plenty of pleasure, they have been horrid years! And I am to lose it all!"

"But how do you know, Miriam?" asked her brother, who had been unable to interrupt her vehement appeal, all the more impressive and terrible that she never raised her voice, or loosened her grasp on him. "And what can be done?"

"I know, I know!" she resumed. "I have watched him, in one sense, while he watched me in another. He has been in correspondence with a man in America. I don't know his name, and I don't know what about, though I can guess; and he meant to leave all his property away from me."

"What relatives are there? How is his property circumstanced?"

"I don't know; I only know that it is very large, and mostly in Indian securities. He has no relatives; I am sure of that. He often told me he had no claims on him, absolutely none; and it was only out of spite to me he would have left his money to a man he never saw."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't *know* it, perhaps—at least, he never actually told me so in as many words—but I am morally certain of

it. He has repeated to me, over and over again, that no one in the world had any claim on him; and this correspondence shows it is no one in England he has been looking after. In a moment, Walter, I will prove to you that I am right." She glided away from him, crossed the adjoining room, and, with just an instant's hesitation, passed through the folding-doors which hid the bed and its awful tenant from his sight. In another minute she returned, carrying a key. The traveling-desk she had pointed out to Walter lay on the floor. She opened it, took out a few papers—mere slips of memoranda—and knelt by Walter's side, showing them to him. "Here are the proofs of his treachery to me. Read this:

"C—— advises English lawyer. Mem., to look out for a good firm. In last letter from D——, return of L—— D—— promised, on receipt of fee and specific statement of intentions."

"And read this, written at Calais—written only three days ago, when he was so ill, and yet determined to cross, because he was in such haste to be cruel and treacherous to me. I do believe he felt that he was dying, and that his great fear was lest this villainy should not be accomplished.

"Mem., shortest form of will for present use. The whole of my property, of whatsoever kind, all invested moneys, furniture, plate, horses, carriages, to L—— D—— with the exception of an annuity to Mrs. St. Q—— of two hundred pounds, to be paid by L—— D——, and secured by him to her, on his taking possession of my property, in any way he thinks proper. Sole executor, L—— D——."

On a third slip of paper was the name and address of the firm of Messrs. Ross and Raby, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn.

"This is horrible, indeed, my poor darling," said Walter, looking forlornly at the memoranda; "but it is a comfort to think he has not carried out his intention; and though you may have some trouble, you must be well off. The law makes a secure provision for a widow under such circumstances, and in this case there seems to be no heir."

"No heir, Walter! Who is L—— D——, do you suppose? Of course he is the heir, the heir-at-law, the man who would have come in for Mr. St. Quentin's money, if he had made no will at all—the man in America. I am sure

of it—he never had a friend he would have neglected all those years, and then suddenly taken to looking after. And I am to lose all, or nearly all, and to bear the disgrace, the humiliation of this, for *him*, for a stranger! What right has he to come in and rob me of the wealth for which I have paid so heavy and horrid a price? No one knows of these memoranda. This C—— he mentions must be the man who came to see him in Paris so often lately; a sly, sleek, horrid man he was: C—— stands for Caux, of course. He has done no business for him, it is plain. He tells him to employ an English lawyer to rob me—and in his hurry to act on this advice, he has died before he could accomplish such wickedness. Caux has drawn no will for him; there is no will! Walter!”—she rose from her knees, and clasped him round the neck, hiding her face from him, as she spoke with passionate rapidity, close to his ear—“you will not let *any* of this villainy be done to me; you will save me from the bitterness of all this misery without any reward; you will remember how you trusted me with Florence, and how I deserved the trust! Won’t you, Walter?”

“I will—I do,” he said, trying to see her face; but she held him closer, and spoke lower and more rapidly. “But what can I do, Miriam? I don’t know what you have in your mind.”

“And time is flying,” she murmured. “I will tell you.” She lifted her head, and looked at him straight and unabashed. “At twelve o’clock a clerk of Messrs. Ross and Raby’s will be here, in obedience to a message from—him—to take instructions for a will. He has never seen him; no one in the house knows his appearance. He was carried here from the boat yesterday, with his face covered; and except our servants—one is out, the other is asleep—no one has seen it. Walter! in the old days, in which I always helped you and loved you, and was stanch to you, no matter how much I was reviled or punished on your account—in those old days, I say, you were a good actor; you could dress, and speak, and look a part well, and there was no handwriting you could not imitate, besides having several of your own: remember the letters Rose Dixon brought to Crescent House. Have you lost your old skill, and your hand its former cunning?”

“Good God, Miriam—do you propose—”

"This is what I propose, brother; it is quite safe, and it injures no one—remember how he would have injured *me*." She held him now, with a hand gripping each shoulder, and looked at him full, with her commanding, gloomy eyes.

"When this lawyer comes, he shall be introduced to you—the firm know nothing of *him*, not even his handwriting; it was his valet who wrote the letter to them—not even whether he is young or old; but you can easily look much older than you do now, and the light need not be strong—instead of his real client; and you shall give him instructions to draw a will—you have the model; it is easy and simple; it is only a few lines; it will all be done in a few minutes—and two of the hotel servants, who have not seen—him—can witness it. The lawyer will go away, and then you, and then the truth shall be told. No one will be wronged, Walter. This unknown man knows nothing of his chance, and never can have expected such a chance to arise; and I—I shall have the reward, the bare pay, I may call it, for all this horrid life, which is done with, and owe it all to you—to you, Walter, who owe so much to me!"

"Miriam, this is madness. Do you know what you want me to do? This is a felony."

"And felony is a word! What has *he* done to *me*? What would he have done if he had lived two more hours? Think of that, Walter, and of the base treachery it means; and think of your own happy home, of Florence, of the child that is coming, and of all *you* have, while I have nothing; and, if the law gives me anything, must have it with the sting of suspicion, of calumny—and do this thing for me, dearest Walter, for your sister, who has done and borne much for you! I did not need praying, Walter, when you came to me in disgrace, and asked me to do that for you for which my father would have turned me out into the streets if he had discovered it! I needed no prayers, and I never faltered, not then, not after, when this old man heaped insult and suspicion on me, for Florence's sake!"

"But, Miriam—" He hesitated, covered his face with his hands.

"Time flies," she said. "Walter, will you not help and save me? Will *you* be cruel and selfish, and treacherous too?"

There was a moment's silence, then Walter, disclosing a

face as white and troubled as her own, said: "Show me how it is to be done, and I will do it. Let what will come of it, Miriam, I will do this for you!"

She kissed him without a word. Then, with inconceivable rapidity and quietness, she placed writing materials before him, and collected several books which lay about the room, traveling literature from book-stalls, and French *brochures*, and opened them in a row, at the top of the blotting-book—displaying the fly-leaf of each. A formal inscription was written exactly in the middle of every one of these. Then she went to the desk again, and took out a check-book, in which were a number of blank checks, signed. In all these signatures and inscriptions there was hardly a trace of variation in the characters, forming this name:

LUCIUS CLIBBORN ST. QUENTIN.

"Copy these," she said. "It is an easy hand, the most formal I ever saw, and read the memoranda again. I will be with you immediately." She instantly withdrew, and Walter bent over his task. She went into the room in which the old man lay dead, and collected, from the dressing-table and the chairs, several articles of his clothing, and such dressing things as had been unpacked last night, and carried them into the adjoining room. In a moment she swept away her own toilet apparatus, the gown, bonnet, and wraps she had traveled in, and every trace of a feminine presence in the room, locked them into a wardrobe, and replaced them by the things belonging to Mr. St. Quentin. Then she pulled the blinds down, and partially drew the bed-curtains, arranging them so as to interpose between an occupant of the bed and the view of any person in the sitting-room. Her movements were wonderfully swift, but her thoughts far outstripped them. In those few minutes, which defied her reckoning, every detail of the scheme she had conceived—who can tell within what an indefinable instant after her eyes had met the dead eyes—had presented itself to her. Two supreme points of vantage were hers: she only knew that anything had occurred within these rooms, and no one had a right to enter them unbidden by her. She might even keep the lawyer's clerk waiting, if it should be necessary; she was not absolutely tied to time.

She was not insensible to the danger of the deed she meditated, but she fairly balanced the chances, and they were heavily in her favor. There was, in the disposition of the rooms, only one slight risk: supposing the servants who were to be summoned to witness the will should, in relating the circumstance to their fellows, mention, in the hearing of the housemaid who had attended them, that Mr. St. Quentin was in the outer room? It was a risk, but only a little one, and when it came into Miriam's mind, she dismissed it. The chances were very much against such a risk occurring, and she *must* trust something to chance.

A knock at the locked door of the room in which the dead man lay! Miriam heard, and replied to it instantly, by turning the key, and confronting the person who knocked with a warning gesture. It was Bolton the valet. She stepped into the corridor, and softly shut the door.

"I thought I should have found Mrs. Haines here, ma'am," he said, "as they told me Mr. Clint had come."

"Haines is asleep, I hope," said Miriam. "What is it?"

Then Bolton explained. He had not found a house, or lodgings, in the vicinity of the hotel, but had heard of a house about two miles away, on the coast. Should he go and look at it, or would Mrs. St. Quentin think it too far away? If his master could be got into a carriage and moved at all, that distance would make no practical difference. Miriam assented, and felt, with a thrill in her veins, that here was another point in her favor. The lawyer might propose to employ Mr. St. Quentin's own servant, rather than a stranger, for the purpose of witnessing his will, and here was the valet himself proposing what must take him out of the way, without any premeditation on her part. She told Bolton that she entirely agreed with him, and begged he would go and see the house at once, and inspect it very carefully. The man was turning away, and she about to open the door, when he said: "I beg your pardon, ma'am. I suppose there is no change?"

"No," replied Miriam; "there is no change."

Once more she went into her own bedroom and looked carefully round. All was in the disorder proper to a man's room; she had but to add the order which should attend illness. She was getting used to what she was doing now, and the tenacity of her will stilled her nerves. Without a

tremor, she carried the medicine bottles and glasses, the cups and the flannels, all the sad, significant *appareil*, away from the dead man's bedside, and arranged them in a corresponding place in the outer room. Only a few minutes had been consumed in these rapid arrangements, and while she was making them Miriam's gaze was constantly turned upon Walter, sitting with his back toward the open folding-doors, now writing busily, now thinking, his head resting on his hands. At length she went to him. A sheet of paper, on which the formal inscription on the fly-leaves before him was accurately copied several times, lay on the blotting-book. Miriam put her arm round his neck, leaned over his shoulder, and studied the lines of writing minutely.

"Perfect!" was the one word she said. Then she shut the books, threw them into a corner, twisted up the sheet on which Walter had been writing, put it into the fire, where it was instantly consumed; and, turning to Walter, took him by the arm, saying: "Come! In ten minutes this man will be here."

JOHN CASHEL HOEY.

(1828—1892.)

JOHN CASHEL HOEY was born in Dundalk, County Louth, in 1828. He was the eldest son of Mr. Cashel F. Hoey of that town, and some time of Charleston, South Carolina. He was one of the many young men of literary ability who were attracted by the Young Ireland movement, and he joined the party just on the eve of the outbreak of 1848. When, in the following year, the suppressed *Nation* was revived by Sir C. G. Duffy, Mr. Hoey became chief of the staff. Subsequently he was joint proprietor, and when Sir Charles went to Australia, in the circumstances narrated in the life of the latter, Mr. Hoey occupied the editorial chair. In 1858 he disposed of his interest in the paper to Mr. A. M. Sullivan and left Ireland. He was called to the English bar in 1861.

Mr. Hoey still followed the literary calling in his new home, and in 1865 he became connected with Mr. W. G. Ward, who was at that period editor of the *Dublin Review*, becoming his associate in this work, and so remained until 1879. Mr. Hoey had meantime entered on an official career, having been for some years a member of the Board of Advice in London for the colony of Victoria. For a time, also, he held the position of secretary to the Agent-General for the colony in England. In 1874 he transferred his services to the New Zealand office, holding the same position to the Agent-General; and in 1879 he again returned to the Victorian ministry, holding the office of secretary for some years. Mr. Hoey was knight of the Orders of Malta, Este, Pius IX., Francis I., and L. Caridad. In 1858 he married Frances, widow of Mr. Adam Murra Stewart. He died in London in 1892.

Mr. Hoey republished a few of his more remarkable essays, but the large majority of them lie hidden in the pages of the *Dublin Review*. They abound in brilliant passages; sometimes the reader is startled by a bit of picturesque description or striking portraiture, and his sarcasm has both the virtue and the fault of being relentless.

ORIGIN OF O'CONNELL.

Its very seclusion and wildness made Kerry a fit cradle for a great native leader. The spirit of liberty dwells in "the liberal air of the iced mountain top," and the cadences of ocean have a spell and a lesson for him who is born to move masses of men by the sound of his voice. The waves taught him their music, and early filled his mind with the sense of their vastness and freedom. He loved to speak of them as breaking on the cliffs of Kerry after rolling for three thousand miles from the grim shores of



DERRYNANE HOUSE, COUNTY KERRY

Labrador. The "kingdom of Kerry," as it was the fancy of its people to call it, had remained from its very picturesque and unprofitable remoteness the most Celtic region of Munster.

There can hardly have been a drop of Norman or of Saxon blood in Daniel O'Connell's veins. He was a Celt of the Celts, of a type which becomes more and more rare—that in which black hair, luxuriant and full of curl, is combined with an eye of gray or blue; with features small, but fine, yet in the nose leaving room for amendment; with lips plastic, nervous, of remarkable mobility and variety of expression; with a skull curiously round; with a figure graceful, lithe, yet of well-strung muscles, capable of great endurance.

It is a type which some Irish ethnologists suppose, not without reason, to be of Spanish origin; and there were two very remarkable Irishmen of the same period who were fine examples of its form. One was General Clarke, Duc de Feltre, French minister of war throughout, and indeed before, Napoleon's reign, and who was also for some time governor-general of Prussia; the other, not built on so grand a scale, was Thomas Moore, the poet.

Nature gave to Mr. O'Connell a frame as perfect and commanding as ever was developed of this rare type; a voice of unparalleled volume and range; ever-buoyant energy, unfatiguing perseverance, a quick wit, a sound and capacious understanding, craft bred and stimulated by the sense of oppression, courage easily flaming to headlong wrath at the hurt to pride of withheld right; every talent that every great orator has possessed (some in excess)—with, most of all, the talent of speaking in the strain of its own sympathies to every audience, from the highest and most accomplished to the lowest and most ignorant; and to these last he often spoke of his best, and he loved to speak best of all.

In Kerry there still remained, a hundred years ago, there even yet remains, more that tells of what Celtic and Catholic Ireland was like than in any other district of the south. Many of the native gentry, elsewhere banished and erased, or reduced to become traders in the towns built by their ancestors and tenants on their own estates, in Kerry held some little-coveted fragment of ancient property on

sufferance, and maintained at least the show among their people of the old tribal order. Of the Irish titles which are still borne by the heads of Celtic septs, by far the greater number were transmitted in Kerry, or in neighboring districts of Cork and Limerick, "where the king's writ did not run."

There or thereabouts, in the wild southwest, dwelt a hundred years ago, and there are still to be seen, representatives of The O'Donoghue of the Glens (near kinsmen of the O'Counells), O'Grady of Killballyowen, MacGillicuddy of the Reeks, The O'Donovan, The O'Driscoll—and two titles which, though only dating from the period of the Pale, told of traditions hardly less dear to the Irish memory and imagination, the Knight of Glin and the Knight of Kerry, scions of that illustrious house which for many a hundred years accepted for its motto the reproach that it was more Irish than the Irish themselves. Five years before O'Connell's birth died the last MacCarthy More, greatest of the Kerry toparchs, and lineal descendant of that Florence MacCarthy who, as Sir William Herbert once said, "was a man infinitely adored in Munster": and now Kerry was about to give birth to a man destined to be infinitely adored throughout Ireland. Kerry still spoke the Irish tongue, and it was the tongue that Daniel O'Connell learned on his nurse's knee. Such was the soil from which he sprung, and he was racy of it.

MICHAEL HOGAN.

(1832 —)

MICHAEL HOGAN, known as "the Bard of Thomond," was born at Thomond Gate, Limerick, in 1832, where he worked as a wheelwright. He contributed to *The Nation*, *The Celt*, *The Irishman*, and other journals, over the signature of "Thomond." He published a number of rhyming political squibs at different election times, which are chiefly of local interest. He came to this country for a short time, but returned in 1889. His published works are 'Anthems of Mary,' a collection of hymns; 'Lays and Legends of Thomond,' which reached a second edition; and 'Shaw-na-Scoob' (John-a-broom), a satire.

BRIAN'S LAMENT FOR KING MAHON.

Lament, O Dalcassians! the Eagle of Cashel is dead!
The grandeur, the glory, the joy of her palace is fled;
Your strength in the battle—your bulwark of valor is low,
But the fire of your vengeance will fall on the murderous foe

His country was mighty—his people were blest in his reign,
But the ray of his glory shall never shine on them again;
Like the beauty of summer his presence gave joy to our souls,
When bards sung his deeds at the banquet of bright golden
bowls.

Ye maids of Temora, whose rich garments sweep the green
plain!
Ye chiefs of the Sunburst, the terror and scourge of the Dane!
Ye gray-haired Ard-Fileas! whose songs fire the blood of the
brave!
Oh! weep, for your Sun-star is quenched in the night of the
grave.

He clad you with honors—he filled your high hearts with de-
light,
In the midst of your councils he beamed in his wisdom and
might;
Gold, silver, and jewels were only as dust in his hand,
Eut his sword like the lightning-flash blasted the foes of his
land.

Oh! Mahon, my brother! we've conquered and marched side by side,

And thou wert to the love of my soul as a beautiful bride;
In the battle, the banquet, the council, the chase and the throne,
Our beings were blended—our spirits were filled with one tone.

Oh! Mahon, my brother! thou 'st died like the hind of the wood,
The hands of assassins were red with thy pure noble blood;
And I was not near, my beloved, when thou wast o'erpowered,
To steep in their hearts' blood the steel of my blue-beaming sword.

I stood by the dark misty river at eve dim and gray,
And I heard the death-cry of the spirit of gloomy Craghlea;
She repeated thy name in her *caoine*¹ of desolate woe.
Then I knew that the Beauty and Joy of Clan Tail was laid low.

All day and all night one dark vigil of sorrow I keep,
My spirit is bleeding with wounds that are many and deep;
My banquet is anguish, tears, groaning, and wringing of hands
In madness lamenting my prince of the gold-hilted brands.

O God! give me patience to bear the affliction I feel,
But for every hot tear a red blood-drop shall blush on my steel;
For ever deep pang which my grief-stricken spirit has known,
A thousand death-wounds in the day of revenge shall atone.

THE SARFIELD TESTIMONIAL.

Oh! yes, 't is true, the debt is due by Erin's children all,
Brave chief, to you, who never flew from battle, fire, or ball;
Alas! too long the brave and strong in stern oblivion lies,
The glory of our ancient town—the idol of her eyes.
Oh! 't were a shame to let his name like other names decay,
Or let the earth forget his worth like other things of clay;
But we must see the brave and free defender of our walls
High in the light of sculptured might among our homes and halls.

There let him stand, with sword in hand and flashing arms of steel,
In bright array, as on the day he made the foemen reel;

¹ *Caoine*, keen, wail, or lament.



THE SARSFIELD STATUE, LIMERICK

And let our eyes, with glad surprise, the warlike sight enjoy
Of him who stood, 'mid fire and blood, our tyrants to destroy.
O sculptor! trace on his bold face the spirit-blaze which shone
The day he rolled the flood of war to Limerick from Athlone;
As if, with word and waving sword, he called on Limerick's
men,
"My freeborn sons! with hearts and guns, go man yon breach
again!"

O sculptor! show on his high brow his freedom-grasping zeal
When Limerick's streets and brave old walls blazed red with
fire and steel;
When, undismayed, with sweeping blade he cleared the flaming
town,
Oh! show us how his stalworth arm had cut the foemen down.
Show us his godlike bearing 'mid the burning wreck of fight,
His loud command and lifted hand, and blazing eye of light;
His eagle glance, that, like a lance, pierced center, rear, and
van—
His form tall revealing all the majesty of man.

Let daring thought be sternly wrought in his high, dauntless
air,
As if the seed of some great deed had grown to action there;
Like on the night when his fierce might from Limerick sallied
forth,
And swept the foe, at one dread blow, for ever from the earth.
Show us the grief that filled the chief, when, with his hopes be-
trayed,
Far, far away, across the sea, he led the brave Brigade;
Show us the blood-gout from his side, red-welling on his hand,
With his last words—"I wish 't were shed for thee, my Native
Land!"

DRAHERIN O MACHREE.¹

I grieve when I think on the dear, happy days of youth,
When all the bright dreams of this faithless world seemed
truth;
When I strayed thro' the woodland, as gay as a midsummer
bee,
In brotherly love with my Draherin O Machree.

¹ *Draherin O Machree*, little brother of my heart.

Together we lay in the sweet-scented meadows to rest,
 Together we watched the gay lark as he sung o'er his nest,
 Together we plucked the red fruit of the fragrant haw-tree,
 And I loved, as a sweetheart, my Draherin O Machree!

His form it was straight as the hazel that grows in the glen,
 His manners were courteous, and social, and gay amongst men;
 His bosom was white as the lily on summer's green lea—
 And God's brightest image was Draherin O Machree!

Oh! sweet were his words as the honey that falls in the night,
 And his young smiling face like May-bloom was fresh, and as
 bright;
 His eyes were like dew on the flower of the sweet apple-tree;
 My heart's spring and summer was Draherin O Machree!

He went to the wars when proud England united with France;
 His regiment was first in the red battle-charge to advance;
 But when night drew its veil o'er the glory and life-wasting
 fray,
 Pale, bleeding, and cold lay my Draherin O Machree!

Oh! if I were there, I'd watch over my darling's last breath,
 I'd wipe his cold brow, and I'd soften his pillow of death;
 I'd pour the hot tears of my heart's melting anguish o'er thee!
 Oh, blossom of beauty! my Draherin O Machree!

Now I'm left to weep, like the sorrowful bird of the night,
 This earth and its pleasures no more shall afford me delight;
 The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
 Since I lost my heart's darling my Draherin O Machree!

PADDY MACCARTHY.

Arrah! Bridgid MacSheehy, your eyes are the death o' me,
 And your laugh, like a fairy stroke, knocks out the breath o'
 me!
 The devil a cobweb of slumber, till dawned the day,
 Has come to my lids, while the long night I yawned away!
 Och, you heart-killing imp, 't was your witchery puzzled me;
 Like a bird by a night-wisp, your beauty has dazzled me!
 I'd rather be forty miles running away with you,
 Than live, to be parted ten minutes, one day with you!

'Pon my soul, I was dreaming last night that you came to me,
 With your own pretty smile, like a sweet drink of cream to me,
 Says you, " Paddy Carthy, I 'm coming to marry you! "—
 " Och, my jewel," says I, " to his reverence I 'll carry you!"
 So I thought my poor heart gave a thump like a prizefighter,
 As off to the chapel I jumped like a lamplighter;
 But scarce had the priest time to see how his robe was on,
 When, och, blood-an'-turf!—I woke ere the job was done!

Now, troth, it's a heartache, between you and I, Biddy,
 To let that sly rogue of a dream tell a lie, Biddy!
 If your sweet mouth just says, " My dear boy, here 's my hand
 to you!"

By the lord of Kilsnack! Paddy Carthy will stand to you!
 In the meadow I 'll mow, in the haggard I 'll work for you;
 Say the word, and I 'll walk on my head to New York for you;
 My heart in the heat of devotion so beats to you,
 'T is just like a little child crying for sweets to you!

Did you hear what a great name my ancestors had of it?
 From Blarney to Munster they owned every sod of it;
 The MacCarthy Mores they were christened by reason, sure,
 Of their fighting and feasting bein' always in season, sure!
Arrah, them were the boys that kep' up the old cause for us,
 Ere a red robbing stranger come here with mock laws for us!
 Real jewels they were for love, spendin' and sportin' too,
 An' sure I 'm a boy of their clan that 's now courtin' you!

There 's Judy Malony, with ten on the watch for her—
 Her uncle come to me to make up a match for her;
 There's Thady Mulready, by Loch Quinlan's water clear,
 Faith, he 'd give me six cows if I 'd marry his daughter dear!
 But no, by the powers! I would rather go beg with you,
 Hopping from village to town on one leg with you,
 Than be walking on two, with a rich heiress stuck to me—
 If I 'm not speaking true to you, darling, bad luck to me!

You 're the queen of the lilies that grow up so tenderly,
 And your leg is as fair as white wax, moulded slenderly,
 The berries are so like your lips that the pick of them
 I plucked from the bush, till I ate myself sick of them!
 Where the haw-tree its flowers to the sunbeams is handing up,
 I saw, like your white neck, a blossom-branch standing up,
 I climbed to get at it—you 'd pity the trim o' me—
 For, bad luck to the thorns, they carved every limb o' me!

I'll purchase the best wedding ring in the town for you!
Or by thunder, to make one I'll pull the moon down for you!
If I could lay my hand on the sun for a crown for you,
Sure, I'd be the boy that would win light and renown for you!
Now, Biddy, my jewel! what have you to say to me?
Just give up your heart without further delay to me;
And I will bless this as a glorious fine day to me—
If a queen got such courting, by Jove, she'd give way to me!

ELEANOR HULL.

ELEANOR HULL is the daughter of Professor Edward Hull, who from 1870 to 1890 was Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland. She has the true student temperament, and herself discovered the way to those studies in Irish romantic history in which she delights and in which she is so distinguished. Miss Hull is a busy member of the London Irish Literary Society, whose affairs she has from the beginning helped to direct. She is co-secretary of the Irish Texts Society.

LITERARY QUALITIES OF THE SAGA.

From 'The Cuchullin Saga.'

A recent American essayist, Mr. Godkin, has said that "no country retains the hearty affection of its educated classes which does not feed their imagination." Patriotism, that is to say, does not rest to any degree upon a natural pride in the physical beauty of the country that gave us birth, nor yet on a legitimate satisfaction in its commercial or industrial prosperity; it rests upon what we may call the historic imagination. It connects itself with certain events in the past history of our country, or with occurrences, sometimes of a semi-legendary character, that have stamped themselves upon the mind of the nation in a series of vivid mental pictures, and have fostered a just pride in the deeds and epochs of their forefathers.

Countries that have their history still to make, or that have risen rapidly to greatness by colonization from outside, without any background of romantic legend or heroic action, are lacking in the first elements that call a pure and elevated patriotism into existence. The memory of great deeds; the slow growth of ideas, expressed either in literature or in the constitution of the country; the mysterious and always attractive twilight of romance, out of which a nation has emerged into the broad daylight of historic life: all these are wanting. The consciousness of a greatness rooted firmly in the past is gone.

The history and literature of Ireland should, perhaps in a greater degree than that of any other country, feed and stimulate the love of her inhabitants. Her long and varied and pitiful story should draw to her the affection of her

people; while of the imaginative creations of the poet and romanticist she has an almost unequalled wealth. There is hardly a bay, a plain, or hill in Ireland around which a romance, Pagan or Christian, has not woven some tale or legend. It was indeed a special pleasure of the early writers to throw across each spot a halo of invention. Many of the longer pieces of ancient Gaelic literature are composed entirely of the local traditions belonging to special districts. Such are the 'Colloquy with the Ancients' and 'The Dissenchas' tracts, which may be compared with 'Kilhwch and Olwen' in Welsh literature; but even apart from these geographical collections of tales, there is no country in the world that has preserved so many legends connected with special places as Ireland has done.

The tradition of these tales is fast being lost among the people; wherever politics and the newspaper enter, folk lore dies out: naturally, too, wherever the English tongue has superseded the older speech in which the tales were handed down, their memory falls away. And as the recollection of the great names and great deeds of her ancestors fades into a faint tradition, patriotism sinks into a mere password of demagogues; as the old tales dwindle into folk lore and are gradually forgotten, the light of fantasy is lost from the hills and plains of Ireland. To the traveler in Ireland the imaginative loss is grievous; to the Irish man and woman it is irreparable.

The sagas of Ireland, though they have not as yet taken their natural place beside the epics of the Nibelungen, of Charlemagne, or of Arthur, will bear comparison in the scope and originality with any of these, and will add to them, moreover, some new elements.

The fact that Irish is, to a large extent, a dead language, has invested the literature enshrined in it with a lively interest for scholars. The old literature of Ireland is being rediscovered, and a host of philologists are devoting their best efforts to its elucidation. The moment is a critical one. Up to the present, with very few exceptions, the interest which it has inspired is purely linguistic and comparative. Antiquarians and philologists have used the material as a repository of ancient customs and a battlefield for linguistic contests. The time is fast approaching, however, when it must be considered in a quite dif-

ferent aspect, namely as pure literature. The sagas of Ireland must be placed beside the sagas of the North and the epics of medieval Europe, and the qualities and defects weighed together. Very interesting results are likely to be obtained, and much light will probably be thrown thereby on the literary connection of Ireland with other countries.

The isolation of Ireland from the great movements of European thought has been too much insisted upon. Although Ireland escaped the domination of Rome during the period of her early literary activity, and thus her literature remains as an almost solitary example of a Western culture developing along native lines and unchanged by Latin influence, yet at the later period, during which her medieval bardic output was being gathered together and written down, Ireland, so far from occupying an isolated position, was in intimate relationship not only with England, but with Northern, Western, and Central Europe. Her intellectual intercourse extended, not to the schools of England, France, and Italy only, but through her monasteries to Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and a constant intercommunication was kept up between these foreign establishments and the mother country.

In all these countries we find to-day traces of Irish learning and Irish art. Even Spain shows signs of Irish influence, while the long centuries of association with Scandinavia left deep traces upon the national life and the national literature of both countries. It was during this epoch of great outward activity and movements towards foreign countries that we may surmise the great mass of Irish Pagan romance to have undergone the process of molding into its final form, and it is impossible to suppose that some modifications were not introduced into it from its contact with foreign romance and foreign methods of thought. These modifications, though comparatively slight, have to be taken into account in any examination of Irish pagan romance, and the frequency or rarity with which we meet with ideas foreign to the Irish mind and imagination may help to determine both the age of the particular version of any tale we are examining and the measure of its popularity. Those stories that were universal favorites, and therefore frequently repeated, will

naturally show a greater assimilation of foreign ideas than those which fell out of popular favor. It is to these latter tales that we must look to find the Irish imagination in its pure and native form, untouched by outside influences.

Equally important is it for us to remember that, though most of the tales of the Cuchullin Saga, if not all of them, bear marks of a pre-Christian origin, yet they come down to us transcribed by monkish hands and preserved in monastic libraries. The early monasteries were the store-houses of the literary life of the nation; monks and saints were the copyists and compilers. The *Leabhar nah Uidhre*, or 'Book of the Dun Cow' (so-called from the parchment on which it was inscribed), the oldest existing book in which tales of the Cuchullin Saga have been preserved, was begun and, partly at least, arranged and written out by a religious of the monastery or "family" of Clonmacnois.

The 'Book of Leinster' was transcribed by Finn MacGorman, Bishop of Kildare. It is of immense interest to find that while the monks naturally gave a large place in their work to the lives of saints and to religious literature, they felt it their duty to preserve and transmit with equal care, not only the historical and genealogical records of their native country, but also the great body of Pagan romance that they heard recited and sung around them. There appears to have been no moment of decisive break between the bardic and Christian systems, and in all matters that concerned the literature and laws of their country, brehons and monks labored side by side. The monks seem to have set themselves in many ways to carry on the system of the bards, and it appears certain that, so far from feeling any fanatic hatred against the old Pagan romance literature, they desired to incorporate such of its ideas as they could assimilate with those of Christianity into their own teaching.

They did this consciously, in the same manner and of the same set purpose as that which led St. Patrick to adopt the Pagan festivals and associate them with Christian events. Thus we find it is St. Ciaran, one of the most noted saints of Ireland, who, at the tomb of Fergus MacRoich, writes down the epic of the Tain Bo Cuailgne; Mongan comes back "from the flock-abounding Land of Promise" in the unseen world to converse with Colum Cille. It is to

St. Patrick that Ossian details the adventures of his compeers; and, in every case, although the saint is represented as denouncing the fierceness and Pagan beliefs of the old heroes, he listens with eagerness to the recital of their deeds. Once more, it is St. Patrick who calls up before the Pagan monarch of Tara the vision of Cuchullin in his chariot, and this for the express purpose of persuading King Laegaire of the truth of Christianity.

This frequent association of Pagan and Christian personages and ideas is not without meaning; it shows that not only no strong prejudice existed against the ancient literature, but, on the contrary, that a curiosity and an appetite was felt with regard to it; and a desire was experienced, so far as was possible, to reconcile the two systems. For the finer among the Cuchullin stories and those of independent origin, such as the 'Voyage of Maelduin,' the 'Bruidhen da Derga,' etc., they seem to have had a regard that led to the careful preservation of them; nor is there in these tales any trace of the contentious wrangling between the opposed systems of belief that is found in many of the Ossianic poems. Such stories as that of the conjuring up of Cuchullin's chariot before Laegaire, to which we have referred above, point to a special reverence for the earlier hero, such as is not displayed towards Finn and his champions.

Nevertheless, the passage of the legends through monkish hands was not without an effect upon the final form in which the tales have come down to us; clerical handling has denuded the old romances of some of their Pagan characteristics, and has modified certain features inconsistent with the later teaching. Christian interpolations have been added, and in some instances Pagan and Christian epochs have been synchronized.

Bearing in mind the two causes of modification, the influence of foreign intercourse, and the influence of Christian reaction, the changes that have taken place in the tales of the Cuchullin cycle may roughly be classed as follows: First, changes due to deliberate interpolation; secondly, changes due to deliberate suppression; thirdly, alterations brought about through the ignorance or carelessness of copyists; and finally, those that have arisen through the assimilation of foreign ideas, or through the desire to glorify

the hero by comparison with classical champions or the heroes of other nations.

In considering the variations due to deliberate interpolation, it is well to be on our guard against the error of supposing that the longer form in which any story has come down to us is of necessity the latest. Though in the larger number of instances it is undoubtedly the case that the story has been adorned and expanded by the poetic fancy of the bards through whose hands it has passed; though frequently it has gathered accretions from foreign and classic sources, and though descriptions of dress and general appearance were likely to be lengthened as time went on, we have to set against all this the consideration that many of the tales, as we have them, are mere outlines, to be filled up by improvised description at the time of recitation.



DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

(1860 —)

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE was born in County Sligo in 1860. He is the son of the rector of Frenchpark, County Roscommon, of the family of Castle Hyde, in the County Cork. Dr. Hyde had a brilliant career at Trinity College, Dublin. He is President of the Gaelic League and of the Irish Texts Society, and Vice-President of the Irish Literary Society. A profound scholar, his patience and sympathy have gone for much in unlocking the store of tradition in the peasant mind. Hardly any one else could have won from the silent peasant the treasures that have been saved for us by Dr. Hyde in 'The Love-Songs of Connacht,' 'The Religious Songs of Connacht,' and the folk stories of 'Beside the Fire.' Dr. Hyde's 'Literary History of Ireland' is a volume of extraordinary interest and erudition.

"His best work," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "as an Irish poet has been done either in the Gaelic language or in translations from modern Gaelic, in which he has rendered with wonderful accuracy the simplicity and tenderness of the peasant bards of the West, together with the beautiful metrical structure of their verses . . . There is probably no contemporary name in Irish literature which is better known (on purely literary grounds) to the Irish people, and which has become more endeared to them, than that of Douglas Hyde."

An Craoibhin Aoibhin ("the delightful little branch") is the name by which Dr. Hyde is called all over Irish-speaking Ireland; and his little book of poems is called 'Ubhla de'n Craoibh' ('Apples from the Bough'), a gold branch bearing golden apples being stamped on the cover.

IRISH AS A SPOKEN LANGUAGE.

From 'A Literary History of Ireland.'

According to the census of 1891, something over three-quarters of a million people in Ireland were bilinguals, and 66,140 could speak Irish only, thus showing that in thirty years Irish was killed off so rapidly *that the whole island contained fewer speakers in 1891 than the small province of Connacht alone did thirty years before.*

This extinguishing of the Irish language has not been the result of a natural process of decay, but has been chiefly caused by the definite policy of the Board of "National Education," as it is called, backed by the expenditure every year of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. This

Board, evidently actuated by a false sense of Imperialism, and by an overmastering desire to centralize, and being itself appointed by the Government chiefly from a class of Irishmen who have been steadily hostile to the natives, and being perfectly ignorant of the language and literature of the Irish, have pursued from the first with unvarying pertinacity the great aim of utterly exterminating this fine Aryan language.

The amount of horrible suffering entailed by this policy, and the amount of hopeless ignorance stereotyped in hundreds of thousands of children, and the ruination of the life-prospects of hundreds of thousands more, by insisting upon their growing up unable to read or write, sooner than teach them to read and write the only language they knew, has counted for nothing with the Board of National Education, compared with their great object of the extermination of the Irish language, and the attainment of one Anglified uniformity. In vain have their own inspectors time after time testified to the ill results of denying the Irish-speakers education in their own language, in vain have disinterested visitors opened wide eyes of astonishment at schoolmasters who knew no Irish being appointed to teach pupils who knew no English.

[In spite of the well-known opposition of the National Board the National Schoolmasters themselves as early as 1874 in their Congress unanimously passed the following resolution: "The peasants in Irish-speaking districts have not English enough to convey their ideas, except such as relate to the mechanical business of their occupation. Hence they are not able in any degree to cultivate or impress the minds of their children (though often very intelligent themselves), who consequently grow up dull and stupid if they have been suffered to lose the Irish language or to drop out of the constant practice of it." This is *exactly* what I and every other spectator have found, and it means that the Board of National Education is engaged in replacing an intelligent generation of men by an utterly stupid and unintelligent one.]

In vain have the schoolmasters themselves petitioned to be allowed to change the system, in vain did Sir Patrick Keenan (afterwards himself Chief Commissioner of National Education) address the Board saying, "the shrewd-

est people in the world are those who are bilingual; borderers have always been remarkable in this respect; but *the most stupid children I have ever met with* are those who were learning English while endeavoring to forget Irish. The real policy of the educationist would in my opinion be to teach Irish grammatically and soundly to the Irish-speaking people, *and then* to teach them English through the medium of their native tongue." All in vain! Against the steady, unwavering, unrelenting determination to stamp out the Irish language which has been paramount in the Board ever since the days of Archbishop Whately, every representation passed unheeded, and it would appear that in another generation the Board—at the cost of unparalleled suffering—will have attained its object.

[Sir Patrick Keenan, C.B., K.C.M.G., who was for a time head of the Educational system in Ireland, and was employed by the Government to report upon the plan of teaching the people of Malta in Maltese, reported to Parliament that the attempt to substitute English or Italian for Maltese in the schools was a fatal one. "Such a course would simply mean that the people are to get no chance, much less choice, of acquiring a knowledge either of their own or any other language." This is exactly true of spots in Ireland, and after his experience in Donegal, Sir Patrick Keenan drew up the following memorial: "1. That the Irish-speaking people ought to be taught the Irish language grammatically, and that schoolbooks in Irish should be prepared for the purpose. 2. That English should be taught to all Irish-speaking children through the medium of the Irish. 3. That if this system be pursued the people will be very soon better educated than they are now, or possibly can be *for many generations* upon the present system. And 4. That the English language will in a short time be more generally known and purely spoken than it can be by the present system for many generations." When he became head of the National System of Education, Sir Patrick found himself unable to carry out his own recommendations without personal inconvenience, being probably afraid to offend his colleagues, and nothing has been since done to remove the scandal.]

This is not the place to discuss the bearings of this question, still less to drag in the names of individuals, but the

reader who has followed the history of Irish literature to this will be perhaps anxious to have it continued up to date, and so I may as well here place on record what I and many others have seen with our own eyes over and over again.

An Irish-speaking family, endowed with all the usual intelligence of the Irish-speaking population, with a gift for song, poetry, Ossianic lays, traditional history, and story, send their children to school. A rational education, such as any self-governing country in Europe would give them, would teach them to read and write the language that they spoke, and that their fathers had read and spoken for fifteen hundred years before them. The exigencies of life in the United Kingdom would then make it necessary to teach them a second language—English. The basis of knowledge upon which they started, and which they had acquired as naturally as the breath of life, would in any fair system of education be kept as a basis, and their education would be built upon it. They would be taught to *read* the Ossianic lays which they knew by heart before, they would be given books containing more of the same sort, they would be taught to read the poems, and they would have put into their hands books of prose and poetry of a kindred nature. They had picked up many items of information about the history of Ireland from their fathers and mothers; they would be given a simple history of Ireland to read. All this they would assimilate naturally and quickly because it would be the natural continuation of what they already in part possessed. But the exigencies of life in the United Kingdom make it necessary to read English poems and English books, and to know something of English history also; this they would learn after the other.

Will it be believed, the Board of National Education insists upon the Irish-speaking child starting out from the first moment *to learn to read a language it does not speak*. [For many years the schoolmaster was not even allowed to explain anything in Irish to a child who knew no English! This rule, however, has been abrogated.] It is forbidden to be taught one syllable of Irish, easy sentences, poems, or anything else. It is forbidden to be taught one word of Irish history. Advantage is taken of *nothing* that the child knew before or that came natural to it, and the result is appalling.

Bright-eyed intelligent children, second in intelligence, I should think, to none in Europe, with all the traditional traits of a people cultured for fifteen hundred years, children endowed with a vocabulary in every-day use of about three thousand words (while the ordinary English peasant has often not more than five hundred) enter the schools of the Chief Commissioner, to come out at the end with all their natural vivacity gone, their intelligence almost completely sapped, their splendid command of their native language lost forever, and a vocabulary of five or six hundred English words, badly pronounced and barbarously employed, substituted for it, and this they in their turn will transmit to their children, while everything that they knew on entering the school, story, lay, poem, song, aphorism, proverb, and the unique stock-in-trade of an Irish speaker's mind, is gone for ever, *and replaced by nothing*.

[Dr. Pedersen, a Dane, who recently resided for three months in the Arran Islands to learn the language that is there banned—at the present moment the only inhabitant in one of these islands, not counting coastguards, who does not speak Irish is the schoolmaster!—took down about 2,500 words. I have written down a vocabulary of 3,000 words from people in Roscommon who could neither read nor write, and I am sure I fell 1,000 short of what they actually used. I should think the average in Munster, especially in Kerry, would be between 5,000 and 6,000. It is well known that many of the English peasants use only 300 words, or from that to 500.]

I have long looked and inquired in vain, on all hands, for any possible justification of this system, and the more I have looked and inquired the more convinced I am that none such exists unless it be an unacknowledged political one. Its results at all events are only too obvious. The children are taught, if nothing else, to be ashamed of their own parents, ashamed of their own nationality, ashamed of their own names. The only idea of education they now have is connected not with the literary past of their own nation, but with the new Board-trained schoolmaster and his school, which to them represent the only possible form of knowledge. They have no idea of anything outside of, or beyond, this. Hence they allow their beautiful Irish manuscripts to rot—because the school-

master does not read Irish. They never sing an Irish song or repeat an Irish poem—the schoolmaster does not; they forget all about their own country that their parents told them—the schoolmaster *is not allowed to teach Irish history*; they translate their names into English—probably the schoolmaster has done the same; and what is the use of having an Irish name now that they are not allowed to speak Irish!

[A friend of mine traveling in the County Clare sent me three Irish MSS. the other day, which he found the children tearing to pieces on the floor. One of these, about one hundred years old, contained a saga called the ‘Love of Dubhlacha for Mongan,’ which M. d’Arbois de Jubainville had searched the libraries of Europe for in vain. It is true that another copy of it has since been discovered, and printed and annotated with all the learning and critical acumen of two such world-renowned scholars as Professor Kuno Meyer and Mr. Alfred Nutt, both of whom considered it of the highest value as elucidating the psychology of the ancient Irish. The copy thus recovered and sent to me is twice as long as that printed by Kuno Meyer, and had the copy from which he printed been lost it would be unique. These things are happening every day. A man living at the very doors of the Chief Commissioner of National Education writes to me thus: “I could read many of Irish Fenian tales and poems, that was in my father’s manuscripts; he had a large collection of them. I was often sorry for letting them go to loss, but I could not copy the one-twentieth of them. The writing got defaced, the books got damp and torn while I was away, I burned lots of them twice that I came to this country. . . . I was learning to write the old Irish at that time; I could read a fair share of it and write a line.” That man should have been taught to read and write his native language, and not practically encouraged to burn the old books, every one of which probably contained some piece or other not to be found elsewhere.

Even where the people had no manuscripts in common use among them, their minds were well-stored with poems and lays. A friend wrote to me from America the other day to interview a man who lived in the County Galway, who he thought had manuscripts. Not finding it con-

venient to do this, I wrote to him, and this is his reply: "Dear sir, about twenty years since I was able to tell about two Dozen of Ossian's Irish poems and some of Raftery's, and more Rymes composed by others, but since that time no one asked me since to tell one Irish story at a wake or by the fireside sine the old people died. Therefore when I had no practice I forgot all the storys that ever I had. I am old. Your most Humble Servant, Michael B."

Another writes: "I have no written manuscript. I had three poems about the dareg more (Dearg Mór) the first when he came to Ireland in search of his wife that shewed (?) him, when Gaul (Goll) faught him and tied him he come to Ireland, a few years after, when he got older and stronger, and faught Gaul for 9 days in succession the ninth day Gaul killed him then in 18 years after his son called Cun (Conn) came to Ireland to have revenge and faught Gaul, and after eleven days fighting he was killed by Gaul. I had a poem called Lee ne mna mora (Laoi na mná móire) or the poem of the big woman who faught Gaul for five days, but Osker (Oscar) kills her. I had the baptism of Ossian by St. Patrick the best of all and many others of Ossian's to numerous to mention now. I also had some poemes of Cucullan the death and the lady in English and in Irish I had the beettle in English and Irish and when fin (Finn) went to Denmark in English and Irish and many other rymes of modern times. I seen some address in the Irish times last year where to write to some place in Dublin where Ossians poems could be got but I forget the number. The people that is living Now-a-days could not understand the old Irish which made me drop it altogether their parents is striving to learn their children English what they themselves never learned so the boys and girls have neither good english or good Irish."]

Worst of all, they have not only dropped their Irish Christian names, but they are becoming ashamed of the patron saints of their own people, the names even of Patrick and of Brigit.

[This is the direct result of the system pursued by the National Board, which refuses to teach the children anything about Patrick and Brigit, but which is never tired of putting second-hand English models before them. Archbishop Whately, that able and unconventional English-

man, who had so much to do with molding the system, despite his undoubted sense of humor, saw nothing humorous in making the children learn to repeat such verses as—

“ I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child ! ”

and the tone of the Board may be gathered from this passage, I believe, which occurred in one of their elementary books: “ On the east of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives. Many people who live in Ireland were born in England, *and we speak the same language, and are called one nation.* ” The result of this teaching is apparent to every one who lives in Ireland, and does not shut his eyes. “ God forbid I should handicap my daughter in life by calling her Brigit,” said a woman to me once. “ It was with the greatest difficulty I could make any of the Irish christen their children Patrick,” said Father O'Reilly of Loughborough to me, talking of his Australian mission. For the wholesale translation of names, such as O'Gara into Love, O'Lavin into Hand, Mac Rury into Rogers, and so on, which is still going on with unabated vigor, see an article by me in ‘ Three Irish Essays,’ published by Fisher Unwin.]

It is a remarkable system of education, and one well worth the minutest study that can be paid it, which is able to produce these effects, but with even the smallest philological regard for the meaning of words, it cannot be called “ education.”

NOTE.—In the original edition the portions between brackets were printed as footnotes.—[ED.]

THE SPLENDORS OF TARA.

From ‘ A Literary History of Ireland.’

The brilliant appearance of Cormac mac Art when presiding over the assembly at Tara, covered with gold and jewels, receives enhanced credibility from the proofs of early Irish wealth and culture that I have just adduced. Let us glance at Tara itself, as it existed in the time of

Cormac, and see whether archeology can throw any light upon the ancient accounts of that royal hill. It was round this hill that the great Féis, or assemblage of the men of all Ireland, took place triennially, with a threefold purpose—to promulgate laws universally binding upon all Ireland; to test, purge, and sanction the annals and genealogies of Ireland, in the presence of all men, so that no untruth or flaw might creep in; and, finally, to register the same in the great national record, in later time called the *Saltair of Tara*, so that cases of disputed succession might be peacefully settled by reference to this central authoritative volume. The session of the men of Ireland thus convened took place on the third day before Samhain—November Day—and ended the third day after it. We are told that Cormac, who presided over these assemblies, had ten persons in constant waiting upon his person, who hardly ever left him. These were a prince of noble blood, a Druid, a physician, a brehon, a bard, a historian, a musician, and three stewards. And Keating tells us that the very same arrangement was observed from Cormac's time—in the third century—to the death of Brian Boru in the eleventh, the only alteration being that a Christian priest was substituted for the Druid.

To accommodate the chiefs and princes who came to the great Féis, Cormac built the renowned Teach Míodhchuarta,¹ which was able to accommodate a thousand persons, and which was used at once for a house of assembly, a banqueting hall, and a sleeping abode. We have two accounts of this hall, and of the other monuments of Tara, written, the one in prose, the other in verse, some nine hundred years ago. The prose of the Dinnseanchus describes accurately the lie of the building, “to the northwest of the eastern mound.” “The ruins of this house”—it lay in ruins then as now—“are thus situated: the lower part to the north and the higher part to the south; and walls are raised about it to the east and to the west. The northern side of it is inclosed and small, the lie of it is the north and south. It is in the form of a long house with twelve doors upon it, or fourteen, seven to the west and seven to the east. This was the great house of a thousand soldiers.”...

We know that the statements made nine hundred years

¹ *Teach Míodhchuarta*, pronounced Toch Mee-coo-ar-ta.

ago, when Tara had even then laid in ruins for four centuries, have been verified in every essential particular by the officers of the Ordnance Survey. The statement in the *Dinnseanchus* made nearly nine hundred years ago that there were either six or seven doors on each side, shows the condition into which Tara had then fallen, one on each side being so obliterated that now, also, it is difficult to say whether it was a door or not. The length of the hall, according to Petrie's accurate measurements, was *seven hundred and sixty feet*, and its breadth was nearly ninety. There was a double row of benches on each side, running the entire length of the hall, which would give four rows of men if we remember that the guests were all seated on the same side of the tables, and allowing the ample room of three feet to each man, this would just give accommodation to a thousand. In the middle of the hall, running down all the way between the benches, there was a row of fires, and just above each fire was a spit descending from the roof, at which the joints were roasted. There is a ground plan of the building, in the *Book of Leinster*, and the figure of a cook is rudely drawn with his mouth open, and a ladle in his hand to baste the joint. The king sat at the southern end of the hall, and the servants and retainers occupied the northern.

The banqueting-hall and all the other buildings at Tara were of wood, nor is the absence of stone buildings in itself a proof of low civilization, since, in a country like Ireland, abounding in timber, wood could be made to answer every purpose—as in point of fact it does at this day over the greater part of America, and in all the northern countries where forests are numerous. All or most Irish houses, down to the period of the Danish invasions, were constructed of wood, or of wood and clay mixed, or of clay and unmortared stones, and their strongholds were of wooden palisades planted upon clay earth-works. This is the reason why so few remains of prehistoric buildings have come down to us, but it is no reason for believing that, as in Cormac's banquet hall, rude palatial effects were not often produced. . . .

The houses of the ancient Irish were either like Cormac's banqueting-hall, and Credé's house, built quadrilaterally of felled trees, or split planks, planted upright in the earth,

and thatched overhead, or else, as was most usually the case, they were cylindrical and made of wickerwork, with a cup-shaped roof, plastered with clay and whitewashed. The magnificent dimensions of Cormac's palace, verified as they are by the careful measurements of the Ordnance Survey—a palace certainly erected in pagan times, since Tara was deserted for ever about the year 550—bear evidence, like our wealth of beautifully wrought gold ornaments, and the superior workmanship of our surviving articles of bronze and clay, to a high degree of civilization and culture amongst the pre-Christian Irish.

THE STORY OF MAC DÁTHÓ'S PIG AND HOUND.

From 'A Literary History of Ireland.'

This story affords so curious a picture of Pagan customs that it is worth while to give some extracts from it. It is contained in the Book of Leinster, a MS. copied about the year 1150. Like most of the Cuchulain sagas, it dates substantially from the seventh or eighth century.—[D. H.]

Mac Dáthó was a famous landholder in Leinster, and he possessed a hound so extraordinarily strong and swift that it could run round Leinster in a day. All Ireland was full of the fame of that hound, and every one desired to have it. It struck Mève and Oilioll, king and queen of Connacht, to send an embassy to Mac Dáthó to ask him for his hound, at the same time that the notion came to Conor, king of Ulster, that he also would like to possess it. Two embassies reach Mac Dáthó's house at the same time, the one from Connacht and the other from Ulster, and both ask for the hound for their respective masters. Mac Dáthó's house was one of those open hostelries of which there were five at that time in Ireland.

"Seven doors," says the saga, "there were in each hostelry, seven roads through it, and seven fireplaces therein. Seven caldrons in the seven fireplaces. An ox and a salted pig would go into each of these caldrons, and the man that came along the road would (*i.e.* any traveler who passed the way was entitled to) thrust the flesh fork into the caldron, and whatever he brought up with the first thrust, that he would eat, and if nothing were brought up with the first thrust there was no other for him."

The messengers are brought before Mac Dáthó to his bed, and questioned as to the cause of their coming.

“ ‘To ask for the hound are we come,’ said the messengers of Connacht, ‘from Oilioll and from Mève, and in exchange for it there shall be given three score hundred milch cows at once, and a chariot with the two horses that are best in Connacht under it, and as much again at the end of the year besides all that.’

“ ‘We, too, have come to ask for it,’ said the messengers of Ulster, ‘and Conor is no worse a friend than Oilioll and Mève, and the same amount shall be given from the north (*i.e.* from the Ultonians) and be added to, and there will be good friendship from it continually.’

“ Mac Dáthó fell into great silence, and was three days and nights without sleeping, nor could he eat food for the greatness of his trouble, but was moving about from one side to another. It was when his wife addressed him and said, ‘Long is the fast in which thou art,’ said she; ‘there is plenty of food by thee, though thou dost not eat it.’

“ And then she said—

“ ‘Sleeplessness was brought
To Mac Dáthó into his house.
There was something on which he deliberated
Though he speaks to none.

He turns away from me to the wall,
The Hero of the Fêne of fierce valor;
His prudent wife observes
That her mate is without sleep.”

A dialogue in verse follows. The wife advises her husband to promise the hound to both sets of messengers. In his perplexity he weakly decides to do this. After the messengers had stayed with him for three nights and days, feasting, he called to him first the envoys of Connacht and said to them—

“ ‘I was in great doubt and perplexity, and this is what is grown out of it, that I have given the hound to Oilioll and Mève, and let them come for it splendidly and proudly, with as many warriors and nobles as they can get, and they shall have drink and food and many gifts besides, and shall take the hound and be welcome.’

“ He also went with the messengers of Ulster and said to them: ‘After much doubting I have given the hound to Conor, and let him and the flower of the province come for it proudly, and they shall have many other gifts and you shall be welcome.’ But for one and the same day he made his tryst with them all.”

Accordingly on the appointed day the warriors and men

of each province arrive at his hostelry in great state and pomp.

“He himself went to meet them and bade them welcome. ‘Tis welcome ye are, O warriors,’ said he, ‘come within into the close.’

“Then they went over, and into the hostelry; one half of the house for the men of Connacht and the other half for the men of Ulster. That house was not a small one. Seven doors in it and fifty beds between (every) two doors. Those were not faces of friends at a feast, the people who were in that house, for many of them had injured other. For three hundred years before the birth of Christ there had been war between them.

“‘Let the pig be killed for them,’ said Mac Dáthó.”

This celebrated pig had been fed for seven years on the milk of three score milch cows, and it was so huge that it took sixty men to draw it when slain. Its tail alone was a load for nine men.

“‘The pig is good,’ said Conor, king of Ulster.

“‘It is good,’ said Oilioll, king of Connacht.”

Then there arose a difficulty about the dividing of the pig. As in the case of the “heroes’ bit,” the best warrior was to divide it. King Oilioll asked King Conor what they should do about it, when suddenly the mischievous, ill-minded Bricriu spoke from a chamber overhead and asked: “How should it be divided except by a contest of arms, seeing that all the valorous warriors of Connacht were there.”

“‘Let it be so,’ said Oilioll.

“‘We like it well,’ said Conor, ‘for we have lads in the house who have many a time gone round the border.’

“‘There will be need of thy lads to-night, O Conor,’ said a famous old warrior from Cruachna Conalath in the West. ‘The roads of Luachra Dedad have often had their backs turned to them (as they fled). Many, too, the fat beeves they left with me.’

“‘T was a fat beef thou leftest with me,’ said Munremar mac Gerreind, ‘even thine own brother, Cruithne mac Ruaidlinde from Cruachna Conalath of Connacht.’

“‘He was no better,’ said Lewy mac Conroi, ‘than Irloth, son of Fergus, son of Leite, who was left dead by Echbél, son of Dedad, at Tara Luachra.’

“‘What sort of man do ye think,’ said Celtchair mac Uthechair, ‘was Conganchnes, son of (that same) Dedad, who was slain by myself, and me to strike the head off him?’

“Each of them brought up his exploits in the face of the other, till at last it came to one man who beat every one, even Cet mac Mágach of Connacht.

“He raised his prowess over the host, and took his knife in his

haud, and sat down by the pig. 'Now let there be found,' said he 'among the men of Ireland one man to abide contest with me, or let me divide the pig.'

"There was not at that time found a warrior of Ulster to stand up to him, and great silence fell upon them.

"Stop that for me, O Laeghaire [Leary], said Conor, King of Ulster [*i.e.* 'Delay, if you can, Cet's dividing the pig'].

"Said Leary, 'It shall not be—Cet to divide the pig before the face of us all!'

"Wait a little, Leary,' said Cet, 'that thou mayest speak with me. For it is a custom with you men of Ulster that every youth among you who takes arms makes us his first goal. Thou, too, didst come to the border, and thus leftest charioteer and chariot and horses with me, and thou didst then escape with a lance through thee. Thou shalt not get at the pig in that manner!'

"Leary sat down upon his couch.

"It shall not be,' said a tall, fair warrior of Ulster, coming out of his chamber above, 'that Cet divide the pig.'

"Who is this?' said Cet.

"A better warrior than thou,' say all, 'even Angus, son of Hand-wail of Ulster.'

"Why is his father called Hand-wail?' said Cet.

"We know not indeed,' say all.

"But I know,' said Cet; 'once I went eastward (*i.e.* crossed the border into Ulster), an alarm-cry is raised around me, and Hand-wail came up with me, like every one else. He makes a cast of a large lance at me. I make a cast at him with the same lance, which struck off his hand, so that it was (*i.e.* fell) on the field before him. What brings the son of that man to stand up to me?' said Cet.

"Then Angus goes to his couch.

"Still keep up the contest,' said Cet, 'or let me divide the pig.'

"It is not right that thou divide it, O Cet,' said another tall, fair warrior of Ulster.

"Who is this?' said Cet.

"Owen Mór, son of Durthacht,' say all, 'King of Fernmag.'

"I have seen him before,' said Cet.

"Where hast thou seen me?' said Owen.

"In front of thine own house when I took a drove of cattle from thee; the alarm cry was raised in the land around me, and thou didst meet me and didst cast a spear at me, so that it stood out of my shield. I cast the same spear at thee, which passed through thy head and struck thine eye out of thy head, and the men of Ireland see thee with one eye ever since.'

"He sat down in his seat after that.

"Still keep up the contest, men of Ulster,' said Cet, 'or let me divide the pig.'

"Thou shalt not divide it,' said Munremar, son of Gerreind.

"Is that Munremar?' said Cet.

"It is he,' say the men of Ireland.

"It was I who last cleaned my hands in thee, O Munremar,' said Cet; 'it is not three days yet since out of thine own land I

carried off three warriors' heads from thee, together with the head of thy first son.'

"Munremar sat down on his seat.

" 'Still the contest,' said Cet, 'or I shall divide the pig.'

" 'Verily thou shalt have it,' said a tall, gray, very terrible warrior of the men of Ulster.

" 'Who is this?' said Cet.

" 'That is Celtchair, son of Uithechair,' say all.

" 'Wait a little, Celtchair,' said Cet, 'unless thou comest to strike me. I came, O Celtchair, to the front of thy house. The alarm was raised around me. Every one went after me. Thou comest like every one else, and going into a gap before me didst throw a spear at me. I threw another spear at thee, which went through thy loins, nor has either son or daughter been born to thee since.'

"After that Celtchair sat down on his seat.

" 'Still the contest,' said Cet, 'or I shall divide the pig.'

" 'Thou shalt have it,' said Mend, son of Sword-heel.

" 'Who is this?' said Cet.

" 'Mend,' say all.

" 'What! deem you,' said Cet, 'that the sons of churls with nicknames should come to contend with me? for it was I was the priest, who christened thy father by that name, since it is I that cut off his heel, so that he carried but one heel away with him. What should bring the son of that man to contend with me?'

"Mend sat down in his seat.

" 'Still the contest,' said Cet, 'or I shall divide the pig.'

" 'Thou shalt have it,' said Cumscraidh, the stammerer of Macha, son of Conor.

" 'Who is this?'

" 'That is Cumscraidh,' say all.

"He is the makings of a king, so far as his figure goes. . . .

" 'Well,' said Cet, 'thou madest thy first raid on us. We met on the border. Thou didst leave a third of thy people with me, and camest away with a spear through thy throat, so that no word comes rightly over thy lips, since the sinews of thy throat were wounded, so that Cumscraidh, the stammerer of Macha, is thy name ever since.'

"In that way he laid disgrace and a blow on the whole province.

"While he made ready with the pig and had his knife in his hand, they see Conall *Céarnach* [the Victorious], coming towards them into the house. He sprang on to the floor of the house. The men of Ulster gave him great welcome. 'T was then [King] Conor threw his helmet from his head, and shook himself [for joy] in his own place. 'We are glad,' said Conall, 'that our portion is ready for us, and who divides for you?' said Conal.

" 'One man of the men of Ireland has obtained by contest the dividing of it, to wit, Cet mac Mágach.'

" 'Is that true, Cet?' said Conall, 'art thou dividing the pig?'

There follows here an obscure dialogue in verse between the warriors.

" 'Get up from the pig, Cet,' said Conall,

" 'What brings thee to it?' said Cet,

“‘Truly [for you] to seek contest from me,’ said Conall, ‘and I shall give you contest; I swear what my people swear since I [first] took spear and weapons, I have never been a day without having slain a Connachtman, nor a night without plundering, nor have I ever slept without the head of a Connachtman under my knee.’

“‘It is true,’ said Cet, ‘thou art even a better warrior than I, but if Anluan mac Mágach [my brother] were in the house,’ said Cet, ‘he would match thee contest for contest, and it is a pity that he is not in the house this night.’

“‘Aye, is he, though,’ said Conall, taking the head of Anluan from his belt and throwing it at Cet’s chest, so that a gush of blood broke over his lips. After that Conall sat down by the pig and Cet went from it.

“‘Now let them come to the contest,’ said Conall.

“‘Truly there was not then found among the men of Connacht a warrior to stand up to him in contest, for they were loath to be slain on the spot. The men of Ulster made a cover around him with their shields, for there was an evil custom in the house, the people of one side throwing stones at the other side. Then Conall proceeded to divide the pig, and he took the end of the tail in his mouth until he had finished dividing the pig.”

The men of Connacht, as might be expected, were not pleased with their share. The rest of the piece recounts the battle that ensued both in the hostelry, whence “seven streams of blood burst through its seven doors,” and outside in the close or *liss* after the hosts had burst through the doors, the death of the hound, the flight of Oilíoll and Mève into Connacht, and the curious adventures of their charioteer.

THE DEATH OF ST. COLUMCILLE.

From ‘A Literary History of Ireland.’

This was written by Adamnan, one of Columcille’s successors in the Abbey of Iona. The MS. from which it is taken was written in 713 and the account is either the work of an eye-witness or of one who had his knowledge from eye-witnesses.—[D. H.]

“And,” says Adamnan, “when Diarmuid his servant heard this he began to be sad, and said, ‘Father, at this time of year you sadden us too often, because you speak frequently about your decease.’ When the saint thus answered, ‘I have a secret word to tell you, which if you

promise me faithfully not to make it known to any before my death, I shall be able to let you know more clearly about my departure.' And when his servant, on bended knees, had finished making this promise, the venerable man thus continued, 'This day is called in the sacred volumes the Sabbath, which is interpreted Rest. And this day is indeed to me a Sabbath, because it is my last of this present laborious life, in which, after the trouble of my toil, I take my rest; for in the middle of this coming sacred Sunday night, I shall, to use the Scripture phrase, tread the way of my fathers; for now my Lord Jesus Christ deigns to invite me, to whom, I say, at the middle of this night, on His own invitation, I shall pass over; for it was thus revealed to me by the Lord Himself.' His servant, hearing these sad words, begins to weep bitterly: whom the saint endeavored to console as much as he was able.

"After this the saint goes forth from the barn, and returning to the monastery sits down on the way, at the place where afterwards a cross let into a millstone, and to-day standing there, may be perceived on the brink of the road. And while the saint, wearied with old age, as I said before, sitting in that place was taking a rest, lo! the white horse, the obedient servant who used to carry the milk-vessels between the monastery and the byre, meets him. It, wonderful to relate, approached the saint and placing its head in his bosom, by the inspiration of God, as I believe, for whom every animal is wise with the measure of sense which his Creator has bidden, knowing that his master was about to immediately depart from him, and that he would see him no more, begins to lament and abundantly to pour forth tears, like a human being, into the saint's lap, and with beslavered mouth to make moan.

"Which when the servant saw, he proceeds to drive away the tearful mourner, but the saint stopped him, saying, 'Allow him, allow him who loves me, to pour his flood of bitterest tears into this bosom. See, you, though you are a man and have a rational mind, could have in no way known about my departure if I had not myself lately disclosed it to you, but to this brute and irrational animal the Creator Himself, in his own way, has clearly revealed that his master is about to depart from him.' And saying this

he blessed the sorrowful horse (the monastery's) servant, as it turned away from him.

"And going forth from thence and ascending a small hill, which rose over the monastery, he stood for a little upon its summit, and as he stood, elevating both his palms, he blessed his community and said, 'Upon this place however narrow and mean, not only shall the kings of the Scots [*i.e.*, Irish] with their peoples, but also the rulers of foreign and barbarous nations with the people subject to them, confer great and no ordinary honor. By the saints of other churches also, shall no common respect be accorded it.'

"After these words, going down from the little hill and returning to the monastery, he sat in his cell writing a copy of the Psalms, and on reaching that verse of the thirty-third Psalm where it is written, 'But they that seek the Lord shall lack no thing that is good;' 'Here,' said he, 'we may close at the end of the page; let Baithin write what follows.' Well appropriate for the parting saint was the last verse which he had written, for to him shall good things eternal be never lacking, while to the father who succeeded him [Baithin], the teacher of his spiritual sons, the following [words] were particularly apposite, 'Come, my sons, hearken unto me. I shall teach you the fear of the Lord,' since as the departing one desired, he was his successor not only in teaching but also in writing.

"After writing the above verse and finishing the page, the saint enters the church for the vesper office preceding the Sunday; which finished, he returned to his little room, and rested for the night on his couch, where for mattress he had a bare flag, and for pillow a stone, which at this day stands as a kind of commemorative monument beside his tomb.¹ And there, sitting, he gives his last mandates to the brethren, in the hearing of his servant only, saying, 'These last words of mine I commend to you, O little children, that ye preserve a mutual charity with peace, and a charity not feigned amongst yourselves; and if ye observe to do this according to the example of the holy fathers, God, the comforter of the good, shall help you, and I, remaining with Him, shall make intercession for you, and not only the necessities of this present life shall be suffi-

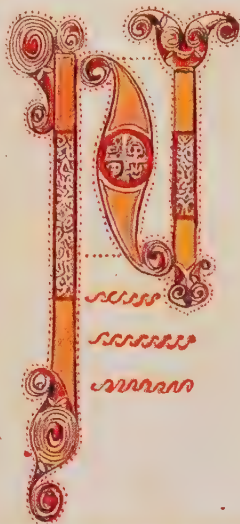
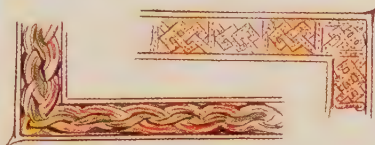
¹ It is still shown at the east end of the Cathedral in Iona, surrounded by an iron cage to keep off tourists.

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ciently supplied you by Him, but also the reward of eternal good, prepared for the observers of things Divine, shall be rendered you.' Up to this point the last words of our venerable patron [when now] passing as it were from this wearisome pilgrimage to his heavenly country, have been briefly narrated.

"After which, his joyful last hour gradually approaching, the saint was silent. Then soon after, when the struck bell resounded in the middle of the night, quickly rising he goes to the church, and hastening more quickly than the others he enters alone, and with bent knees inclines beside the altar in prayer. His servant, Diarmuid, following more slowly, at the same moment beholds, from a distance, the whole church inside filled with angelic light round the saint; but as he approached the door this same light, which he had seen, swiftly vanished; which light a few others of the brethren, also standing at a distance, had seen. Diarmuid then entering the church, calls aloud with a voice choked with tears, 'Where art thou, Father?' And the lamps of the brethren not yet being brought, groping in the dark, he found the saint recumbent before the altar: raising him up a little, and sitting beside him, he placed the sacred head in his own bosom. And while this was happening a crowd of monks running up with lights, and seeing their father dying, begin to lament. And as we have learned from some who were there present, the saint, his soul not yet departing, with eyes upraised, looked round on each side, with a countenance of wondrous joy and gladness, as though beholding the holy angels coming to meet him. Diarmuid then raises up the saint's right hand to bless the band of monks. But the venerable father, himself, too, in so far as he was able, was moving his hand at the same time, so that he might appear to bless the brethren with the motion of his hand, what he could not do with his voice, during his soul's departure. And after thus signifying his sacred benediction, he straightway breathed forth his life. When it had gone forth from the tabernacle of his body, the countenance remained so long glowing and gladdened in a wonderful manner by the angelic vision, that it appeared not that of a dead man but of a living one sleeping. In the meantime the whole church resounded with sorrowful lamentations."

THE BATTLE OF DUNBOLG.

From 'The Story of Early Gaelic Literature.'

This is taken from the history called the Boru Tribute contained in the 'Book of Leinster,' a MS. of about the year 1150.—[D. H.]

“ ‘Let the very greatest of candles,’ said the bishop, ‘be dipped in the outer ditch of the rath, let twelve hundred teams, of twelve oxen each, be brought to the king; upon these teams let white creels be laid which shall hold a great number of warriors who shall be covered with straw, and over all let there be placed a real layer of provisions. Let a hundred and fifty unbroken horses be brought thee moreover, and let bags be fastened to their tails, for the purpose of stampeding the horse-herds of the King of Ireland, and let the bags be filled with pebbles. Let that great taper with the caldron round its head shading it, go before thee until thou gain the center of the High King’s camp. In the meantime send the High King a message to say that to-night the provisions of Leinster will be supplied to him.’ ”

[The further movements of Brandubh, the Leinster king, are then described, and how he slew in single combat the chief over the stud of the High King. Then, continues the narrative, the Leinster king said :]

“ ‘Can I get,’ said he, ‘a man to go spy out the encampment and the king, and who shall be there waiting for us till we arrive; and there shall be a certain fee for that—Heaven from Leinster’s clerics, if he be killed, and if he escape his own land-district free to him, and a place at my table to himself and those who come after him.’ ”

“ ‘I’ll go there,’ said Rón Cerr, son of Dubánach, son of the King of Imale. ‘Give me now,’ said he, ‘a calf’s blood and some rye dough that they be rubbed over me. Give me, too, an ample cowl and wallet.’ Thus was it done, so that he was like any leper. A wooden leg was given him, and he placed his knee into its cleft.

“In this guise he departed, and a sword beneath his dress, and came to the place where were the nobles of Erin in the door of the tent of Aedh mac Ainnmireach the High King. They asked tidings of him, and ’t was what he said

that he was after coming from Kill Bhélate. 'I went since morning,' said he, 'to Leinster's encampment and came back, and my hut and my quern, and my great spade, and my church were destroyed [in my absence].'

"Twenty milch cows from me to pay for that,' said the King of Erin, 'if I escape out of this hosting; and do you go over now to yon tent, and the place of nine men to you, and the tenth of my share, and the fragments of the household. What are the Leinstermen doing?' said the king.

"They are preparing food for you, and ye never got food ye shall be more satiated with! They are boiling their swine and their beeves and their fat-hogs.'

"Curse on them for it,' cried the men of the race of Owen and Conall.

"Two warrior's eyes in the leper's head is what I see,' said the king.

"Woe to you and to your confidence in holding the kingship of Erin, if it be at my eyes that fear comes on you!'

"Not so at all,' said the king, 'but let one go now for Dubhdún, King of Oriel.'

"Thereafter Dubhdún arrived, and the King of Erin said to him, 'Go,' said the King of Erin, 'and Oriel's battalion with thee to the foot of Aifé southward, and to the *cruadabhall*¹ and keep watch there that Leinster make no camp-assault upon us.' They accordingly proceeded as Aedh the High King ordered them."

[After a good deal of matter bearing on the High King's past history, the narrative returns to Brandubh and the Leinstermen in the following terms:]

"Now about Brandubh; his horse-herds and ox-teams are shouted at, and he drew up his battalions and he marched forward with the darkness of night until the men of Oriel heard the trot-trot and the roar of the great host, and the snorting of the horse-herds, and the puffing of the oxen under the wagons. The men of Oriel rose up under arms. 'Who is here?' said the men of Oriel.

"Easy told,' was the answer, 'the gillies of Leinster with food for the King of Erin.'

"The men of Oriel rose up, and the hand that each man

¹ *Cruadabhall*, the rock of Dabhill.

would put down, he would find either a pig or a beef under it. 'It's true for them,' said the King of Oriel, 'let them pass by.' 'Let us go too,' said the men of Oriel, 'let not our share of the victuals be forgotten.' The men of Oriel accordingly proceeded to their encampment huts.

"The men of Leinster went on to 'the hill of the candle' in the very middle of the King of Erin's camp, and there they take the caldron from about the candle.

"'What light is that I see?' said the king.

"'Easy told,' said the leper, 'it's the arrival of the provisions.'

"The leper arose, knocked off his wooden leg, and reached his hand to his sword. Their loads were taken off the ox-teams and the horses were let loose amongst the steeds of the Men of Erin, so that they went into a stampede and broke down both huts and tents of the men of Erin. The Leinstermen rose up out of their baskets like a deluging river over cliffs, in their grasp their sword-hilts, by their straps their shields, on their sides their mail.

"'Who is here?' cried the men of Clan Conall and Clan Owen.

"'The dealers out of the food,' said the leper.

"'God bless us,' said each man, 'why, they are a multitude!'

"Up rose the men of Clan Conall and Clan Owen, and though they did, they were like hands thrust into a nest of serpents. A pen of spears and shields were made by them round the King of Erin, and he was forced on his steed and carried by them to the 'Gap of Shield.' The shields of the men of Erin were cast away by them and abandoned at the mouth of that gap [and hence its name]. Rón Cerr [the pretended leper] makes a rush at the King of Erin, and kills nine men in his efforts to get at him. Then Dubhdún, King of Oriel, came between them, and he and Rón Cerr fight, and Dubhdún falls by him. Rón Cerr again makes an assault on the King of Erin, and Fergus, son of Flai-thri, King of Tulach Óg, comes between them, and Fergus falls by Rón Cerr. After that Rón Cerr again makes a rush for the king and seizes him by the leg and drags him down towards him from off his horse, and takes his head off him on the 'flag of bone-bruising.' Then he seizes his wallet and pours the food-scrapes out of it and puts the

head into it, and gets him away secretly to the mountain plains and remains there till morning.

“Howsoever, Leinster follows after Conn’s half [*i.e.*, the Northerns] and makes a red-killing of them. On the morrow each arrived after slaughter and triumphs to the spot where Brandubh was, and Rón Cerr, too, comes and lays down before him the head of Aedh mac Ainmireach, the High King of Ireland. So that is the battle of Bolgdún fought for the Boru tribute. In that battle Bec mac Cuanach was slain.”

HARD-GUM, STRONG-HAM, SWIFT-FOOT, AND THE EYELESS LAD.

From the Irish of the ‘Sgueluidhe Gaodhalach.’

In the ancient times long ago, there was an old woman living in a little village near to Loch Mask. She was for years married without having any children. One evening she went to get a cruiskeen of water from a little well that was at the foot of a bush at the side of the road near the house. When she had her cruiskeen filled, she saw an old woman seated on a branch of the bush, and she a-combing her head over the well.

“Well, indeed,” says Maurya Rua—that was the woman’s name—“you ought to find some other place for combing your head, and not be dirtying the well.”

“Maurya,” says the old woman, “I did that to knock talk out of you, I am long seeking talk with you.”

“What have you to say to me?” says Maurya Rua.

“You are long married without having any children, and yourself and your husband are old, and perhaps you would like to have children.”

“There is nothing in the world I would like better,” says Maurya Rua nee Keerwaun (Red Mary Kérwan).

“Nine months from to-day,” says the old woman, “you will have children, and they will make the world wonder, but do not tell any one that you saw me.”

A woman finds it difficult to keep a secret, but Maurya Rua kept this secret, though it was little but she burst with it.

At the end of nine months sickness came upon her, and at the same time Dermot, her husband, took a pain in his heart and fell dead; but Maurya did not hear the news of the death of Dermot, for she was too ill, and the women who were attending her were afraid that the evil news would prey on her.

About the middle of the night the attendant women heard a great cry, and they ran out to see what was the cause of the cry. They did not see anything, and when they came back Maurya Rua had four sons. There was great wonder on the attendant women, and on every one who was in the little village; but when the women went to wash the infants there was still more wonder on them. They thought at first that one of them was without eyes, but they soon saw that he had one little eye in the back of his head, and no eye at all in his face.

The brothers grew up, but in the gums of one of them there grew no teeth, but his gums were as hard as iron, and the people called him Corbad-cru-ee, or Hard-Gum. There was another man of them was so swift-footed that he never left a hare round the place but he caught, and the people called him Cuss-lua, or Swift-Foot. As for the third brother, he had a ham so strong that he could throw down a stone wall with a blow of it, and the people called him Isgad-Loidher, or Strong-Ham. Those were the names that Maurya Rua's four children had, Hard-Gum, Swift-Foot, Strong-Ham, and the Eyeless Lad.

At this time bloody Thomas de Burgo, or Burke, was living in a castle on Loch Mask, and it is certain that he had a power of enchantment, and that he killed a good many of the nobility of the country.

One day Bloody Thomas and his two brothers were coming through the little village in which Maurya Rua lived, and he saw the four brothers.

"What's your name, my boy?" said he.

"Strong-Gum," says the boy.

"Why was that name given you?" said Bloody Thomas.

"Because no tooth ever grew in my gums, and they are as hard as iron," says the boy.

"Try if you can break my stick with your gums," said Bloody Thomas to him, and he handed him his stick.

Strong-Gum put the stick in his mouth and bit a piece

off it. He bit piece after piece off it, till he had twenty pieces made of the stick.

"By my conscience," said Bloody Thomas, "it is no lie to call you Hard-Gum. What's your name," said he then to the second boy.

"Strong-Ham," said he.

"And why was that name given you, my son?" said he.

"Because I can throw down a stone wall with a blow of my thigh," said the boy.

"Try if you can throw down that wall on the side of the road," said Bloody Thomas.

"I can, easy," said the boy, "but if I were to throw it down my mother would beat me."

"I'll go bail to you that she won't lay a hand on you," said Bloody Thomas.

He went up to the wall then, and gave it a blow of his thigh, which knocked down more than a perch of it.

"By my word it's no lie to call you Strong-Ham," said Bloody Thomas. Then he asked the third boy what name was on him.

"Swift-Foot," says the boy.

"Why did you get that name?"

"Because there is not a hare within twenty miles of you that I would not catch."

"Could you run against my horse?" said Bloody Thomas.

"I could, and I wouldn't be long leaving him behind," said Swift-Foot.

"We'll see that," said he. "It's a mile to the cross-roads, and if you go there and back before I do, I'll give you seven acres of land without rent during your life, and if I'm back before you, I'll be beating you till I'm tired."

"It's a bargain," says Swift-Foot.

Off they went in their full¹ race, but Swift-Foot was at the cross-roads before Bloody Thomas was half way. When he came up with Swift-Foot, he said, "You have won the bet; we'll walk back." When they came back, he asked the other lad what name was on him.

"The Eyeless Lad," said he. "Don't you see that I have no eyes like any other person? but I have a small little

¹ Literally "old race." Compare the Shakespearean use of the word "old."

sharp eye of my own at the back of my head, and I can see the thing that's twenty miles away with it. I see a man drowning now on the brink of the Loch."

"Perhaps I might be in time to save him," says Swift-Foot, and off and away with him, and as sure as you're alive he was in time to save that man.

One day there were a number of gentlemen at the castle of Loch Mask, and they were to have a hunt. Bloody Thomas sent word to Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham, Swift-Foot, and the Eyeless Lad, and told them to come to the castle, that they would have a great hunt that day. They told their mother the invitation they had got from Bloody Thomas. "Go to the hunt," said she, "but don't remain over night in the castle, and the Eyeless Lad ought to stop at home."

"By my soul, then, I won't stop at home," said the lad, "unless the others stop with me."

In the morning on the morrow the four went to the castle, and all the gentlemen were in front of the castle, a-riding, and ready to begin the hunting. It was not long until the fox was loosed out, and after it went the men of the hunt. Bloody Thomas came to Swift-Foot, and said to him, "Keep as near me as you can, and turn the fox to me when I give you the sign." Then he went after the fox and Swift-Foot beside him, and it was not long till they came up with the others. The fox was going forward and the hounds tightening him, until he came to a stone wall that was round an old church; he went over the wall of a leap, and neither hounds nor horses were able to follow him. They all stood at the wall. "Where's Strong-Ham?" said Bloody Thomas. "I'm near you," says he. "Throw down this wall," said Bloody Thomas. He gave the wall a blow, and he threw seven perches of it to the ground. There was wonder on the men of the hunt, but they had no time to talk, for the fox was gone a long way before them, and when they went into the old churchyard they were not able to get a sight of the fox, and the hounds lost the scent.

"I'd give gold and silver," said a rich lord who was present, "if I knew which side that sly fox is gone."

"I was on the top of a hill, and I saw him going into a hole at the foot of a rock," said the Eyeless Lad.

"We'll soon put him out," says Swift-Foot, and the four brothers went out before the hunt, till they came as far as the hole, but they could get no sight of the fox. Strong-Ham struck a stroke on the rock, but it was so fast in the ground that he could not move it. Hard-Gum came forward and got hold of the rock in his gums, and drew it up out of the ground. Out with the fox then. He faced for the castle, and the huntsmen and hounds after him; but they lost him again, for he went into a hole that was under that castle, and nobody knew the end of that hole. This put an end to the hunt for that day, and the rich lord called the brothers and gave them gold and silver for the work they had done. They came home in the evening and told their mother the good day's work they did. "Yes," said the Eyeless Lad, "but only that I was with you, ye would have neither gold nor silver."

One day, a short time after this hunt, the Eyeless Lad went to Doon-Shee (the Fairy Fortress) to pick blackberries for himself. An eagle came out of the fortress, and said to him, "How are you, Eyeless Lad?"

"I am well, and may be in health who asks."

"Is there anything that I could do for you?"

"No indeed," said he, "and thank you."

"Come," says the eagle, "and pull a quill out of my left wing, and you can change anything at all with a blow of it; you can make a goat of a horse, or anything else you like."

"Thank you," said he, "the priest gave me a blow of his whip yesterday, and I'll play him a trick as soon as I get an opportunity."

He drew out the quill, and came home. His mother had an old goat, and he said to her, "Mother," said he, "wouldn't you sooner have a cow than that nasty old goat?"

"I would indeed, a-vic, but where's the cow to be got?"

"I'll make an exchange without delay," says he.

He took the old goat out to the back of the garden, struck a blow of the quill on her, and said, "Be a fine milch cow." No sooner did he say the word than he saw before him in place of an old goat, a fine cow. He drove

her in to his mother, and said, "Look, mother, wasn't it a good exchange I made?"

"Make a fool of some one else," said his mother, "drive out that cow."

"By my soul, I'm not humbugging, the cow is your own."

"Musha! and who is the fool who made the exchange with you?"

"Isn't it all one to you," said he, "if I got the cow honestly?"

The next day the Eyeless Lad was out, and he saw the priest coming to a sick man. There was a soft narrow boreen going down to the house of the sick man, and he was not able to bring down his horse with him, so he hung the bridle over the branch of a little tree, and left the horse there. The Eyeless Lad was watching, and when he got the priest gone, he struck a blow of the quill on the horse, and said, "Be a big ugly ram with long horns on you." No sooner was the word out of his mouth than he saw the big ram in place of the horse. He went away, laughing and saying, "Maybe I'm even with you now for your blow."

When the priest was ready (*i. e.* done) with the sick man, he came to the bottom of the boreen, and what should he see in place of his fine horse but a big ugly ram, and a saddle and bridle on it. There was very great anger on the priest. He gave the ram a blow of his whip. The ram faced for the lake, and when it came to the lake it gave a leap on to a little island in the lake. Years after that the ram was to be seen every day walking up and down on the island. The "Ram's Island" was given as a name to the island, and it has the same name still.

The brothers went on very well until the mother died. The night she died every one in the village heard the banshee crying mournfully, but they paid it no heed, for she was accustomed to keen on the night of a person's death.

They buried the mother decently. There was a great deal of talk at that time about eels that used to come out of the lake, they said, to eat the bodies. The evening after burying the mother, the brothers were in the house by themselves, sorrowful enough, when an old woman came in and said, "Are ye going to watch your mother's grave

to-night, and not let the eels eat her before she's cold?"

"We're going there," said they.

When the darkness of the night came, the brothers went to the graveyard and sat down near the tomb of their mother. They were talking and conversing until it was far in the night, without hearing anything, and they were thinking of going home, when they heard a noise in the long grass near them. It was the eels who were in it. They came as far as the grave of Maurya Rua, and began boring a hole to eat the body. The brothers jumped up. Strong-Ham gave a blow of his thigh to one of them that made two halves of it. Hard Gum caught a hold of another and made two halves of it, but as quickly as the brothers would make halves of them, they would be fastened together again. The brothers fought through the night, but, my grief! the eels got the strong hand of them, and when they were out-and-out beaten, the eels wound themselves round them, and drew them into the lake with them, and under water.

They were taken to a castle beneath the lake, and put under enchantment. There was made a messenger of Swift-Foot, two fighting-men of Strong-Ham and Hard-Gum, and there was made of the Eyeless Lad the best piper that was ever listened to.

Many is the time people heard him playing melodious music in the lake since then, but they could not come near him.

It was Bloody Thomas that was the cause of the death of the brothers, because he knew well that the eels used to come to eat the bodies, and it was he who sent the old woman to the brothers to tell them to keep watch at their mother's grave. But he himself got a sudden death afterwards on account of it.

JOHN OF THE TWO SHEEP.

From the Irish of the 'Sgueluidhe Gaodhalach.'

In the olden time there were little wizard men and Lepzahauns to be found in Ireland, but the cursed foreigners banished them, and the country's luck went with them.

There is plenty of gold and silver under the ground in Ireland since the time of the Danes, but no one knows now where to find them, but the Leprahauns knew well long ago what place to find them in, and it's many's the man they left rich.

At that time there was a young man named John O'Sullivan living in Turlochmór, near Castlebar, in the County Mayo. He was brought up in his grandmother's house, for his father and mother died when he was a year old. When he was ten years old he was a handy boy and useful to his grandmother, and she was very fond of him. He used to be out every day taking care of the cows and the sheep, and she promised him, if he would be a good boy, she would leave him two sheep when she'd be dying. In the morning, the next day, John went through the village and told every one, young and old, that he would have two sheep when his grandmother died. From that out the people gave him no other name than "John of the Two Sheep," and he would answer to that name as well as to his own.

It was well, and it was not ill. When John was fifteen years old his grandmother died and left him two sheep, a ewe and a wether. They were only six months old, and there was not a nice grassy field within a mile that John would not bring his two sheep, and that he would not put them on pasture in it. If there was a high ditch between him and the field he would carry a sheep under each armpit, and would bring them over the ditch. The people took no heed of anything that John would do, for they thought it was a fool that was in it; but it was an "iron fool" he was.

One day John was driving a lazy ass, and when it would not walk quickly for him he began beating it with a big stick he had. It chanced that there was a priest going the way, and he said, "It's a great sin for you, John, to beat the poor ass so sorely. The ass is a blessed beast. Don't you see the sign of the cross on its back, and it's on an ass your Saviour went riding going into Jerusalem?"

"Upon my soul," said John, "if it was on this lazy thief He was riding the sorra sight He'd ever have seen of Jerusalem!"

"May God help you, you senseless lad," says the priest.

"Our Saviour is able to do everything, and if we seek anything from Him He will do it for us."

"I don't believe a word of what you say," says John. "The people say you are a holy man, but I'll wager my two sheep now against twenty 'thirteens' that if you go riding on this lazy thief you won't be at the cross roads before sunset this evening without striking a stroke on him, and it's only a short mile to the cross roads."

The priest was a pleasant man, and he said—"I'll make the bet with you, John;" and he went riding on the ass, and he faced the ass for the cross roads.

He was stroking the ass' neck and coaxing him to hasten him, but the ass was hardly putting one foot before the other; a snail would go as quickly as it.

The people were coming out of the houses on each side of the road, laughing at the priest and John. John was out before the priest, clapping his hands as hard as he was able. There was a tuft of thistles on the side of the road, and the ass began eating it, and he would not stir till he had eaten enough, and then, itself, instead of walking, he lay down, and it's little but he broke the priest's foot under him.

"If you don't make great haste," says John, "I have gained the wager. You are two hours on the road, and you are not half way yet."

"There be's luck on a fool," says the priest, "and here is your bet for you. There is more sense in your head than I thought. Go out of my sight, yourself and your ass, and don't come near me any more."

John leapt on the ass, began leathering him with the stick, and off and away with him. John was merry enough at the way he played on the priest.

That evening John took the two sheep home with him as usual, and put them in shelter under the gable of the house and went to sleep himself. The wolf came in the night when he was asleep and killed the wether and left it there.

When John went out in the morning he found the wether dead, and he cried more after it than he cried after his grandmother. When he was tired crying he went to the ewe and said to her—"Ara, you poor creature, isn't there grief on you your consort to be dead, and without one of

his race alive but yourself?" When he spoke like that to her what did she do but sit up on her hind quarters. She looked round and said with the voice of a human being—

"Be patient and the wether will come to life again if you take my advice. Don't tell any living person that your wether is dead. Go to the town and buy a sheep's skin with the wool on it. The wolf will come in pursuit of me to-night, but you will be beside me and the sheep's skin on you, and your sharp knife in your right hand, and when he'll make an attempt at me put your knife to the heart in him and he will fall dead. Then take out the heart and rub it on your wether's tongue and he will come to life as well as ever. And another thing: there is a purse of gold in the middle of the wolf's stomach, and it will never be empty, but if you tell your secret to any person alive, yourself and myself and the wether will be lost for ever."

"Love of my heart, you are," says John. "I'll do everything as you tell me, but was it not long till you spoke to me, and we alone since my grandmother died—the blessing of God with her soul?" He was not able to say more, for the ewe spoke—

"Cease speaking, it's your grandmother that's talking to you, and it's your grandfather who is the wether that is stretched dead at the gable of the house. There is wonder on you to see us in the form of two sheep, but you won't wonder when you hear the story. When your mother was dying she left it a charge on us to take care of you, whether we were alive or dead, till you should be twenty-one years old, and we promised her that. When we went into the presence of the Great Judge we were sent back in this form to fulfill our promise."

"I'm thankful to you," says John, "and I'll do everything as you say, and as for the secret you'll see I'll keep it, though people think I am a fool."

John went to the town, bought the skin and came home; he gave lots of hay to the ewe, and when the darkness of night came he put the skin about himself and stretched himself beside the gable of the house.

"You'll be perished with the cold before the wolf comes," says the ewe, "sit inside by the fire till you hear a maa, maa, from me."

He went in, put down a fire, and sat down himself, think-

ing over everything that happened to him. Sleep was coming on him when he heard "Maa, maa," from the ewe, and out with him.

"Make haste," says she, "he is coming."

John threw the skin over himself, and lay down beside the gable of the house. It was not long till the wolf came, but when he thought to get a grip of the ewe, John gave him a thrust, so that he sent the knife through his heart, and he fell dead. He opened its stomach then, and took out the heart, and rubbed it on the wether's tongue, and the wether rose up as well as ever he was.

When the wether and the ewe were kissing each other, John searched and found the purse of gold. That purse was more valuable than the whole of the County Mayo, for it would never be empty.

There was a long conversation between John and the two sheep. The ewe told him she would have two lambs every year, and there would not be a single lamb in the fair half as good as them. "If any one inquires of you what father they had, say you do not know. Go to your bed now, and to-morrow morning you can tell the neighbors that you killed the wolf that came spying on your two sheep, and that was making a great slaughter on the sheep of the country. You will get great praise, especially from the priest, for he killed many lambs on him. I will not have any other conversation with you till you want my advice."

"I have a couple of words to say to him," says the wether. "The wolf was Paddy Eamoin (*i. e.* Paddy, son of Ned); you remember that he was hung seven years ago for killing Phelim MacGrive, and for stealing his share of sheep. When he went into the presence of the Great Judge he was put back on this world in form of a wolf for seven years, and now he is found in the middle of Lough Derg in form of a monster and he will be in it till the end of the world."

"I remember him well," says John; "it's little, but he took the ear off me one day when I went to look for a nest on his ground." "Go to sleep now, I have no other word to say," says the wether.

On the morrow, early, John put the two sheep into a field of green grass and then went to the priest's house and

told him that he had killed the wolf the night before. The priest did not believe him, and said:

"Go home, you rascal; I got enough of humbug from yourself and your ass a short time ago."

"Upon my soul I'm telling the clean truth; my two sheep were in the shelter of the gable of the house, and he came spying on them, when I put my knife to the heart in him, and I did not leave an entrail in his stomach that is not thrown on the ground now near the gable of the house."

"I will be going that way in an hour or two," says the priest, "and if you are telling me a lie I'll break every bone in your body."

John went through the villages, and he told them the story; some of them believed him but some others of them doubted. Some of them came with him to the house, and they saw the dead wolf and it was not long till there were plenty of tongues wagging, praising John of the two sheep. When the priest came he said—"I grant you forgiveness for the humbugging trick of the ass, and here is a piece of yellow gold for you."

"I don't want gold nor silver, give it to the poor of the parish; my grandmother left me a share of gold and silver."

"Give me your hand; upon my word it's a manly boy you are," says the priest, and he shook hands with him, and said to the people who were present, "We ought to have great respect for John, he did great good in the parish when he killed that destructive thief. Make a hole and bury him in it."

The first day of the first month in spring (Feb. 1) John's ewe had two lambs, and no man in Ireland ever saw a lamb that was one half as fine as them. There was wool on them that was half a foot long, and it as fine as the finest silk. When they were six months old he took them to the fair and there was not a man who saw them was not making inquiry "where were they from?" John said he had the ewe at home himself. There was not a farmer or a sheep-knight¹ within twenty miles that did not come to have a sight of John's ewe, and they

¹ A man who has brought 1,000 sheep into the fair of Ballinasloe is a "rudaire caorach," or "knight of sheep."

were ready to give any money for her, but John would not sell her.

Every year after that the ewe used to have two lambs, but they were all female lambs, and the farmers were greatly grieved on account of that.

John went on well for five years; he used to get a big price for the lambs every year, and he bought a little farm every year, and he had plenty of land when he was twenty years old, and there was not a young girl within twenty miles of him who was not in love with him. But a great change came on John. The evening before he was twenty-one years of age the ewe said to him: "You will be twenty-one years to-morrow, and the care of you won't be on me or on your grandfather any longer; the promise we gave is fulfilled, and we will go to eternal rest. To-morrow morning you will find us dead at the gable of the house; make a deep hole, and cover us in it."

There was great grief on John, and he said, "I would like to go with you, my heart will break with grief and loneliness."

"You cannot go with us," says the ewe, "your worldly time is not spent; there are long years before you yet."

That evening John took the two sheep home with him, and put them under the shelter of the gable of the house, but he did not sleep a wink. In the morning early he went out, and found the two sheep dead. He made a big deep hole, and covered them in it.

"Now," says he to himself, "I am twenty-one years of age to-day, and I'll have a drink of whisky on that account, and to banish my grief."

He went to the town, and he bought a flask of whisky, and came home. He began drinking, and it was not long till he was blind drunk. A neighbor came to him, and began talking to him, and he let out the secret of the two sheep. The story went from mouth to mouth till everyone in the parish had it.

In the morning the purse of gold was gone from him, and he did not stop the drink till he spent every penny he had, and after that he used to be going from village to village like a half fool, seeking something to eat.

Now, was it a wise man or a fool that he was?

NEIL O'CARREE.

From 'Beside the Fire.'

There was no nicety about him. He said to his wife that he would go to the forge to get a doctoring instrument. He went to the forge the next day. "Where are you going to to-day?" said the smith. "I am going till you make me an instrument for doctoring." "What is the instrument I shall make you?" "Make a *crumskeen* and a *galskeen*" (crooked knife and white knife). The smith made that for him. He came home.

When the day came—the day on the morrow—Neil O'Carree rose up. He made ready to be going as a doctor. He went. He was walking away. A red lad met him on the side of the high road. He saluted Neil O'Carree; Neil saluted him. "Where are you going?" says the red man. "I am going till I be my (*i. e.*, a) doctor." "It's a good trade," says the red man, "'t were best for you to hire me." "What's the wages you'll be looking for?" says Neil. "Half of what we shall earn till we shall be back again on this ground." "I'll give you that," says Neil. The couple walked on.

"There's a king's daughter," says the red man, "with the (*i. e.*, near to) death; we will go as far as her, till we see will we heal her." They went as far as the gate. The porter came to them. He asked them where were they going. They said that it was coming to look at the king's daughter they were, to see would they do her good. The king desired to let them in. They went in.

They went to the place where the girl was lying. The red man went and took hold of her pulse. He said that if his master should get the price of his labor he would heal her. The king said that he would give his master whatever he should award himself. He said, "if he had the room to himself and his master, that it would be better." The king said he should have it.

He desired to bring down to him a *skillet* (little pot) of water. He put the skillet on the fire. He asked Neil O'Carree: "Where is the doctoring instrument?" "Here they are," says Neil, "a *crumskeen* and a *galskeen*."

He put the *crumskeen* on the neck of the girl. He took

the head off her. He drew a green herb out of his pocket. He rubbed it to the neck. There did not come one drop of blood. He threw the head into the skillet. He knocked a boil out of it. He seized hold on the two ears. He took it out of the skillet. He struck it down on the neck. The head stuck as well as ever it was. "How do you feel yourself now?" "I am as well as ever I was," said the king's daughter.

The big man shouted. The king came down. There was great joy on him. He would not let them go away for three days. When they were going he brought down a bag of money. He poured it out on the table. He asked of Neil O'Carree had he enough there. Neil said he had, and more than enough, that they would take but the half. The king desired them not to spare the money.

"There's the daughter of another king waiting for us to go and look at her." They bade farewell to the king and they went there.

They went looking at her. They went to the place where she was lying, looking at her in her bed, and it was the same way this one was healed. The king was grateful, and he said he did not mind how much money Neil should take of him. He gave him three hundred pounds of money. They went then, drawing on home. "There's a king's son in such and such a place," said the red man, "but we won't go to him, we will go home with what we have."

They were drawing on home. The king (had) bestowed half a score of heifers on them, to bring home with them. They were walking away. When they were in the place where Neil O'Carree hired the red man, "I think," says the red man, "that this is the place I met you the first time." "I think it is," says Neil O'Carree. "Musha, how shall we divide the money?" "Two halves," says the red man, "that's the bargain was in it." "I think it a great deal to give you a half," says Neil O'Carree, "a third is big enough for you; I have a crumskeen and a galskeen (says Neil) and you have nothing." "I won't take anything," said the red man, "unless I get the half." They fell out about the money. The red man went and he left him.

Neil O'Carree was drawing home, riding on his beast.

He was driving his share of cattle. The day came hot. The cattle went capering backwards and forwards. Neil O'Carree was controlling them. When he would have one or two caught the rest would be off when he used to come back. He tied his garrawn (gelding) to a bit of a tree. He was a-catching the cattle. At the last they were all off and away. He did not know where they went. He returned back to the place where he left his garrawn and his money. Neither the garrawn nor the money were to be got. He did not know then what he should do. He thought he would go to the house of the king whose son was ill.

He went along, drawing towards the house of the king. He went looking on the lad in the place where he was lying. He took a hold of his pulse. He said he thought he would heal him. "If you heal him," said the king, "I will give you three hundred pounds." "If I were to get the room to myself, for a little," says he. The king said that he should get that. He called down for a skillet of water. He put the skillet on the fire. He drew his crum-skeen. He went to take the head off him as he saw the red man a-doing. He was a-sawing at the head, and it did not come with him to cut it off the neck. The blood was coming. He took the head off him at last. He threw it into the skillet. He knocked a boil out of it. When he considered the head to be boiled enough he made an attempt on the skillet.

He got a hold of the two ears. The head fell in *gliggarr* (a gurgling mass?), and the two ears came with him. The blood was coming greatly. It was going down, and out of the door of the room. When the king saw it going down he knew that his son was dead. He desired to open the door. Neil O'Carree would not open the door. They broke the door. The man was dead. The floor was full of blood. They seized Neil O'Carree. He was to hang the next day. They gathered a guard till they should carry him to the place where he was to hang. They went the next day with him. They were walking away, drawing towards the tree where he should be hanged. They stopped his screaming. They see a man stripped making a running race. When they saw him there was a fog of water round him with all he was running. When he came as far as

them (he cried), "What are ye doing to my master?" "If this man is your master, deny him, or you'll get the same treatment." "It's I that it's right should suffer; it's I who made the delay. He sent me for medicine, and I did not come in time; loose my master, perhaps we would heal the king's son yet."

They loosed him. They came to the king's house. The red man went to the place where the dead man was. He began gathering the bones that were in the skillet. He gathered them all but only the two ears.

"What did you do with the ears?"

"I don't know," said Neil O'Carree, "I was so much frightened."

The red man got the ears. He put them all together. He drew a green herb out of his pocket. He rubbed it round on the head. The skin grew on it, and the hair, as well as ever it was. He put the head in the skillet then. He knocked a boil out of it. He put the head back on the neck as well as ever it was. The king's son rose up in the bed.

"How are you now?" says the red man.

"I am well," says the king's son, "but that I'm weak."

The red man shouted again for the king. There was great joy on the king when he saw his son alive. They spent that night pleasantly.

The next day when they were going away, the king counted out three hundred pounds. He gave it to Neil O'Carree. He said to Neil that if he had not enough he would give him more. Neil O'Carree said he had enough, and that he would not take a penny more. He bade farewell and left his blessing, and struck out, drawing towards home.

When they saw that they were come to the place where they fell out with one another, "I think," says the red man, "that this is the place where we differed before." "It is, exactly," said Neil O'Carree. They sat down and they divided the money. He gave a half to the red man, and he kept another half himself. The red man bade him farewell, and he went. He was walking away for a while. He returned back. "I am here back again," said the red man. "I took another thought, to leave all your share of money with yourself. You yourself were

open-handed. Do you mind the day you were going by past the churchyard? There were four inside in the churchyard, and a body with them in a coffin. There were a pair of them seeking to bury the body.

“There were debts on the body (*i.e.*, it owed debts). The two men who had the debts on it (*i.e.*, to whom it owed the debts), they were not satisfied for the body to be buried. They were arguing. You were listening to them. You went in. You asked how much they had on the body (*i.e.*, how were they owed by the body). The two men said that they had a pound on the body, and that they were not willing the body to be buried, until the people who were carrying it would promise to pay a portion of the debts. You said, ‘I have ten shillings, and I’ll give it to ye, and let the body be buried.’ You gave the ten shillings, and the corpse was buried. It’s I who was in the coffin that day. When I saw you going a-doctoring, I knew that you would not do the business. When I saw you in a hobble, I came to you to save you. I bestow the money on you all entirely. You shall not see me until the last day, go home now. Don’t do a single day’s doctoring as long as you’ll be alive. It’s short you’ll walk until you get your share of cattle and your garrawn.”

Neil went, drawing towards home. Not far did he walk till his share of cattle and his nag met him. He went home and the whole with him. There is not a single day since that himself and his wife are not thriving on it.

I got the ford, they the stepping stones. They were drowned, and I came safe.

THE HAGS OF THE LONG TEETH.

From ‘Beside the Fire.’

Long ago, in the old time, there came a party of gentlemen from Dublin to Loch Glynn a-hunting and a-fishing. They put up in the priest’s house, as there was no inn in the little village.

The first day they went a-hunting, they went into the

wood of Driminuch, and it was not long till they routed a hare. They fired many a ball after him, but they could not bring him down. They followed him till they saw him going into a little house in the wood.

When they came to the door, they saw a great black dog, and he would not let them in.

"Put a ball through the beggar," said a man of them. He let fly a ball, but the dog caught it in his mouth, chewed it and flung it on the ground. They fired another ball, and another, but the dog did the same thing with them. Then he began barking as loud as he could, and it was not long till there came out a hag, and every tooth in her head as long as the tongs. "What are you doing to my pup?" says the hag.

"A hare went into your house, and this dog won't let us in after him," says a man of the hunters.

"Lie down, pup," said the hag. Then she said: "Ye can come in if ye wish." The hunters were afraid to go in, but a man of them asked: "Is there any person in the house with you?"

"There are six sisters," said the old woman. "We should like to see them," said the hunter. No sooner had he said the word than the six old women came out, and each of them with teeth as long as the other. Such a sight the hunters had never seen before.

They went through the wood then, and they saw seven vultures on one tree, and they screeching. The hunters began cracking balls after them, but if they were in it ever since they would never bring down one of them.

There came a gray old man to them and said: "Those are the hags of the long tooth that are living in the little house over there. Do ye not know that they are under enchantment? They are there these hundreds of years, and they have a dog that never lets in any one to the little house. They have a castle under the lake, and it is often the people saw them making seven swans of themselves, and going into the lake."

When the hunters came home that evening they told everything they heard and saw to the priest, but he did not believe the story.

On the day on the morrow, the priest went with the hunters, and when they came near the little house they

saw the big black dog at the door. The priest put his conveniences for blessing under his neck, and drew out a book and began reading prayers. The big dog began barking loudly. The hags came out, and when they saw the priest they let a screech out of them that was heard in every part of Ireland. When the priest was a while reading, the hags made vultures of themselves and flew up into a big tree that was over the house.

The priest began pressing in on the dog until he was within a couple of feet of him.

The dog gave a leap up, struck the priest with its four feet and put him head over heels.

When the hunters took him up he was deaf and dumb, and the dog did not move from the door.

They brought the priest home and sent for the bishop. When he came and heard the story there was great grief on him. The people gathered together and asked of him to banish the hags of enchantment out of the wood. There was fright and shame on him, and he did not know what he would do, but he said to them: "I have no means of banishing them till I go home, but I will come at the end of a month and banish them."

The priest was too badly hurt to say anything. The big black dog was father of the hags, and his name was Dermot O'Muloony. His own son killed him, because he found him with his wife the day after their marriage, and killed his sisters for fear they should tell on him.

One night the bishop was in his chamber asleep, when one of the hags of the long tooth opened the door and came in. When the bishop wakened up he saw the hag standing by the side of his bed. He was so much afraid he was not able to speak a word until the hag spoke and said to him: "Let there be no fear on you; I did not come to do you harm, but to give you advice. You promised the people of Loch Glynn that you would come to banish the hags of the long tooth out of the wood of Driminuch. If you come you will never go back alive."

His talk came to the bishop, and he said: "I cannot break my word."

"We have only a year and a day to be in the wood," said the hag, "and you can put off the people until then."

"Why are ye in the woods as ye are?" says the bishop.

"Our brother killed us," said the hag, "and when we went before the arch-judge, there was judgment passed on us, we to be as we are two hundred years. We have a castle under the lake, and be in it every night. We are suffering for the crime our father did." Then she told him the crime the father did.

"Hard is your case," said the bishop, "but we must put up with the will of the arch-judge, and I shall not trouble ye."

"You will get an account, when we are gone from the wood," said the hag. Then she went from him.

In the morning, the day on the morrow, the bishop came to Loch Glynn. He sent out notice and gathered the people. Then he said to them: "It is the will of the arch-king that the power of enchantment be not banished for another year and a day, and ye must keep out of the wood until then. It is a great wonder to me that ye never saw the hags of enchantment till the hunters came from Dublin.—It's a pity they did not remain at home."

About a week after that the priest was one day by himself in his chamber alone. The day was very fine and the window was open. The robin of the red breast came in and a little herb in its mouth. The priest stretched out his hand, and she laid the herb down on it. "Perhaps it was God sent me this herb," said the priest to himself, and he ate it. He had not eaten it one moment till he was as well as ever he was, and he said: "A thousand thanks to Him who has power stronger than the power of enchantment."

Then said the robin: "Do you remember the robin of the broken foot you had, two years this last winter?"

"I remember her, indeed," said the priest, "but she went from me when summer came."

"I am the same robin, and but for the good you did me I would not be alive now, and you would be deaf and dumb throughout your life. Take my advice now, and do not go near the hags of the long tooth any more, and do not tell to any person living that I gave you the herb." Then she flew from him.

When the housekeeper came she wondered to find that he had both his talk and his hearing. He sent word to

the bishop and he came to Loch Glynn. He asked the priest how it was that he got better so suddenly. "It is a secret," said the priest, "but a certain friend gave me a little herb and it cured me."

Nothing else happened worth telling, till the year was gone. One night after that the bishop was in his chamber when the door opened, and the hag of the long tooth walked in, and said: "I come to give you notice that we will be leaving the wood a week from to-day. I have one thing to ask of you if you will do it for me."

"If it is in my power, and it not to be against the faith," said the bishop.

"A week from to-day," said the hag, "there will be seven vultures dead at the door of our house in the wood. Give orders to bury them in the quarry that is between the wood and Ballyglas; that is all I am asking of you."

"I shall do that if I am alive," said the bishop. Then she left him, and he was not sorry she to go from him.

A week after that day, the bishop came to Loch Glynn, and the day after he took men with him and went to the hags' house in the wood of Driminuch.

The big black dog was at the door, and when he saw the bishop he began running and never stopped until he went into the lake.

He saw the seven vultures dead at the door, and he said to the men: "Take them with you and follow me."

They took up the vultures and followed him to the brink of the quarry. Then he said to them: "Throw them into the quarry: There is an end to the hags of the enchantment."

As soon as the men threw them down to the bottom of the quarry, there rose from it seven swans as white as snow, and flew out of their sight. It was the opinion of the bishop and of every person who heard the story that it was up to heaven they flew, and that the big black dog went to the castle under the lake.

At any rate, nobody saw the hags of the long tooth or the big black dog from that out, any more.

MUNACHAR AND MANACHAR.

Translated literally from the Irish.

There once lived a Munachar and a Manachar, a long time ago, and it is a long time since it was, and if they were alive then they would not be alive now. They went out together to pick raspberries, and as many as Munachar used to pick Manachar used to eat. Munachar said he must go look for a rod to make a gad (a withy band) to hang Manachar, who ate his raspberries every one; and he came to the rod. "God save you," said the rod. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the rod, "until you get an axe to cut me." He came to the axe. "God save you," said the axe. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the axe, "until you get a flag to edge me." He came to the flag. "God save you," says the flag. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for an axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," says the flag, "till you get water to wet me." He came to the water. "God save you," says the water. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for water, water to wet flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the water, "until you get a deer who will swim me." He came to the deer. "God save you," says the deer. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the deer, "until you get a

hound who will hunt me." He came to the hound. "God save you," says the hound. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the hound, "until you get a bit of butter to put in my claw." He came to the butter. "God save you," says the butter. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the butter, "until you get a cat who shall scrape me." He came to the cat. "God save you," said the cat. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the cat, "until you will get milk which you will give me." He came to the cow. "God save you," said the cow. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a cow, cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any milk from me," said the cow, "until you bring me a whisp of straw from those threshers yonder." He came to the threshers. "God save you," said the threshers. "God and Mary save ye." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a whisp of straw from ye to give to the cow, the cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod

to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any whisp of straw from us," said the threshers, "until you bring us the makings of a cake from the miller over yonder." He came to the miller. "God save you." "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for the makings of a cake, which I will give to the threshers, the threshers to give me a whisp of straw, the whisp of straw I will give to the cow, the cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any makings of a cake from me," said the miller, "till you bring me the full of that sieve of water from the river over there."

He took the sieve in his hand and went over to the river, but as often as ever he would stoop and fill it with water, the moment he raised it the water would run out of it again, and sure, if he had been there from that day till this, he never could have filled it. A crow went flying by him over his head. "Daub! daub!" said the crow. "My soul to God, then," said Munachar, "but it's the good advice you have," and he took the red clay and the daub that was by the brink, and he rubbed it to the bottom of the sieve, until all the holes were filled, and then the sieve held the water, and he brought the water to the miller, and the miller gave him the makings of a cake, and he gave the makings of the cake to the threshers, and the threshers gave him a whisp of straw, and he gave the whisp of straw to the cow, and the cow gave him milk, the milk he gave to the cat, the cat scraped the butter, the butter went into the claw of the hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water, the water wet the flag, the flag sharpened the axe, the axe cut the rod, and the rod made a gad, and when he had it ready—I'll go bail that Manachar was far enough away from him.

These accumulative stories are told by almost every nation on the globe, and they come down to us from unfathomable antiquity. The oldest known is a Jewish one, which is popular among all

Jewish-speaking peoples, beginning "A kid, a kid, my father bought." The same story as the foregoing is told in Scotland under the name of 'Moonachug and Meenachug.' In England the parallels are to be found in 'The House that Jack Built,' with its eleven steps or accumulations, and the story of 'The Old Woman and her Pig,' with its twelve; the Norwegian 'Cock and Hen A-nutting' also has twelve; a German story of Grimm has five or six—but it would be impossible to follow up this very interesting comparison here.—[C. W.

THE LOST SAINT.

"'The Lost Saint,'" says Lady Gregory in her 'Poets and Dreamers,' "was written in 1902. *An Craoibhin* was staying with us at Coole; and one morning I went for a long drive to the sea, leaving him with a bundle of blank paper before him. When I came back at evening, I was told that Dr. Hyde had finished his play and was out shooting wild duck. The hymn, however, was not quite ready, and was put into rhyme next day, while he was again watching for wild duck beside Inchy marsh.

"When he read it to us in the evening, we were all left with a feeling as if some beautiful white blossom had suddenly fallen at our feet.

"It was acted at Ballaghaderreen; and, at the end, a very little girl, who wanted to let the author know how much she had liked his play, put out her hand and put a piece of toffee into his."

An OLD MAN, a TEACHER, CONALL and other children.

SCENE.—*A large room as it was in the old time. A long table in it. A troop of children, a share of them eating their dinner, another share of them sitting after eating. There is a teacher stooping over a book in the other part of the room.*

A CHILD (*standing up*).—Come out, Felim, till we see the new hound.

ANOTHER CHILD.—We can't. The master told us not to go out till we would learn this poem, the poem he was teaching us to-day.

ANOTHER CHILD.—He won't let any one at all go out till he can say it.

ANOTHER CHILD.—*Maisead*,¹ disgust for ever on the same old poem; but there is no fear for myself—I'll get out, never fear; I'll remember it well enough. But I

¹ *Maisead?*

don't think you will get out, Conall. Oh, there is the master ready to begin.

TEACHER (*lifting up his head*).—Now, children, have you finished your dinner?

CHILDREN.—Not yet. (*A poor-looking, gray old man comes to the door.*)

A CHILD.—Oh, that is old Cormacin that grinds the meal for us, and minds the oven.

OLD MAN.—The blessing of God here! Master, will you give me leave to gather up the scraps, and to bring them out with me?

MASTER.—You may do that. (*To the children.*) Come here now, till I see if you have that poem right, and I will let you go out when you have it said.

FEARALL.—We are coming; but wait a minute till I ask old Cormacin what is he going to do with the leavings he has there.

OLD MAN.—I am gathering them to give to the birds, avourneen.

TEACHER.—We will do it now; come over here. (*The children stand together in a row.*)

TEACHER.—Now I will tell you who made the poem you are going to say to me: There was a holy, saintly man in Ireland some years ago. Aongus Ceile Dé was the name he had. There was no man in Ireland had greater humility than he. He did not like the people to be giving honor to him, or to be saying he was a great saint, or that he made fine poems. It was because of his humility he stole away one night, and put a disguise on himself; and he went like a poor man through the country, working for his own living without any one knowing him. He is gone away out of knowledge now, without any one at all knowing where he is. Maybe he is feeding pigs or grinding meal now like any other poor person.

A CHILD.—Grinding meal like old Cormacin here.

TEACHER.—Exactly. But before he went away, it is many fine sweet poems he made in the praise of God and the angels; and it was one of those I was teaching you to-day.

A CHILD.—What is the name you said he had?

TEACHER.—Aongus Ceile Dé, the servant of God. They gave him that name because he was so holy. Now, Felim,

say the first two lines you; and Art will say the two next lines; and Aodh the two lines after that, and so on to the end.

FELIM.

Up in the kingdom of God, there are
Archangels for every single day.

ART.

And it is they certainly
That steer the entire week.

AODH.

The first day is holy;
Sunday belongs to God.

FERGUS.

Gabriel watches constantly
Every week over Monday.

CONALL.

Gabriel watches constantly—

TEACHER.—That's not it, Conall; Fergus said that.

CONALL.—It is to God Sunday belongs—

TEACHER.—That's not it; that was said before. It is at Tuesday we are now. Who is it has Tuesday? (*The little boy does not answer.*) Who is it has Tuesday? Don't be a fool, now.

CONALL (*putting the joint of his finger in his eye*).—I don't know.

TEACHER.—Oh, my shame you are! Look now; go in the place Fearall is, and he will go in your place. Now, Fearall.

FEARALL.

It is true that Tuesday is kept
By Michael in his full strength.

TEACHER.—That's it. Now, Conall, say who has Monday.

CONALL.—I can't.

TEACHER.—Say the two lines before that and I will be satisfied. Who has Monday?

CONALL (*crying*).—I don't know.

TEACHER.—Oh, aren't you the little amadan! I will never put anything at all in your head. I will not let you go out till you know that poem. Now, boys, run out with you; and we will leave Conall Amadan here. (*The TEACHER and all the other scholars go out.*)

OLD MAN.—Don't be crying, avourneen; I will teach the poem to you; I know it myself.

CONALL.—Aurah, Cormacin, I cannot learn it. I am not clever or quick like the other boys. I can't put anything in my head (*bursts into crying again*). I have no memory for anything.

OLD MAN (*laying his hand on his head*).—Take courage, astore. You will be a wise man yet, with the help of God. Come with me now, and help me to divide these scraps. (*The child gets up.*) That's it now; dry your eyes and don't be discouraged.

CONALL (*wiping his eyes*).—What are you making three shares of the scraps for?

OLD MAN.—I am going to give the first share to the geese; I am putting all the cabbage on this dish for them; and when I go out, I will put a grain of meal on it, and it will feed them finely. I have scraps of meat here, and old broken bread, and I will give that to the hens; they will lay their eggs better when they will get food like that. These little crumbs are for the little birds that do be singing to me in the morning, and that awaken me with their share of music. I have oaten meal for them. (*Sweeps the floor, and gathers little crumbs of bread.*) I have a great wish for the little birds. (*The old man looks up; he sees the little boy lying on a cushion, and he's asleep. He stands a little while looking at him. Tears gather in his eyes; then he goes down on his knees.*)

OLD MAN.—O Lord, O God, take pity on this little soft child. Put wisdom in his head, cleanse his heart, scatter the mist from his mind, and let him learn his lesson like the other boys. O Lord, Thou wert Thyself young one time: take pity on youth. O Lord, Thou Thyself shed tears: dry the tears of this little lad. Listen, O Lord, to the prayer of Thy servant, and do not keep from him this little thing he is asking of Thee. O Lord, bitter are the tears of a child, sweeten them; deep are the thoughts of a child, quiet them; sharp is the grief of a child, take it from him; soft is the heart of a child, do not harden it.

(*While the old man is praying, the TEACHER comes in. He makes a sign to the children outside; they come in and gather about him. The old man notices the children; he starts up, and shame burns on him.*)

TEACHER.—I heard your prayer, old man; but there is no good in it. I praise you greatly for it, but that child is half witted. I prayed to God myself once or twice on his account, but there was no good in it.

OLD MAN.—Perhaps God heard me. God is for the most part ready to hear. The time we ourselves are empty without anything, God listens to us; and He does not think on the thing we are without, but gives us our fill.

TEACHER.—It is the truth you are speaking; but there is no good in praying this time. This boy is very ignorant. (*He and the old man go over to the child, who is still asleep, and signs of tears on his cheeks.*) He must work hard, and very hard; and maybe with the dint of work, he will get a little learning some time. (*He puts his hand on the cheek of the little boy, and he starts up, and wonder on him when he sees them all about him.*)

OLD MAN.—Ask it to him now.

TEACHER.—Do you remember the poem now, Conall?

CONALL.

Up in the heaven of God, there are
Archangels for every day.

And it is they certainly
That steer the entire week.

The first day is holy;
Sunday belongs to God.

Gabriel watches constantly
Every week over Monday.

It is true that Tuesday is kept
By Michael in his full strength.

Rafael, honest and kind and gentle,
It is to him Wednesday belongs.

To Sachiel, that is without crookedness,
Thursday belongs every week.

Haniel, the Archangel of God,
It is he has Friday.

Bright Cassiel, of the blue eyes,
It is he directs Saturday.

TEACHER.—That is a great wonder, not a word failed on him. But tell me, Conall astore, how did you learn that poem since?

CONALL.—When I was sleeping, just now, there came an old man to me, and I thought there was every color that is in the rainbow upon him. And he took hold of my shirt, and he tore it; and then he opened my breast, and he put the poem within my heart.

OLD MAN.—It is God that sent that dream to you. I have no doubt you will not be hard to teach from this out.

CONALL.—And the man that came to me, I thought it was old Cormacin that was in it.

FEARALL.—Maybe it was Aongus Ceile Dé himself that was in it.

AODH.—Maybe Cormacin is Aongus.

TEACHER.—Are you Aongus Ceile Dé? I desire you in the name of God to tell me.

OLD MAN (*bowing his head*).—Oh, you have found it out now! Oh, I thought no one at all would ever know me. My grief that you have found me out!

TEACHER (*going on his knees*).—O holy Aongus, forgive me; give me your blessing. O holy man, give your blessing to these children. (*The children fall on their knees round him.*)

OLD MAN (*stretching out his hand*).—The blessing of God on you. The blessing of Christ and His Holy Mother on you. My own blessing on you.

LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

From the Irish.

Little child, I call thee fair,
Clad in hair of golden hue,
Every lock in ringlets falling
Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow gray eye and languid mien,
Brows as thin as stroke of quill,

Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
Och! it 's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,
Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
Lovely nose and little chin,
White neck, thin—she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
Limbs that linger like a song;
Music speaks in every motion
Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
Like a blossom, touched of none,
Stately form and slender waist,
Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me! I would I were
With her of the soft-fingered palm,
In Waterford to steal a kiss,
Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

O WERE YOU ON THE MOUNTAIN ?

From the Irish.

O were you on the mountain, and saw you my Love?
And saw you my own one, my queen and my dove?
And saw you the maiden with the step firm and free?
O say, was she pining in sorrow like me?

I was up on the mountain and saw there your Love,
I saw there your own one, your queen and your dove;
I saw there the maiden with the step firm and free,
And she was not pining in sorrow like thee.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

From the Irish.

For thee I shall not die,
Woman high of name and fame;
Foolish men thou mayest slay,
I and they are not the same.

Why should a man expire
 For the fire of any eye?
 Slender waist or swan-like limb,
 Is it for them that I should die?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
 Crimson cheeks, hair long and rich,
 Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
 Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
 The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
 The rounded heel, the languid tone,
 Fools alone find death in these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
 Thy thin palm-like foam of sea;
 Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
 I shall not die for thee.

Woman graceful as the swan,
 A wise man did nurture me.
 Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
 I shall not die for ye.

FROM A POEM BY TEIGE MAC DAIRÉ.

From the Irish, a translation in the meter of the original

“ ’T is not War we Want to Wage
 With THomond THinned by outrage.
 SLIGHT not Poets’ Poignant spur
 Of RIGHT ye Owe it hOnour.

Can there Cope a Man with Me
 In Burning hearts Bitterly,
 At my BLOws men BLUSH I wis,
 Bright FLUSH their Furious Faces.

Store of blister-Raising Ranns
 These are my Weighty Weapons,
 Poisoned, STRiking STRONG through men,
 They Live not LONG so stricken.

SHelter from my SHafts or rest
Is not in Furthest Forest,
Far they FALL, words Soft as Snow,
No WALL can WARD my arrow.

To QUench in QUarrels good deeds,
To Raise up WRongs in hundreds,
To NAIL a NAME on a man,
I FAIL not—FAME my weapon.”

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